THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREAT HOPE

BY THE VENERABLE
ARCHDEACON MOULE, B.D.

FOREWORD BY THE
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

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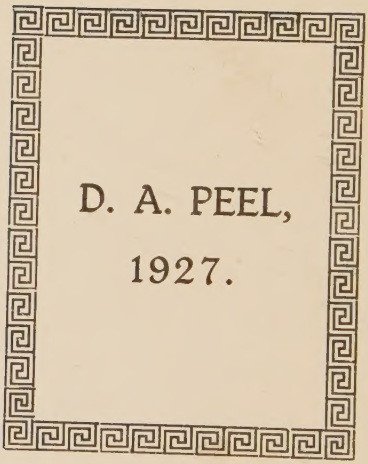

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THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREAT HOPE

THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREAT HOPE

BY THE VENERABLE

ARTHUR EVANS MOULE, B.D

Rector of Burwarton; sometime Archdeacon in Mid-China;
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"Half a Century in China," etc

Foreword by His Grace
THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

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FOREWORD

I AM quite sure that there are hundreds of people besides myself who will rejoice to have, in the form proposed, some of the collected thoughts of a man who has for so many years been in the forefront of Missionary enterprise, and has "made full proof of his ministry" alike as a scholar, an Evangelist, a teacher, and a guide. Few men can speak on that great subject with such a wealth of experience, and we shall all, I am sure, be the gainers.

RANDALL CANTUAR.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.,
November, 1911.

PREFACE

A DOUBLE motive has led me to publish the collection of papers contained in this volume, under the title of THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREAT HOPE.

I wish by these printed words still to sound on the Gospel message, and in some sense to continue what has been my life-work.

Further, I am moved by the fear that the ancient yet ever new silver trumpet-sound—a call to arms for the Church, and a call to hear glad tidings of salvation to the world—is rudely or carelessly overborne by new cries and catchwords. The Gospel Message itself appears changed or confused by new messages for an awakening new world, and these changes seem to many careless thinkers almost necessitated by the supposed discredit thrown by some critics on portions of our rule of faith, and on the very testimony and authority of the Lord of Missions Himself. They think, further, that they have made a new discovery of what has been known so very long to all careful students, the golden grains of high ethical teaching to be found in the sands of idolatrous and mere philosophic systems.

Salvation is the one desire, or at least the one pressing need of all nations, and salvation, these thinkers and theorizers seem to forget, is nowhere to be found but in Christ Jesus our Lord. Such new teaching was not the great splendour which inspired the Bishops' Encyclical

after the recent Pan-Anglican Synod. This, surely, was not the inspiring thought as the Edinburgh Conference broke up. But such teaching is notorious now, and this faltering in the Faith and in the statement of the Faith is, I fear, widely affecting missionary zeal, devotion, policy, and liberal giving.

The papers which I here collect range over nearly half a century, and convey in many differing connexions, and to different readers the same message, and my hope is that this repetition may help to show that experience both at home and abroad knows and desires no change in the Gospel and its promulgation.

I am indebted to the Proprietors of *The Churchman; The East and the West;* and *The Church Missionary Intelligencer, Review, and Gazette,* for permission to reprint certain articles in this volume.

I divide my papers into three main divisions of thought.

First, a vision of the world's "no hope," and the splendour of the "hope now set before us" and the world.

Secondly, a vision of splendour indeed, if it be not a passing dream, of the reunion of the Church of Christ for the peaceful conquest of the world.

Thirdly, a vision of the service of the Church, and its splendour in the coming ages—a vision which must yet enhance the dignity and glory and privilege of service now when the only opportunity is given to Christians for the luxury of self-denial in giving, and the bliss of the sorrow of suffering and toiling for Christ.

I pray God to use this book to His glory and for the good of the Church and of His world.

A. E. M.

BURWARTON, *November*, 1911.

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS

I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.

The Kingdom of the world is become the Kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ.

1

THE Lord Triumphant reigns!
Glad voice from yonder shore!
The Mighty God Who all sustains,
Now all adore!
His will resistless founds
The noblest Liberty;
And lo! to all Creation's bounds
The bond are free.

2

Thrones and dominions fall
Before th' Eternal's seat;
Rule ends, for Thou, Lord, rulest all;
Thy piercèd feet,
Worshipp'd by kings that go
With songs in Thy blest ways,
Have humbled each rebellious foe,
To God's great praise!

3

I hear Death's dying wail!
Sorrow and sighing cease,
Hush'd by the kingdom's freshening gale
Of Life and Peace:
On sin has fall'n defeat
From God's all holy hand;
And righteousness and mercy meet
Through all His land.

4

Wake song of birds, and sing
Ne'er to be silenced more.
No danger lurks for living thing
On hill or shore.
Unfading, undefiled
The Kingdom blest has come;
Ancient of days and little child
Are safe at home.

5

Now calm, aloof from change,
Now stirr'd by eager life,
Free, but controll'd, all creatures range;
No jarring strife.
The distant stellar rays,
The full-disk'd planet's beam,
In free, harmonious, choral maze,
For ever gleam.

6

Ah! vision of the King!
Ah! Freedom's glorious Reign!
Art thou a day-dream vanishing
In night again?
See Christendom in arms,
Mark Islam's faithless scorn;
By doubts' and heresies' alarms
The Church is torn!

7

Fear not, sad Church, but know
Through all thy earth and skies
The Throne and Kingdom here below,
Shall surely rise.
Yield all thine offerings,
Free, but compelled by love,
Silver and gold, and nobler things,
To God above.

8

Smite with the iron rod,
The hammer of the Word,
The mighty instrument of God,
The Spirit's Sword;
Smite with the wound that heals
Men's proud and sinful race;
For lo! the Holy Ghost reveals
Redeeming grace!

9

Comes now the conflicts' end,
The powers of darkness fall!
Now Life and Death no more contend;
Life lights us all.
We do now what we would;
The Law of Liberty,
The glad Necessity of good,
Binds fast the free!

10

Awhile! and then with joy,
The Son, by Love constrain'd,
Yields for His Father's high employ
The Kingdom gained;
And every bending knee
And tongue confessing praise
Up to the Father's Throne will He
In freedom raise!

11

Then flashes forth again,
As of the Central Sun,
The glory of the Lamb once slain;
Then Three in One;—
One rule, the Heavenly host,
One, the new Earth shall own;—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Fill the High Throne.

I

The Vision of the World's Despair and of the Great Hope of Salvation

THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREAT HOPE

THE WORLD'S FAMINE, AND THE BREAD FROM HEAVEN

"The famine was sore in the land."—Gen. xliii. 1.
"Come; for all things are now ready."—St. Luke xiv. 17.

THESE two brief clauses from the Old Testament and from the New, the one occurring in the allegory which ever speaks through the ancient history of the Jews, the other forming part of the imagery in our Lord's parabolic teaching, may guide us in the consideration of this proposition, that the great world of human kind, and the smaller, but none the less complete, heaven and earth of a single human soul, must be famine-stricken without Christ, and satisfied alone with that supreme possession.

One further brief word of exposition I add before proceeding to the discussion of the principle which I have laid down. The first word of the second clause of my text is one of supreme importance. On the one side we see famine in the land; on the other side abundant provision, and the gentle but earnest invitation, Come, if obeyed and accepted, will bring that famine to an end.

Come—a definite action and movement of the soul; very simple, very natural; but one on the speedy and honest performance of which everything depends. I remember some years ago, during the famine which ravaged Northern China, watching the steamers at Shanghai as they were loading with grain and money for the distressed districts. The lower decks were covered with layers of copper cash, and the hold and the upper decks as well were covered with rice-sacks. The plentiful provision was landed at T'ientsin, and we heard afterwards that large quantities of the grain lay rotting on the wharves simply because of the utter inadequacy of communication between the coast and the famine-stricken regions. Driblets of supplies might go on mule-back, and the almoners of England's charity worked nobly and indefatigably; but with no railways, and a mere pretence to roads, the "all things that were ready" could not come to "the land where the famine was so sore." But now for your souls' salvation, and for the whole human race and the Gospel, every valley is exalted and every mountain and hill brought low; the crooked is made straight and the rough places plain; the way of access is open; and it is most easy, through God's grace and the Holy Spirit's leading, to come; come from want to plenty, from dissatisfaction and unrest to the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Now it is this definite travelling of the soul to the soul's great Friend and Saviour which makes the difference in the true inner life between sadness and gladness, between emptiness and supreme satisfaction.

All may be fair and prosperous in the outer world, and yet famine may be sore in the soul. That state of temporal comfort, competence, and freedom from care at

which modern moderate Socialism aims, and with which Materialism would seem to be satisfied, may be fully realized. And Christianity cannot be otherwise than actively and heartily sympathetic towards all that really concerns the temporal wellbeing of man. A hundred years hence, as dreamers dream, or perchance much sooner than that, the ideal of human physical and material satisfaction may be fully attained; and yet the famine remain sore in this earthly land of ours; for "man does not live by bread alone." "And what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Material comfort and ease are not salvation. But salvation brings with it most surely, either early or late, everlasting consolation, unbroken repose.

All may be fair in the outer world. If I may speak here one word of personal experience, I can hardly express the delight with which I watch once more after several years' absence the progress of spring in England—

"Working old laws of love to fresh results."

And yet but for one hope and assurance, the delight would turn soon to sadness; and, amidst the promise of leaf and flower and fruit, the famine would desolate the spring land. Indeed but for this one hope it is not surprising that the gloom of Lent should fall across the brightness of spring. There is something besides the delight which mere beauty gives in watching the bloom on the branch, and the tender green of the leaf. There is the pathos of the memory of vanished years. There is the knowledge that every spring passes on to maturity, to decay, to death. And beyond this knowledge lies also the refusal of the immortal spirit of man to rest satisfied in anything

but perfection, and the re-attainment of its divine original. There is a sense of longing for something fairer and loftier than full-orbed flower or deep-blue sky. There is that emptiness which Browning's words describe :—

> "Roses embowering with naught they embower,
> Framework which waits for a picture to frame,"

till this one supreme blessing comes to me ; the grace to welcome Jesus Christ into my heart ; Jesus Christ, the Designer and the Framer of tenderest spring flowers at my feet, and of the seven stars and Orion flashing over my head. That great action of the soul, not merely of self-inspection and self-revision, which lifts man above the animal creation ; not merely that noblest act of self-surrender to God which is our duty and our glory, but the yet higher act of giving to that Saviour all my heart's love, and the knowledge that He is mine and I am His,—till that comes, the famine is still sore in my soul, but when it comes, then at once, as by divine alchemy, all is changed. The roses embowering hide with their fragrance and bloom my Lord ; no Pantheism this—but yet the Lord is everywhere. Then the glorious framework of sky and sea and flowery land is not an empty frame any more, but within I see the glory and the beauty of the Son of God. Then the flowers and songs of spring are mine—and spring has the promise of the eternal spring, and change and decay and death itself can scarcely sadden, for the power and secret of eternal rejuvenescence are in His hands who is mine. Then the past is all aglow with memories of His patience, care, and loving providence ; and the future is clear with the certainty that He is "too wise to err, too good to do me harm." Then that returns to me which advancing years seemed once to forbid—

"The hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower."

The famine of my soul is gone, I am satisfied. "He satisfieth the empty soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

I may illustrate this truth by a danger which I once approached, but, thank God, never actually encountered. During our first voyage to China, when becalmed in the tropical seas, the ship ran short of water, and we had no suitable apparatus on board for condensing the salt water. The scene often described and imagined was within measurable distance of realization then. Thirst, with water on all sides; water everywhere, and not a drop to drink. Terrible was the aspect of the blue sea, more terrible than when lashed into fury by the dread cyclone. Its very stillness and placid beauty were appalling. Then thunder-showers gathered and fell, and with a supply of water secured, and a freshening breeze, the many twinkling ocean smiled once more, and all the glory of the sea returned with full delight. Precisely the same is true of the soul of man, which sooner or later must assert its origin, and be athirst for God, yea, even for the living God. "Like as a hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." And now all around you, especially in this great centre of intellectual activity; by the streams of ancient literature, and at one of the fountain-heads of scientific teaching and research; here with great memories of the past and great hopes for the future; here with the exhilaration of manly exercise and the joy of physical strength; can there be famine in this Cambridge land, or unquenchable thirst for any diligent thoughtful soul? Yes, a sore famine, a torturing thirst, if you depend on these resources

alone for satisfaction and happiness. "The water is naught, my lord, and the land barren." But now change your attitude. Rest your soul's salvation and centre your heart's happiness on Christ the Lord alone; give Him your best love and your best time; set your affection on these higher things, and at once these delights of literature, these engrossing pursuits of science, this exuberance of bodily health and of physical recreation are all clothed in fairer, fresher colours. Earth is sweet, for heaven is mine. God's gifts of mind and energy are delightful, for He alone is all my salvation and all my desire.

Now I can imagine a controversialist following me thus far with more or less assent. But should I propose, as I now do propose, to proceed one step further, and to extend this principle for the individual soul to the whole world, and to assert that in every nation and every tribe the famine must be sore, if they lack the things made ready by Jesus Christ, not a few even of Christian controversialists would dissent at once from my proposition, They would admit that for Christians in Christendom the Christian religion is without doubt beneficial, and that with such a persuasion it is far better and wiser to be sincere and whole-hearted in the faith than to be lukewarm and indifferent. But for non-Christian nations they would say the case is otherwise. The forms of belief are many; the underlying principles the same. The form matters little: be it Islam, or the Brahman or Buddhist faiths, or the moralities and philosophies of Confucius and of the Taoists; and it is presumptuous and perhaps dangerous to enforce our Western creed on the professors of other faiths, and thus needlessly to unsettle the foundations of their morals.

The subject is too wide for even a long course of sermons, and to-day I invite your attention for a few minutes to one branch only of the great world-wide problem; and yet, if I can prove my point, this will be found one of the most typical branches of all. I assert then that the words of the text are true for China, with which country I am chiefly acquainted; though one's knowledge of such a country and of such a people must be at best but partial. The famine, the spiritual famine, is sore in that great land. And I call this a typical case, because perhaps more than in most of the other non-Christian lands, the Chinese are rich in intellectual and religious apparatus and appliances. Their literature was ancient when Confucius lived and toiled and sought for truth twenty-five centuries ago. Their system of competitive examinations, in which these ancient classics form still [1891] the chief field for test and quotation and illustration, is 1,200 years old. Their writings are not confined within the narrow but not ignoble limits of history, of odes, of divination, of rites, and of philosophy. Their authors have touched down these thirty centuries on almost every branch of literature. And they boast of three religious systems—Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism: systems which trace their origin to nearly the same era, the time of Pythagoras and Solon. Their moral code, though with some grave blots, is of a high order; and treats with minuteness and dignity on the duty between man and man. So that if it be true that such a nation is famine-stricken, the persuasion is forced upon us that in other non-Christian nations also the famine is at least as grievous.

Now it has been well said that the evidences of Christianity may be examined with advantage from a side dif-

ferent from that generally adopted. The genuineness and authenticity of the books of the sacred Bible—and surely on this point affirmative evidence does but accumulate in strength year by year; the argument from design—an evidence most certainly not antiquated and not to be forgotten; the proofs of our Lord's resurrection—a truth which like its great subject ever rises in glory from the imagined tomb of contradiction. All these lines of evidence may be for the moment laid by, and we may look specially at the necessities of man's spiritual nature, and seeing that Christianity alone satisfies this hunger, the argument is strong that it must be divine and true. It will not do to press the consideration too closely, because it is not always what men, with their blunted perceptions and perverted instincts, wish for, but what they really need, that God supplies; but the argument is within sober limits suggestive and impressive.

What then does the mind of an ordinary thoughtful Chinese long for? First of all, "the sacred passion of the second life" possesses his soul—the longing for some tidings from the other world—the straining eye eager to know what is after death. Secondly, the instinct of worship. The soul, in deep darkness, it may be in utter ignorance, yet hears the far-off voices of its home calling it to worship God—somehow, somewhere; and with this comes the desire of access, and yet the despair of direct approach to the Supreme. Thirdly, the consciousness of moral imperfection, of the offence against conscience which is regarded as the heavenly witness for the principle of right and wrong; all this with black care behind, and the dread of the sure approach of retribution pursuing the man so ill at ease through the swift ride of life. Can the religions and philosophies of China satisfy this three-

fold hunger as Christianity can? The reply is, I think, not difficult to summarize; though the investigation ranges from ancient germs of thought through later developments and additions. But briefly, Confucius admitted that he knew so little of this life, that he could not be expected to know about death and after death. Agnostic he was, humbly and pathetically and avowedly ignorant; not esteeming that ignorance a mark of special enlightenment, which is the delusion of some minds, but declining to reveal subjects which he felt to be beyond his reach. And so, with the system of ancestor-worship before him for criticism or approval, scarcely consistent, perhaps, but not without practical shrewdness, he endorsed the observances, but refused to discuss the truth which must underlie the reality of such observances; namely, the separate existence of the soul after death, and its conscious apprehension of what goes on in the world it has left. "There is no urgency in this question," he said, waiving the great subject; "one day you will know for yourself." No urgency! no hunger in the soul when looking forward to its own passage, or when watching those most dear pass into the unseen world! Most assuredly this great teacher and leader of men here abdicates his functions, for it is precisely at this point that for man, with the irrepressible instinct of immortality, there is urgency.

But if Confucianism fails, Buddhism, which may be almost called the religion of life, must have some power, one would suppose, to satisfy this hunger, this passion of the second life. With well-nigh audacious boldness, Buddhism overleaps death, and imagines the soul as surely living on. Existence is not brought to an abrupt close by death, any more than the lotus plant, losing

green leaf and fragrant flower when summer is over, dies, when it dies down. It is but a sleep from which it wakes with the breath of spring, and lives again in sun and breeze, and fills the air with fragrance, and fades and droops and sleeps once more; and so through a long vista of change and metempsychosis and metamorphosis, to sleep and wake, and wake and sleep; but not for ever. This change of births and deaths, of growth and decay, is Buddha's prophecy, if I may say so, not his promise. His promise is Nirvâna. Northern Buddhism, with which I am specially acquainted, the Buddhism of China, Thibet, and Japan, is apocryphal and not orthodox. Amidâbha Buddha—the chief object of reverence of this form of Buddhism, and substituted in a sense for Maitreya, the promised Messiah of the faith—Amidâbha, whose name is on the lips of Buddhist priest and devotee in China a thousand times each day, is positively unknown to the orthodox Buddhists of Ceylon, of Burma, and of Siam. Yet this creed alone attempts to assuage the thirst for immortality, and to satisfy the hunger for another life, which torments the souls of the 400 millions in these three north-eastern lands. With stolen water and secret bread Amidâbha promises his followers a western heaven where purest, sweetest, freshest water flows pellucid over golden sand, surrounded by pavements and pavilions of precious stones and jewels, with lotus flowers as large as a carriage-wheel floating on the surface, exhaling enchanting fragrance, with music of birds and harmonious voices of the winds; and all this realm securely fenced in by sevenfold rows of trees, and sevenfold nets of silk. And when the practical mind of the Chinese devotee doubts the reality of this all too sensuous picture of food for the immortal spirit (which seems to have been borrowed

from Persian and Manichæan sources 800 years after Buddha's departure),[1] then northern Buddhism invents still further provision for hope and fancy; but while the offer is bread, the reality is a stone. The life to come, say these unorthodox Buddhists, shall be as this life, but much more abundant, with more money for the devout believer, more pleasure, higher honour; then evening once again and decay and death; or perchance you may rise to the person of genii or *lohan*; or perchance you may sink lower to the body of beast or bird or reptile. And most surely with this restless change of transmigration, the sacred passion is unsatisfied, the hunger gnaws on, the thirst burns on.

> "For men have hopes which race the restless blood,
> That after many changes shall succeed
> Life which is life indeed."

And when from these imaginative wanderings of modern Buddhism you ask at the fountain head what rays of light this Light of Asia casts on the darkness of futurity, and what life which shall be life indeed he offers to immortal man, you are met by these astonishing utterances from the great teacher's own lips: "The desire of life is an ignorant blunder." And shrinking back by what we may imagine as a last irrepressible protest of immortality in his soul, starting back from annihilation as the antithesis to life, he teaches that life which is life indeed is to enter the great deathless state of Nirvâna, which is tranquil, and free from birth, decay, sickness, grief. Ah! that were well; that might partly satisfy the hunger of the soul—but hearken! joy too has fled that

[1] Cf. Eitel's *Lectures on Buddhism*, p. 124.

abode of eternal slumber, it is free from the sensation of joy. "The flame is blown out," as the word Nirvâna means, the three-tongued fire of lust, ill-will, and delusion has vanished. All evil passions have ceased—a glimpse of heaven once more !—but all good desires are gone as well. Above all, the desire for separate and individual conscious existence is extinct. And but one step further remains for complete blessedness, Pari Nirvâna, where the elements and needs of bodily existence have vanished for evermore ; and therefore existence is over, for Buddha refused to recognize the existence of soul apart from body. And we "who have the firstfruits of the Spirit groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." Surely the sacred passion of the second life is insulted, outraged, scouted by such a creed as orthodox Buddhism—that life is death indeed. It is but faint praise which a recent writer has given to the Light of the World that He—

> "Brings high Nirvâna nearer hope,
> Easier and plainer."

Life and immortality ; fulness of joy there where sorrow and sin cannot enter in ; such a hope brought to light, brought out of the twilight of imagination into the sunshine of certainty by the Gospel, deserves some higher, nobler name than Nirvâna. And amidst the high soarings and the deep probings of this great system ; amidst the fascination of Buddha's reforms and great renunciation ; amidst the glamour of asceticism and placidity ;—it is not hard, I think, to formulate this grave charge. And yet I would direct the charge more against the modern sophists who recommend these religions for the comfort and satisfaction of mankind than against those ancient

seekers after truth, Confucius, Buddha, Laotsu, credited with many sayings which they never uttered, and unable to rise from the grave and explain their guesses at truth. The charge nevertheless remains, and it is this: The human race is dying from hunger; the famine is sore in the land. Man longs for tidings beyond the grave, and desires to find the way into that silent land. Buddhism replies by assuring the hungry that the gnawing pain will last, with many variations of intensity, and with many mocking semblances of satiety, till life for which he longs is merged and lost in that which, if it is not death, most surely is not life. Are not Carlyle's words about agnostic doctrines true of this Buddhistic faith which has caused so great a craze in the new world as well as the old: "The teaching appears to be fine flour, from which you might expect the most excellent bread, but when you come to feed upon it you find it is powdered glass"?

And Taoism, the religion of the Way, which might be expected to satisfy the yearning for immortality and for true life to come, promises in orthodox teaching absorption into nature as life which shall be life indeed; or in popular teaching, adapted, as modern teachers hope, to the wants of men and largely imitating the rival creed of Buddhism, Taoism makes the unseen world hideous by the fancied terrors of necromantic and geomantic science. The repose of the dead depends on the minute care of the living over tomb, and sacrifice, and aspect, and astral sign. The freedom of the living from sickness, accident, and disaster depends on the temper of the dead; and fear alone holds a lurid torch to light the dark underworld. I feel sure, therefore, that as to this first symptom of hunger in the soul of man, the desire for some knowledge of what is after death, and the

search for some safe pathway to a better land, the famine is untouched by Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. And the words preceding my text are true of all these religions, they bring down the Chinese nation with sorrow to the grave.

Then secondly and more briefly with reference to the upward turning Godwards of the mind of man: the hunger and thirst for worship of the Supreme. Observe that Confucius, though in no sense an Atheist, was also scarcely a Deist. He preferred to speak about Heaven, an impersonal term, though possibly with a persuasion that a Person reigned there.

"O vast and distant Heaven, who may be called our Father," is the language of a Chinese ode, ancient in the time of Confucius, and handed down with reverence by him. But the use of the term Heaven for God by Confucius seems to have led his great commentator Choo-he, writing 1,500 years later, to speak almost exclusively of the impersonal Heaven and not of the personal God.

And neither the impersonal Heaven, nor the higher and nobler term for God, Shangti, which Confucius used only once himself, but which fills the sacred books which he loved; nor yet the third term for God, Shên, could satisfy the hunger of the soul. Too high or too low. Shangti or Heaven, so lofty that the common people could not venture near, and the Emperor as the Son of Heaven must worship for his people. Shên, though sometimes soaring high, and clothed with noble attributes, yet identified so often with the smallest and most insignificant objects of worship. And Confucius the meanwhile, when pressed for clearer teaching, avowedly and designedly omitted spiritual beings from the subject of his teaching as beyond his knowledge and outside his reach.

Buddhism, perhaps, least of all satisfies the hunger and thirst of the soul after God. Pursued by the irony of his fate, as Sir Monier Williams describes it, Buddha is worshipped in 10,000 shrines daily as God. But that is not Buddhism. Not atheistic, indeed, for he incorporated some of the Brahman deities into his system; not atheistic, though the gods with whom he was chiefly acquainted might have made him such,—Buddha was yet a practical atheist, and starved thus the famine-stricken world. Buddha leaves the gods far below and far behind in his ideal upward soaring for the human spirit. With a glimpse, and sometimes a glorious glimpse, of man's high original and high destiny, he yet degrades and defiles and deludes the soul of man by promising strength to rise on stepping stones not Godwards but selfwards; not "Nearer, my God, to Thee," where alone any hungry soul can be satisfied; but nearer to self-salvation; nearer to self-independence; athirst not for God, the living God, but for self, the decaying vanishing self; nearer the Buddhist soars to the elimination of self from the trammels of earth, and sensation, and matter, and of the touch and influence of God or men; and then as the topmost summit of bliss he offers not the deification of that exalted self, but its disappearance in eternal formless sleep. The true Buddhist prayer, as enunciated once by a Buddhist priest in Ceylon, is "prayer for nothing to nobody." I know that this is not popular Buddhism. I know how the temples which crowd the plains and hills of the China with which I am acquainted are full of images to which they offer divine worship. I know also that in the popular story of the life of Buddha, who yet died 273 B.C. at the latest, almost every event in our Lord's life except the Crucifixion is ascribed to Buddha.

But I know further that that is an abject imitation, and in no sense an origination of Christianity, and that 700 years at least elapsed after Buddha's death before these events were written into his legendary life, learned possibly by Tibetan monks from Nestorian teachers; and the additions, and the glosses, and the adulterations in the creed prove surely the insufficiency of orthodox Buddhism to appease the famine so sore in the land.

Taoism has its pantheon. It adopts the ancient word Shangti for all the gods of its many-chambered heavens; but it cannot satisfy man's craving for the supreme, and the longing desire to venture near to God, by giving the Chinese devotee a separate deity for war, for agriculture, for wealth, for the doorstep, and for the kitchen. It may be true indeed that man fearing to approach God abruptly, and hungering with a true instinct for some "daysman between man and God," invested these inferior deities with such an idea and with such an office; but worship stops with them now in perpetuity, and soars no higher, though the longing may soar far higher. And this does but intensify the hunger and aggravate the famine; till with Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man, the Mediator is one in nature, glory and majesty with the Supreme; worship cannot wander there; He suffered for us once, the Righteous for the unrighteous, "to bring us unto God."

Then once more, and in but a word, what can Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism do for the souls of men distressed with the sense of sin, and longing as with hunger and thirst for pardon and salvation? Can they bring on that miracle of the Gospel,

> "The memory like a cloudless air,
> The conscience as a sea at rest"?

Confucius assures us that he had never met with a perfect man, never with one who loved virtue so well as he loved sensual pleasure. And then he adds the despairing opinion that the man who sins against Heaven has no place wherein to pray; no posture, no position, no aspect by which he can draw near and crave the pardon of offended Heaven. Is this then the Chinese master's meaning? And the Chinese, conscious of sin against High Heaven, turn away unfed from their greatest teacher.

Buddhism, with no supreme God and no conscious future for the soul, finds it hard to deal with the great mystery and solemn reality of sin. Can morality be divorced from religion? Can the moral instinct in man owe any other source but the moral Maker and Governor and Judge of all? Yes! says Buddha, with a high-toned morality; and a hell heated yet eightfold in intensity, as if to make up for the absence of God. But for pardon, and peace, and renewal, and the power to do good, Buddha makes no sign, and the famine remains sore in the land.

Sin to the Taoist, though a reality, is distorted and confused by the speculations as distinguished from the moral code of the ancient founder of the creed. Solemn and profound thinker as he was, Laotsu was too profound for the deliberate past, too slow for the restless, rushing present. Human nature, he taught, was originally good; and men wrought good without law. Let men do so once more. Virtue and vice were originally unknown terms; good was the mere result of existence. And the introduction of definitions and injunctions such as humanity, equity, filial piety, and integrity, marked the downward grade in human nature. Law is not evil; but the best and most rational way for man is to retrace

his steps, to penetrate once more behind law, and to do good as a matter of course ; " to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them " ; to cultivate a mental state where with emptiness and freedom from preoccupation the soul may be in a receptive frame. And the Chinese who have destroyed themselves by sin, and are burdened by sin, many of them with deep consciousness of guilt—the Chinese living in a busy, bustling struggle for existence, with no time to be untroubled, no time for philosophic thought and callous investigation, and with the day of account drawing ever nearer—turn away unfed from this ancient teacher.

It is a great delight to discover, almost like the flowers of home on a foreign soil, coincidences between the moral sayings of the Chinese canonical books, and the didactic utterances of the Bible, and to notice adumbrations even of some of the great truths of revelation there. But coincidence of diction, and even similarity of moral definition, do not in any sense imply equal claims, or parallel sanctions in non-Christian religious systems. Similarity of pattern, if I may use so homely a simile, between two plates, the one empty, the other full, does not fill the empty plate. And I have ever regarded the science of comparative religion, by which Christianity is admitted into the lists merely on equal terms as one of the possible purveyors to man's spiritual hunger and thirst, as an impossible science for a Christian. For unless there be a distinct and explicit reservation of the paramount and unique claims of Christianity, the study implies the possibility, at any rate, of discovering some other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved. It implies that Gethsemane and the Cross were not, perhaps, the necessity of Divine love and justice in mys-

terious and glorious union, but a mere experiment of contemporary philanthropy. It implies the possibility of an affirmative answer to the question put to me once by a Chinese scholar, Could not God have devised some other means for the world's salvation than the death of His Son? Yes, indeed, if Islam or Buddhism will do as well. It implies that there need be no famine where the living bread, the true bread of heaven, the Word of God written and incarnate, are unknown. And therefore the study, unless thus safeguarded, seems to me increasingly illegitimate and misleading for a Christian. The famine is sore in the land, and from Jesus Christ our Lord alone can all things ready for the soul's salvation be provided.

Then instantly the startling thought occurs to the mind: If this religion be the one remedy for the woes of the world, why is it not universal? If, for instance, this provision is designed for and is sufficient for the four hundred millions starving in those great Eastern lands, China and Japan, why has it not reached them long ago, why is it not distributed to them? The question has a double tone of doubt and reproach. Doubt whether a religion so partial in its operation and effects can be from God at all. Reproach that a Church so remiss in duty can hardly be Christian at all. The doubt I lay aside with a word. The reproach with sorrow and shame and practical penitence let us take home to ourselves.

The Gospel, remember, and surely the reminder is not unnecessary nor untimely—the Gospel is no one's right. The famine in the world is moral, not material. Sin is not an accident, or a misfortune, but a crime meriting penalty. "We for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished." If that penalty falls, justice and not oppression is on the throne judging right. Justice without salvation,

the solemn gloom of judgment without the inbreaking sunshine of pardon, would be justice still, unabashed, undimmed before the court of the universe. So that nations unevangelized are not wronged by God—whose gifts are of grace, not of debt. But above the thunder of these eternal truths sounds like heavenly music the truth as eternal and as strong that God is not only kind but that He is love, and that He willeth not the death of a sinner. And so, far oftener than we perhaps imagine, a table of heavenly food has been spread in those Eastern lands. Probably in apostolic or in early post-apostolic times; certainly in the first half of the seventh century and thenceforward till the seventeenth century, by the Nestorians with the twenty-seven sacred books; again in the first year of the thirteenth century by the Franciscan Bishop John de Monte Corvino, translating the New Testament and the Psalms; again at the dawn of the seventeenth century under Ricci with more science than Scripture, but still with the clear doctrine of the one true God; and last, not least, by Morrison arriving alone in the early days of the last century as the pioneer of the Churches of the Reformation; much has been done in the past to stay the famine of the Word of God in China and to enlighten the people. But most culpably have the Churches of Christendom, though now all too late awakened to this great duty (and our own great historic Church must bear her full share of the blame), most culpably have they left blank the intervals between the special missions, the famine all the while desolating the land.

Clouds and darkness shroud the mysteries of God's great will and choice and plan; though without doubt, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat. But meanwhile, the outlines and proportions of

human responsibility stand out clear and sharply marked. And how early this world of ours might have been evangelized, how soon this great famine might have been stayed, had Christians in the past realized this simple, this magnificent power of personal influence on others for good; that great power which, or its reverse, personal influence for evil, you all exercise in this University. Transfer that individual power of guiding others to Christ to the corporate power of the Church, and would not God's Kingdom have come long ago had that power been exercised in its majestic strength? Would closed doors and high-walled barriers have been so much pleaded as an excuse, had the Church believed that behind those walls the famine was sore in the land? And now that the doors of the world are open wide, and access to the famine-stricken regions is secured, the duty may light on any Christian heart at any time, the call to go in person and invite the heathen and Mohammedan world to Christ with the words, "Come, for all things are now ready."

And most surely, when the time for that eternal festival has arrived of which our Lord's own lips have told us; the day when we from the Western Churches shall sit down and eat bread in the Kingdom of God with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; when we hear

"From care released
The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast";

when in the early hours of that day which has no ending, we find time for eyes resting upon the Life indeed, to watch the guests; and near us we see those we best love, and for whom we have prayed, with us for ever through God's grace; and then looking further, behold, they have come from the furthest East as well; and we welcome

to that blessed feast where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb of God feeds them, some whom by personal service in the forefront of Christ's army, or by intercessory prayer at home, we have in the Holy Spirit's hands helped heavenwards; when we welcome them perhaps in their own strange speech which we had learned with toil and pains; so for a while till we all know the true celestial tongue—Ah! brethren, will not the blessedness of heaven be the more blessed for that sight, and the satisfaction the more supreme?

MEDICAL MISSIONS

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."
—2 Cor. ix. 15.

MY text with the context may well guide our thoughts to-day in estimating the value and the true function of Medical Missions. The words of St. Paul as to the charity and the liberality of the Macedonian Christians, and still more so of the Churches of Achaia, are true of our Medical Missions, as I know from long experience and from watching their work. "He hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor." With a slight change of words and of the subject, what follows is true of these Missions generally. Christians at home do not indeed always "enrich to all bountifulness" our hospitals and dispensaries in everything; in their staff of workers and nurses; in their equipment and in suitable buildings. But still oftentimes, with such undermanned staffs, and imperfect ventilation, light, and material, "the administration of this service not only supplies the want of the saints and of the heathen; it is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God"; and from countless grateful hearts of the cured or relieved prayers go up to heaven for you, members of the medical profession, "as they long after you for the exceeding grace of God in you his servants."

Then suddenly St. Paul lifts his eyes to the great

charity of all, to *the* great Medical Mission, supreme, eternal in its efficacy. " Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift " ; the gift of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, the Bread of Life, the Saviour of Men, the Physician of our Souls, who heals all our diseases because He forgives all our sins. A blessing unspeakably great is this, for without pardon and salvation disease may be cured but will certainly break out again, and may end in that which is incurable ; relief may be afforded, and hunger appeased, and thirst quenched, and the naked clothed, but without salvation and welcome to that blest home where they hunger no more and where pain comes not, and tears are wiped away for ever, relief will have to be repeated, and fail at last, and therefore our Church delights more to commemorate St. Luke whom St. Paul calls " the beloved physician," as St. Luke the Evangelist and Physician of the soul ; and the Church leads us to pray that " by the wholesome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him," that doctrine so fully related in his Gospel of the Incarnation of the Son of God, of His life on earth for us, of His death and rising, and of His ascending up to intercede and to rule, by this doctrine " the diseases of our souls may be healed " and never break out again.

It is a mistake, then, to plead for Medical Missions on the ground of the truism that men have bodies as well as souls, and that healing the sick is as important as saving the soul, in fact that it is itself a large division of salvation, or (as some rather rashly affirm) that a man cannot be perfectly holy until he is perfectly whole in body as well as in soul. This is surely an error, for God's strength and His grace are made perfect in weakness, and the most afflicted in body are oftentimes the

most saintly in soul, triumphantly so in patience and love and hope.

I am not sure, however, but that the " laying on " of the tender strong hand of the surgeon and physician may be, in God's hand, the first plastic moulding of the body that shall be, the spiritual, immortal, painless body of the saints' everlasting habitation, not made with hands indeed, eternal in the heavens ; but it is God's hand on the doctor's hand which is doing it. And when the tabernacle which used to start with pain, and was rent and scarred by disease, and then felt the first thrill of soothing relief and the first dawning hope of cure, dies and dissolves, the blessed touch and tracery may survive in some immortal cell or germ from which that body which shall be will be made by God's power.

This much is, however, I think certain, that we are on the wrong track and are mistaken and disappointing in argument, when we imagine that the healing art and even the gifts of healing practised by our Lord Himself and by His followers in early days, and (as some assert) within our grasp now, are in any real sense parts of the gospel, a portion of salvation, or even the firstfruits of the harvest of redemption. Every one who is saved by Jesus Christ now, a possessor of His pardon and justification and sanctification, a child of God and an inheritor of eternal life, is possessor also of immortal health in the immortal world. But not every one who is healed now, discharged, cured or relieved, from our hospitals and nursing-homes, is thereby saved and turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God. " There were ten cleansed ; where are the nine ? " So that it is an insult not only to God's plan of salvation but to the very healing art itself, to say that Medical Missions are

the only practical exhibition of Christianity, and that mere preaching is only sentimental and unpractical machinery. Medical Missions—the skill of healing, the tenderness of nursing, the patience of watching, the heroism of risking life for others, heroism which I have known not seldom; in Singapore (for instance) as we passed it by a year ago, two young doctors in full health and in the zeal of their profession had just died from plague contracted through investigation and experiment on suspected cases, and solely thus for the good of others [at Harbin and Mukden during this present year (1911) doctors have risked their lives at the call of the Chinese Government, and have lost their lives in fighting the plague; the Moravian Mission at Leh also, in Western Tibet, has lost three doctors in succession from the deadly climate of that region, and yet there are volunteers still for the same post;]—all this, however, is not salvation, and is not the attainment of the one object of Christian Missions, namely, the everlasting redemption of mankind, but it is, if I may say so, sacramental. It is an outward and visible sign to those who experience the blessing or who come under its influence, a faint figure and proof in man as God's messenger and servant, of God's own pity for the lost, of His tears over death and sorrow, and of His power and willingness to save, by inward spiritual grace, the soul from death, and to hide a multitude of sins; to heal, that is, the leprosy of the soul, more incurable by man's power than bodily leprosy, which medical skill thus far can only alleviate and isolate and cheer, but cannot cure. And further, it opens the heart of the relieved and grateful patient to hear, especially if the doctor himself utters the word of the Gospel, as all our missionary doctors desire to do, when possible, though

sometimes with an undermanned staff and the overwhelming task of multitudes of patients on dispensary days to be treated almost single-handed, the doctors' lips perforce are closed. Treated and used thus, Medical Missions are indeed in the foremost rank of our Missionary agencies; but enclosed in or terminated by themselves, they are scarcely missionary agencies at all; they rather glorify man's skill, and draw almost worship, and superstitious faith, towards a man that shall die and a son of man that shall fade.

I notice that the Lambeth Conference of bishops could not avoid reference, though in cautious and guarded terms, to the subject of Christian Science, sympathetically towards its more sober principles, but with direct warning as to its extravagances and fancies. Probably no physician of experience and of Christian faith and devotion, would seriously challenge the following statement of the bishops: "God has infinite blessings and powers in store for those who seek them by prayer, communion, and strong endeavour; and further, that with the presence in the Church and in Christian hearts, of Christ the incarnate Son of God by the Holy Spirit, the power of that Divine Spirit is able to sanctify both soul and body, and then through the harmony of man's will with God's will, to gain a fuller control over temptation, pain, and disease, whether for themselves or others, with a finer and a more confident hope." These expressions must mean that we believe in the supernatural as of possible application for the relief of pain and the cure of disease; that we believe, in fact, in the possibility of sober and real spontaneous healing, actually used indeed in some medical work in China, some under my own observation, carried on by prayer and faith alone, though to be sure, recourse

is sanctioned in extreme cases to the help of Mission hospital or dispensary near. And as we must accept without explaining away the narratives of our Lord's healing work, and of his disciples and immediate followers, seeing men had faith to be healed, healing them, His mighty Name doing the work without prescription or operation or medicine or diet, so must we believe that such gifts of healing and such power of faith are within our reach now, *if God permit.* But this is quite the exception, and the bishops go on to remind us that it is not necessarily sinful to be in pain, as some exaggerated theorists imply, nor untruthful to say you are suffering when, if you would but think it, you are not; nor that you must condemn yourself as deficient in faith because your illness is not sooner cured. For man's will, if in harmony with God's will, the postulate of these theories, may find oftentimes that though you beseech thrice over, and in faith, that the suffering and trial may depart, the answer is not always, "Be it unto thee according to thy self-will," but "My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect," not in strength and health alone, but "in weakness." "Trophimus," says St. Paul, in the epistle for St. Luke's Day, "have I left at Miletus sick," though Paul the miracle-worker and Luke the beloved physician were both at hand. The privilege is great of those who are called through sickness and pain to enter specially into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and to follow the example of His patience.

Let me quote here from this same Encyclical a few words which suggest that the physician as well as the patient knows something of this fellowship and may follow this example. "The Committee on Ministries of Healing desires to place on record its thankfulness to Almighty

God for the wonderful works of healing which have been wrought during the past century through medical, surgical, and hygienic discovery, through the development of the hospital system, and through the training and ministration of nurses. The Committee believes that medical science is the handmaid of God and of His Church, in a true sense filling up the sufferings of Christ, and that it must be fully recognized as the ordinary means appointed by Almighty God for the care and healing of the human body. The Committee further believe that discoveries in the region of medicine and surgery come to men through Him who is the Light and the Life, the Divine Word."

I think it is a truth sober and solemn that as Christ is before all things, and in Him now, in this twentieth century as ever, all things consist, no disease would be curable had He not died. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed, for the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." [Compare also Ps. xc. 8, 9, and xci. 3, 5, 6, 16.]

We too often forget that the power to arrest disease, to cure even the incurable leprosy, to raise even the hopelessly dead and gone, comes through the stupendous power of the Cross, through the arrest and cure of moral evil by His Atonement, and by His Spirit's grace, for sin had necessarily brought with it disease and death, and the root once removed, the evil branches and fruit will wither and die. And the physician's privilege and glory will be to apply by minute and careful detail the palliatives and remedies set free for the purposes of healing by that Atonement. It is noteworthy that in our Mission hospitals, always (if I mistake not) operations, whether

major or minor, are preceded by prayer; and the doctor who told me this added that in his experience so far, no operation had proved fatal thus performed. Genuine prayer in such a case means laying the hand of man in the supra-natural hand of God, and what can clear the eye and steady the hand so vividly, so surely, as the consciousness and the belief in the presence and skill and action of such an Expert, of such a Specialist as this?

In one of the special papers on Christian Science written for the Pan-Anglican Congress, these sober words occur, drawing attention to that depth of sympathy amidst the apparent abstraction of the doctor's operation, that tenderness of the inner soul of the man, and gentleness of touch and movement, which yet accompany the sharpest instruments, and the deepest probing, and the most critical and serious operation. Such are the hands of the true physician, and for such our Medical Missions are blessed in countless hearts, and for these our sympathy and gratitude and liberal help may well be claimed. "The great cry of humanity is ever for more love, and though we may, if we choose, shut our ears and lull our sympathies to rest, by denying the reality of suffering, we surely cannot deceive ourselves into believing that we are thus the loyal subjects of Jesus Christ who, as He stood by the tomb and beheld the grief of the bereaved sisters, groaned in spirit."

I could wish that our Mission hospitals for in-patients and out-patients alike might be free. In the words of to-day's lesson, Come and be healed "without money and without price"; unless, of course, in the case of well-to-do patients to whom it is no charity to be fed and cured for nothing, but who prefer the accommodation and quiet which the hospital affords, compared with

their own homes. But such liberality to genuine and deserving patients can be contemplated only by far more liberal gifts than our Medical Mission agencies at present enjoy; nor, without careful discrimination, can such liberality, which is indeed in itself surely Christ-like, fail to invade our hospitals with patients who have no real reason to be there.

I add one word of warning and of earnest suggestion to the effect that medical skill and learning, very especially in such a land as China, must be (when used first as an evidence of our Western civilization and then as an evidence of our Christian philanthropy and a type of spiritual healing) skilled indeed, the best that human study and research and experiment can supply. I do not believe that the medical profession in these days, so high is its ambition and so advanced its possibilities, possesses any certified practitioners who are ignorant or inexperienced. But if it does, China is the last place to which you may safely send such. For though her surgical skill and anatomical research may be almost contemptible, her medical skill and experience are in some directions remarkable, and her research into herb-remedies and her successful application of them wide and large. Some of our doctors possess large collections of these drugs, and use many of them in practice. I have known cases of jaundice which baffled the skill of the best Western doctors at hand, cured by the prescription of a humble Chinese herbalist. I have seen also cases of cholera, one nursed by myself, under the English physician's care, and deemed by him almost beyond hope, cured while I had thrown myself down for half an hour's rest, by a native doctor called in secretly by the dying man's request, and cured by acupuncture. We must offer them, for this

chief act of Christian benevolence and philanthropy, and this highest exhibition of Christian Science in the noblest sense, our best medical skill. And what a vast field there is for medical science and the application of Christian philanthropy in a land which had practically no hospital or refuge or asylum till Christianity came, where for centuries the imbecile or insane, or the deaf and dumb, have been, as I have witnessed myself, the butt and the sport of the country town or village.

Did time and space permit I could add very many instances which have come under my own observation, showing the influence and effect of medical missions, and these as an incentive and encouragement to us all in helping and sympathizing with this work.

I add two closing observations. It is interesting to notice that the principles and practice, and the sign too, of the Red Cross Society, have been adopted enthusiastically by the Japanese Government, and with growing interest in China also. The name and nationality of the founder of that Society are familiar to the Japanese army, and held in the highest estimation there, though unknown or forgotten (I fear) by the majority of Englishmen. In China there was an effort made four years ago, when the Red Cross Society was being commended by officials and largely approved of by the people, to dissociate its symbol from the Christian Cross. I was able as a friend and personal acquaintance of the founder of the Red Cross Society to assure the Chinese whom I could reach that in the founder's mind and intent, at any rate, it was all connected with and stimulated by the memory and example of Him who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

I commend therefore, in the Name of Jehovah Rophi, the Lord our Healer and Saviour and Everlasting Friend, this work, dear to Him, for your prayerful, sympathetic interest and liberal support.

Here lies the highest glory of the medical profession when thus applied as a help to Christian Missions. That glory will not come through keen and patient research, through profound study, experiment, practice, deduction, or generalization, making pain obsolete, and disease unknown, and the body immortal, and death life. While moral evil, sin, lives on, its certain consequences affecting all the race, of pain, disease and death, abide. But now, by this noblest Christian Science, this employment in Christ's name and for His Gospel's sake of the highest medical skill, the coming of the everlasting Golden Age is hastened on, where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick," for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities; where with the leaves of the tree of life all nations shall be healed; no more curse, no night of anxious watching there, of hopes belying fears, and fears refuting hope, no chill sad morning breaking in dim light on the bed of hopeless death, but God Himself shall be with them and be their God, and the Lamb shall be their everlasting light; God then shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, from off all faces, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you. . . . For every one that asketh receiveth."—St. Luke xi. 9, 10.

WE can hardly be mistaken in claiming these words —perhaps the most full and unconditional encouragement to prayer in the whole Bible—as a distinct sanction for intercessory prayer. The very wording of verse 9, "And I say unto you," shows that the words are connected as immediately with what goes before as with what follows. Now the man whose importunate pleading with his friend for bread at midnight is held up by our Lord as an example to us in earnest and untiring prayer, was not hungry himself, observe; it was for his hungry wayworn friend that he wanted the loaves.

When, therefore, as on this solemn day of intercession, we, in this land of plentiful spiritual food, are invited to intercede with God on behalf of our hungry, and weary, and benighted brethren and sisters in heathen lands, we have a clear, and broad, and all-inclusive promise on which to rest our petitions—"Ask, and it shall be given you—for every one that asketh receiveth."

And, bearing this connexion in mind, we learn further, from the verses which follow the text, what we should first and chiefly ask for, both in our own personal requests and when interceding for others. "How much

more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him," writes St. Matthew in the parallel passage. "He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him," writes St. Luke; from which we most surely conclude that all good and all blessing for the Church and the world must be wrapped up in the unspeakable gift for which we plead to-day. "Pour out Thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, upon all flesh."

Once more, notice the very remarkable connexion in which a promise to prayer, which, perhaps, is as strong and clear as the words of my text, stands in St. Matthew's Gospel—xxi. 22: "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Yes; "If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and it shall be done." It is remarkable that the great Chinese philosopher Mencius, writing three centuries before Christ, used this very image of moving mountains as an illustration of an absolute impossibility. "You may cry, Impossible," he said to his disciples, "if I bid you cross the orchard and pluck off a twig from that plum-tree and bring it to me; but that is impossible, not in the nature of things, but because of your unwillingness or slothfulness. If, however, I bid you cross the North Sea, carrying the Great Sacred Mountain under your arm, you would justly exclaim, Impossible!" It is precisely so with the work of Christ's Church in the world. It seems impossible, not only to the cynical unbeliever, or to the calmer calculations of worldly wisdom, but also oftentimes, alas! to down-hearted Christians at home, and heavy-hearted, and apparently profitless workers abroad, that Christianity shall conquer the world. This gigantic mountain-mass, these 1,000 millions of

idolaters and Mohammedans, can the Church—the distracted, divided, enfeebled Church—move mountains? No! It is impossible, in her own strength. But the Great Head of the Church Triumphant, by His Almighty Spirit's power, can and will move the mountain, not for destruction into the whelming sea, but like the round earth itself, eastwards from midnight gloom to the dawn and the sunrise of Gospel light. And that power is at the call, yea, at the command, of believing intercessory prayer. And this reminds us of the great elements which together constitute true and effectual intercessory prayer.

(1) We must pray in *faith*. "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *believe that ye receive them*, and ye shall have them." How often we present our prayers before God's throne, and leave them there forgotten, unclaimed, neglected? Do we ask to-day that the Lord of the Harvest will send forth more labourers into His harvest? Do we offer that prayer in faith, do we believe that we have the labourers? If so, there will be an eager, confident expression to see, ere long, in the reports of religious life in England, the announcement of volunteers for Church work abroad: and, surer proof still of faith, there will be no unwilling start and shudder, no argumentative stifling of conviction, should the voice come to any here, "God calls *you* to be one of the labourers for whom you pray." Do we ask to-day for the silver and the gold, which, as well as the hearts of men, are in God's hands? Believe that ye receive them; and show your faith first by giving yourselves according to your power, and then by a confident search in the records of the home proceedings of our great Missionary societies, for large donations and increased subscriptions. Do we ask for greater things

than these? Do we ask for the overthrow of the false prophet, for the abolishing of all idols, for the setting up of the throne of the Crucified in all lands? Is this prayer of ours a mere voice, an empty echo? or do we believe that we have these things? If so, search and look in the tidings which every month, nay every week, now brings from all lands. The movements of large numbers of people not in South India alone, but now in North China (Bishop Scott's Missionary diocese), towards the light, wishing through "God's judgment" of famine "to learn righteousness" in Christian schools, since their idols have proved helpless in the hour of need. The great and spreading work in the mountainous districts of the Chekiang Province in Mid-China—a work begun by the sight of the blessed and all-conquering name JESUS over the door of a humble mission-room at Hangchow—are not these like a noise and a shaking among the dry bones, is not the morning coming, the day of victory at hand?

(2) But what is the ground of our faith? on what do we base our confident expression: "Whatsoever ye shall *ask in My name* that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son"? That is the second great element in believing intercessory prayer. "In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow"; and we who pray for the hastening of that glorious triumph must present all our prayers in that conquering Name, and in that alone.

(3) But who can venture near the throne, and cry in faith and in the Saviour's name for himself and for others' salvation? "*If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you,* ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This is the third great requisite for

effectual intercessory prayer. To abide in Christ, and to have His words dwelling in us richly in all wisdom. Yes! so to have the Son of God dwelling in our hearts by faith, so to consecrate our souls and bodies as temples of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that when we pray, our very prayers may be the voice of the Spirit of God within us. "Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink His blood, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His Body, and our souls washed by His most precious Blood, and that we may evermore dwell in Him and He in us."

(4) And once more observe, in St. John's words, the great proof of this abiding with Christ, and the great subject of the prayers of such believing intercessors. "Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we *keep His commandments;* and *this* is His commandment—that we believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment."

"And this is the confidence that we," who thus in faith, pleading the name of Jesus, abiding in Christ, and keeping His commandments, "have in Him, that if we ask anything *according to His will,* He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." And though in some petitions we may well pause in reservation, "if it be Thy will"; though health, and wealth, and prosperity in some earthly project, may be or may not be God's will; who can hesitate for one moment, as the glorious certainty that the coming of His kingdom and the doing of His will on earth as it is done in heaven *is* His will, and that when we intercede thus for the world and the Church, "*we have our petitions.*" Oh! with what triumphant exultation would this assurance

crown this Day of Intercession if we did but realize it!

Let me then, after this brief exposition of my text, point out to you, first, the grounds for special thanksgiving to-day; and secondly, the objects for special prayer.

I. Two petitions, framed in the words of Scripture, have been offered by the Church on these days of intercession, and both have received a gracious answer. We have asked first for "more labourers in the vineyard"; and it is well known that small though the number of Missionary candidates still remains, yet that since these special prayers were offered, the supply both from the Universities and from other quarters has very largely increased; and not a few of these distinctly trace their hearing the call, "Whom shall I send and who shall go for us?" to these intercession services.

We have prayed also "that the word of the Lord may have free course—and may be glorified." Since the first of these special services, the way has been cleared for the Church in an astonishing manner throughout the world. The veil has been lifted from Africa—the mysteries of its great centre are coming into light and knowledge, and on the shores of the great inland seas, the Victoria Nyanza, the Tanganyika, the Nyasa Lakes, the word of the Lord is preached. And now the great regions of Uganda, with Toro, Koki, and the sources of the Nile are Christianized, to a great and wonderful extent; and the stream of Gospel blessing is flowing with the great and once mysterious river, through the Soudan and to meet the upward tide of blessing from Cairo to Khartoum and Gondokoro. We *see* the way, at any rate, into Central Asia, even though the course may not be quite free and open. From the

passes of the Suleiman Mountains, where Church Missionaries are waiting to advance, Afghanistan is in sight; nay, it is already occupied in our Master's name by the Peshawar Mission; Kafaristan can be seen afar, and the Church has occupied Baluchistan and Persia. And China, in these later years, has thrown open far and wide her once unwilling gates. The course is open—but we cannot *run*. The runners are too few—and the Church, with the engrossing cares of her work at home, cannot give the support for the few who have started. But surely we must not restrain fervent thanksgiving to God for touching the hearts of His people to offer themselves willingly, and for opening the world — her kingdoms, her glory—for the Church to possess in her Master's name.

II. What, then, shall we ask for to-day? Let me confide to you, brethren of the Church at home, a few of the anxieties, and thoughts, and cares of a Missionary in the Church abroad.

(1) *All flesh.* What countless varieties of language, and civilization, and intellect, and custom, and superstition, lie wrapped up in those two words. On my return from China in 1879 I caught a glimpse, though but a passing glimpse, of this vast complex body of humankind. The steamer in which we sailed was crowded between Amoy and Singapore by 900 Chinese labourers. It was impossible to converse with them, for their dialect differed altogether from the northern dialects of Chinese with which I was familiar. The distribution of a few tracts was the only means of intercourse. They were landed at Singapore, and would settle either there or at Sarawak. In neither place would they be altogether lost sight of; but the Missionaries there, as I know from personal inter-

course, are so overwhelmed by the work amongst Malays and Dyaks, as to be able to do but little comparatively for the Chinese. [Since then a Christian Church has been introduced into North Borneo, near Sandakhan, by large numbers of Christian Chinese immigrants, coming with their families, at the invitation of the Government, to reclaim and cultivate the forest and jungle land. They are chiefly Hakkas from the Canton mainland, converts of the German Lutheran Mission; and have been cared for by Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, assisted in the first instance by Chinese catechists—since ordained—gladly lent by the Church Missionary Society Mission in Hongkong and on the mainland.] We steamed out of the harbour at Singapore, and found the decks crowded now with 500 Tamil coolies, for whose convenience we touched the coast of Southern India, and landed them in the French settlement of Caracal. With them, Christian converse was absolutely impossible by word or book. Here we found 150,000 natives under the French protectorate, and with a solitary French priest as the representative of Christianity. A few miles up the coast lay the great town of Nagipatam, in British territory; and on the three days while we lay tossing in the surf, the turrets of the Great Mosque were brilliantly illuminated each evening in honour of the festival which drew thither vast crowds of Mohammedan pilgrims from Southern India. And there, under the glare, lay gigantic India. Soon setting sail once more, we skirted the lovely coast of Ceylon to Colombo; and in these great countries, with their 300,000,000 inhabitants, under the rule of a great Christian Power, scarcely one in a thousand is a Christian.

All flesh. When shall the Pentecostal shower descend

which shall amaze, and awaken, and convert, these countless tribes of earth! Countless, I say, and the word is almost literally true—for it would take nearly thirty years without pause by night or day simply to count out the non-Christians on this world of ours. Oh, for the gift of tongues! For in China alone the varieties of the spoken languages are at least 200 in number; and so different are they, that in one small strip of one of the eighteen provinces, three translations of our Church Prayer Book are in use in three contiguous Missions, and are not easily interchangeable. Oh, for the conquering power of Pentecost! Oh, to be recognized by the heathen, not merely as the messenger of some foreign Western Church, but as the glory of Christ! One great help in using the Chinese language for preaching and teaching Jesus Christ, is the fact that *Wên-li*, the book language of China, a script for the eye and not for the ear, not a dead language but one of almost immemorial life, and living still with its silent converse for the reader, is understood by all Chinese who have learnt to read; and, secondly, that the *Kwan-hwa* dialect, the speech of North China and large regions in Mid-China, and to a much smaller extent of some portions of South China, is understood in varying forms by nearly two-thirds of the Chinese. Imagine, for a moment, that I appeared before you to-day in the yellow robe of a Buddhist priest, and exhorted you under the roof of this glorious cathedral, with all the sacred memories of its foundation and Christian history, to abandon your faith and your forefathers' hope, to accept the teaching of Gautama for the doctrine and the merits of the Son of God, and to change Heaven for Nirvâna! Would you quietly restrain your indignation at the audacity of the proposal? I have often stood thus on the steps of idol

temples, or within the walls of ancestal halls; and, not with ridicule of idolatry, for that is not the strongest weapon by any means, but with earnest entreaty, I have invited the Chinese to abandon their ancient and venerable faiths, and to accept the Rule of the Prince of Peace; and this at the invitation of an Englishman—a countryman of the land which has humbled China in wars inglorious and unjust.

I am aware that the comparison is not complete. The Christian Missionary knows and feels that he is *not* in the position of a Buddhist priest in England, for he is God's ambassador. But, to the eyes of the Chinese, the comparison is in every sense complete; and we long, therefore, for that mysterious miraculous power from on High which we have seen in some instances accompanying the Word in weakness spoken, the power which shall lead the heathen to accept the Gospel, not as the word of man, but as it is of a truth, the Word of God, and which shall enable them, without image or picture, to worship in spirit and in truth God, who is a Spirit, and to trust in the unseen Redeemer.

Sometimes the preaching of the Gospel seems to be all foolishness to the hearers. Sometimes, as in the case of the Foochow Mission of the C.M.S., strength seems spent for nought, and labour seems in vain. Eleven long years passed by in that Mission; two of the little band of English Missionaries died at their posts; another broke down in health and had to return home to die; no inquirers, no catechumens, no hope or symptom of such even, appeared. It required strong faith for the solitary labourer who was left, to petition the Society instead of removing the Mission to more hopeful soil, to let it alone one year more. That very year the blessing came;

and there are now 12,000 baptized Christians in that Mission, and 5,000 communicants.

It is in your power, brethren, here on your "sovereign" hill and in your noble cathedral, like Moses to hold up holy hands in prayer, and to strengthen the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees of your brethren who, like Joshua, have gone down into the battle in heathen lands.

And when the blessing seems to come, and inquirers gather round the Missionary, how often their goodness is like the morning dew, how often the early hope is blasted by covetousness or pride, by timidity or by suffering. How many go back and walk no more with us. "Sir," said an apparently earnest and intelligent applicant for baptism to me, after a long conversation, "Sir, have you any employment for me?" My heart sank within me; perhaps with too sudden grief and despair. But, brethren, your intercessory prayers may call down such divine power and blessing, such deep conviction of sin, and such anxious longing for pardon, as shall make such cases impossible.

And when the time of probation is passed, and round the sacred font the Missionary sees the firstfruits of his toil—such a band as I remember in the hill country of the Chekiang province, nineteen men, women, and children, confessing with their mouth the Lord Jesus, signed with the sacred sign, and baptized into the Sacred Name—how often fear mingles with the joy! *Will* they lead the rest of their lives according to this beginning? In a letter from my brother, received last week, he speaks with deep thankfulness of the signs of life and growth in almost all our stations which came under his notice during a Confirmation tour. But he mentions, with deep sorrow,

a few whose Christian life he and I have watched from the very first—in one case, there is "a deadly feud"; in another, "reckless behaviour." But are not you at home their sponsors? Will you not, by your prayers, call down God's sevenfold gifts of grace, which shall "support them in all dangers, carry them through all temptations," and bring them at length to the safe fold above?

Such, then, are some of the special subjects for which I would, in the name of my fellow-workers in the Foreign and Colonial Mission fields of the Church of England, ask for prayer to-day.

And, in conclusion, let me read a modern and an ancient hymn of Missionary praise and intercession—the first reminding us that it is not in England alone that these prayers arise, but that all round the world the voice of praise and intercession is heard:

"Chief Shepherd of Thy people,
We own with joy the union
Of souls that know, where'er below,
Thy Spirit's blest communion;
Our voices join the concert,
The strain of rapturous cadence,
That springs and rolls between the poles,
Swift as the solar radiance.

"When o'er Pacific billows
The Sabbath wakes in glory,
Their praises due Thy scattered few
In China sing before Thee;
They sing, and westward ever
The daylight speeds the chorus,
From Burma's shore to far Lahore,
From Araby to Taurus.

"Anon awakening Europe
Begins her loud devotion,
Her song that flies from Lapland's ice
To Moorish gates of ocean;

And hymns from Britain mingle
With voices gathering ever
Where rises bright Leone's height,
Where Niger pours his river.

"Soon as the arch of morning
Atlantic waves embraces,
From zone to zone before the throne
Ascend Columbia's praises;
And onward swells the echo
On southern waters flying,
To blend with songs of island tongues
From rock to rock replying.

"All, all as one we praise Thee,
Great Giver of salvation;
Whose equal grace, nor time, nor place,
Nor language knows, nor nation;
We praise, and wait imploring
Thy hour of final favour;
Call in Thine own, reveal Thy throne,
And o'er us reign for ever!"[1]

And lastly, the divine song of Ancient Intercessory Prayer, which has been sung for 3,000 years, and with which these walls so often echo: "God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us." Has he not done so? Is not the lamp of Gospel truth lighted and burning still in England? Is this for ourselves alone? Nay, the object is "That Thy Name may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God,

[1] H. C. G. Moule.

shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

Pray thus in faith, in the Saviour's name, abiding in Him, keeping His commandments according to His will; intercede thus for an increase of the true Missionary spirit at home, and for truer zeal and devotion in Missionaries abroad; pray for the heathen, for the catechumens, for the baptized—"ask, and you shall have—for every one that asketh receiveth."

CHINA

I PRESUME that it is chiefly of new China that I am expected to speak to-day. But the old must be known and appreciated at its true value in order to estimate aright the real character and nature of the new. I have known the old, and I know much of the new, and I venture, with all diffidence, to apply to myself the opening words of the Lambeth Encyclical: "The links which bind me to the past are not fetters upon the free and enterprising spirit of sympathy and interest in the new, which is essential to progress."

I began my life in China in the year 1861, when China was convulsed from end to end by the T'aiping Rebellion —thirteen out of her eighteen provinces having been subjugated or devastated by the rebels. It was an essentially native movement, and Western nations took little part in its twenty years of conflict, except eventually to suppress it and help the imperial power in its desperate state. Yet in the short period of the zenith of Hung-seu-tsuen's career, at Nanking—instigated by his ablest and noblest lieutenant—a programme of reform for China was promulgated in no way behind the present programme of the sober reform party in the young China of to-day. The country was to be thrown open to trade with all nations—fair if not free, and unrestrained by vexatious limitations; whilst the inner waters were to be open to steam naviga-

tion. Railways and telegraphs were to cross and recross the land; higher and modern education was proposed, while conserving the old; and the Bible was to be the chief text-book in schools. Westerners were no longer to be insulted and called after with opprobrious epithets; and the position of women was not only proposed to be raised, this practical reform was actually begun. Then China, after the two or three years of yet seething waters as the storm went down, fell pretty soundly asleep again, and the party of reaction held sway. But for the wide awaking, never to sleep again, of Japan at her side, and the uplifting of the apparently inevitable incubus of Russian ambition and aggression, and the more close and vivid influence of the outside world, I should myself not be surprised to see China go to sleep again. The desire for extended and high education rises, so we fancy, not from thirst for knowledge in itself and its beneficial influence on mind and character, but from the exaggeration of the truth that knowledge is power. The very uprising of Emperor and people against the trade in opium, and against its culture and vicious use, is not, we imagine, wholly moral, but again, stimulated by Japanese example, from the idea that to be bereft of opium means to be clothed with fighting powers. But yet that very desire, permeating all classes now (independent of the old provincial sovereign state likes and dislikes, prejudices or adoptions), the desire for the country's power, the moving and stirring of such patriotism as we knew very little of fifty years ago, is a sign that something broader and sounder and more lasting than the fixed and artificial reform acts of the T'aipings is moving China; and she, too, cannot go to sleep again.

I have seen myself in China the idols utterly abolished

by Chinese hands; but that was in the riot and lust of conquest, though surely with some genuine persuasion in the minds both of leader and followers in that wild revolt that idolatry is feeble, useless, and wrong. The war passed, and the idols were repaired, replaced, regilded, and the temples rebuilt; though even then (1864) the mandarins (so great was the shock given to idolatry) officially forbade the rebuilding of Buddhist and Taoist temples, and allowed those only to be repaired which were dedicated to gods who had specially earned the gratitude of the people. This prohibition was disregarded, and idolatry revived; but it is now threatened by the inroad of the schoolmaster and his Western methods, and Western ideas of cubic feet and ventilation and roomy buildings, so that from temple and nunnery alike (certainly in the part of China I am acquainted with) the idols are being turned out of doors, with the silence, if not the acquiescence, of all but the temple inmates; and new China is (if we come not in the Lord's Name at once to annex her for Christ) threatened with the great terror of education without religion—the worship and culture of applied science and armaments and power—even as West Africa is threatened (her superstitions, idolatry, and fetish worship being dethroned and destroyed) with the inrush of degenerate Mohammedanism.

Yet this great land is worthy of a better and nobler destiny, and surely God wills something better for her.

Think of China, her multitude of people and her vast area, China proper alone being about twelve times the area of the United Kingdom.

Rogers's lines guide me here:

> "A people numerous as the ocean sands,"

(Almost certainly reaching 400,000,000 ; just as great a population as the whole British Empire.)

"And glorying as the mightiest of mankind."

Aye, and not without reason ; with a high civilization stretching back nearly as far as Egyptian history, and outliving, as an empire, the old empires of East and West ; glorious in her arts and literature and agriculture and inventions ; the Central Realm, all else vassals or rebels. The contempt, mingled with strange outbursts of their natural politeness and liberal feelings, with which foreigners (Western barbarians) were treated one hundred and twenty years ago can hardly be conceived now (though I tasted a good deal of it in my early years), and should be a little taken into account when the motives and processes of the anti-opium policies of China are examined and discussed.

"Yet where they are, contented to remain."

A people coming from afar, indeed ; wandering immigrants into their great and glorious possessions nearly 4,000 or 5,000 years ago from Central Asia (the aborigines of China, the Miaots and Hwô Miao, still survive, scattered up and down). Yet, once planted near the Yellow River, and then spreading southwards, they did not develop into a nomad, restless, conquering people like those who have conquered them from time to time—the Tartars ; but a peaceful, settled, industrious race they were, and probably, if allowed legitimate safety-valves for emigration and space for legitimate commercial and industrial enterprise, there would be no peril of a conquering China, led by a fiery, invincible Japan.

Why, Japan, if we treat her honestly and trust her, is

the great peace preserver of the East; and American warship bluff, and Australian half-nervous cheer, are spent in vain if China and Japan are treated as they must be treated—fairly, frankly, honourably.

Look at the overflow of China in British North Borneo, the immigrants there—a blessing and life to the land, and welcomed and invited by the Government.

Look at the splendid reserve and discipline of Japan at the Boxer time, and of Japan all through the great war; and China, if she resents all further acquisition of her territory by force, repudiates also all idea of extending the limits of her gigantic area.

It speaks well for the peaceful and generous character of China's higher statesmanship that her rulers and people refrain from reviling Great Britain for her opium policy in the past, though Great Britain has awaked at last and is reviling herself. China recognizes the friendliness and good-will of our altered policy, of our belated repentance, and does not pause to demonstrate its bare justice or to gnash her teeth at the wrongs of the past. China is awake also to her own complicity in the opium plague; she remembers her contemptuous treatment of all foreigners as outer barbarians, and her exclusive policy with reference to all trade, as well as her own earlier and late growth of the poppy for her own destruction. But now that we have begun to amend our ways, and to stop—we cannot repair—the wrong, let us not pause or waver at our peril. Vacillation or procrastination may bring deep-seated and future resentment; whilst acceleration in the process of abolition—the sooner the better in deed as well as in word, and on both sides—may create and cement real gratitude and good-will, and incline the nation to fairer trade and wider opened doors, and make the people

more inclined than ever to listen to the unique message of the Gospel.

How now can we in some glorious way humble " the glorying of the mightiest of mankind " ? How but by the Divine love and beneficence of the Divine Gospel, humbling pride and exalting every virtue and every right ambition ?

For now this multitudinous mass of people is roused, and rising into new life—this vast column of the human race, this great part and factor in the " splendour and scale and wealth of the universe of God " ; this proud, self-contained, self-satisfied, peaceful, and yet, when occasion calls for it, this fighting people, friendly, courteous, with the highest commercial integrity, the keenest business and mechanical and agricultural talent and skill ; thoughtful, philosophical, shrewd in argument, materialistic, yet dominated by the most abject follies of superstition, and subject to sudden outbursts of foolish rumour, leading to fierce animosity against foreigners ; with three religions, guesses at the Way—Taoism ; the Truth—Confucianism ; the Life—Buddhism—professed all three by the same individual ; two indigenous—Taoism and Confucianism ; one imported—Buddhism, with echoes of a more primeval and purer faith in the Supreme. Yet none of their religions can really bind man to God as the word " religion " means. The Supreme is regarded as too far off to care really for man, and therefore to be at best " respected and kept aloof from."

It has been said that other religions besides Christianity, and other forms of life, have been contributing, as regards what is good and true in them, to the Divine purpose of " the boundless vitality of one life." The science of comparative religions is being exalted far above its true

function; one, if I mistake not, more of study than of scientific precision, for is there any real comparison between Christianity and any other religion, ancient or modern?

Some excited leaders in China and exhorters at home tell us that this is to be the basis, almost, of our message in the emergency—the opportunity of China, to wit—that we Christians recognize now these old faiths as honoured companions and, in a sense, ancestors, Christianity being merely the evolved efflorescence of these beneficent, if incomplete, creeds.

This is not the message that China and the world need. The *darkness* of those creeds, not their dawning *light*, is passing with the Christian dawn and the uprising of the true Light.

We sometimes forget that for this ideal of "the boundless vitality of one life in God"—salvation, the cure and pardon of sin—which has alienated man from the life of God—atonement, regeneration, a new heart, salvation, not exhortation; dynamics, not ethics, are required; and such a salvation is neither promised nor preached in Buddhism, Taoism, or Confucianism. I plead, therefore, that our first and last duty to China at this special crisis (glowing not with denunciation and indignation, but with the fire of God's love) is a fearless proclamation and a dogmatic statement of the Everlasting Gospel.

The Chinese do not wince under clear, dogmatic truth, neither are they repelled (which would be an evidence of an ignorant and ill-trained mind, which they do not possess), by the presence of mystery, of the supernatural, the miraculous, the profound, even the intricate in the creeds of the Church, and in the teaching of the Old and New Testaments.

They will not thank you for the importation of your doubts and surmises and assumptive criticism of the credibility, the genuineness, and authenticity of the Bible. A book which we take to them as authoritative, and place before them as a court of final appeal, and as from God, must, they demand, be as such infallible, reliable in all parts, true, and not swayed by ignorant environments; for it is a book, we say, for all times. And is not this the voice of sober scholarship, that which we can with honesty proclaim? We go, then, to teach, and not feebly to flatter; in Liddon's words, "the old sages can converse with us on ethical subjects, but cannot give us salvation"; indeed, if you want philosophy alone, and ethics only, and principles of government and social order, you may well be learners in the Chinese school and not teachers; but delivering as we do a divine and unique message, we must not falter in that message.

I feel sure, from my intimate acquaintance with the old China and the new, that, with an altered state of things in the thoughts and aspirations and hopes of the people, there is little need of alteration in our methods of work; and most certainly no new Gospel is needed, no new creeds, no Eastern addition or modification of what is in its nature Eastern already. What we need is the more vigorous and trained application of old methods. Public preaching and an increased use of our colleagues, the native agents; individual influence, whenever possible, by house to house visitation; the attraction of readers and scholars by the best translations of the Bible we can secure, and with editions containing scholarly and expository notes; by literature—true Christian literature; instructive and enlightening in science, biography, history, geography, travel, and the best fiction; by schools

and colleges, training colleges taking the first place; schools, primary and secondary, but all with the avowed intention and deliberate aim of the Christian training of Christian pupils, and the true conversion to Christ of non-Christian scholars. Schools, avowedly secular, "and thus educationally as well as morally unsound," to quote the words of resolution xi. of the Lambeth Conference, and with the sole object of qualifying for lucrative posts in Government employ or in business, cannot be a legitimate part of the mission work of the Church unless accompanied by the honest guile of attracting young China by the bait of Western learning, and then avowedly introducing them to the highest learning of all.

The interesting and difficult question meets us here—and with this question I will close—how far it is our duty, as representing the Christian Church, to encourage changes in education and in manners, which must be at first merely experimental, and may prove revolutionizing, not reforming; as is the case in India, where a large number of artificially trained graduates, disappointed of Government or lucrative employment, vent their disappointment in seditious literature and secret plotting. The nation is like the house in our Lord's parable from which the evil occupants of stunted knowledge, downright ignorance, superstition, and idolatry are being expelled. The house is being swept and garnished; shall it stand empty and to let? What tenant shall we Christians introduce to them and recommend before a sevenfold darker and more dangerous occupant pushes in? The nation is waking from a long sleep, death-like in some respects; she is arising and trying to walk alone; the Lord of all commands that something be given her to eat—what shall it be?

A reviewer of a new edition of *The Confessions of Augustine*, arguing that Augustinian Latin is as worthy of the name " classical " as Ciceronian Latin, describes the word " classical " as meaning " that language which acts efficiently as the vehicle of such thought or feeling as has a permanent interest for mankind," and he urges a more liberal range of Latin reading in our schools. He implies that the Latin of Cicero could not be vivified and energized enough to express the emotions of Augustine's soul, and he seems to insinuate that language in its highest accuracy of idiom, rhythm, and grammar has but little influence on character and manners. For educators of to-day, he goes on to affirm, take the main object of a classical education to be, not so much to impart an elegant accomplishment, as to enable those whom they teach to enter upon the great inheritance of thought and experience embodied in the dead tongues. It is interesting to notice that the same ideas, expressing, if I mistake not, only a half-truth, are invading the ancient preserves of Chinese education at the present time. The old Wên-li, incomparable for beauty of idiom and force of expression and balance of parallelism in philosophic discussion or in the emotions of the soul, is in danger of neglect and decay, Western methods of learning, and the study of English or of some Western language, taking the place (not exclusively, and not avowedly, but none the less inevitably) in the thought and study of the people, which the language of their sacred and ancient literature so long held, and affecting, if I mistake not, by no means for the better, the dignified courtesy and reverence for age and authority which have so long distinguished the Chinese. The Chinese art of almost incredible memorizing is also being abandoned, or if retained, retained only by fits and

starts; and the text-books and methods of the West are sandwiched in between tit-bits of their ancient literature and examples from legends and superstition. Further, as showing that the unchanging East does change, much like Ciceronian speech, modified and altered by Augustine and Jerome, slang expressions are creeping into the colloquial, and the Chinese are calling themselves "awfully" this and that and the other. I have the honour of being said to talk old Chinese, for though I am said to be entirely idiomatic and intelligible, I will not adopt these modernisms. But, further, there is a fear that the very Wên-li itself, so great a cohesive power in China, modified, it is true, by the great commentator and thinker, Chü-fu-ts, is in danger now of greater change. I possess a copy of a version of part of St. Mark's Gospel by a Chinese mandarin, not a Christian, but a scholar and lover of books. He deems the Bible so valuable as literature that he has produced this tentative version in a style which he hopes may catch the ear and eye of his fellow scholars and students better than the colloquial Mandarin or the old Wên-li. I venture to think that it is in every sense inferior as to rhythm and elegance of diction to the old version; but the phenomenon is one of unusual interest.

Now what must be our attitude towards such changes? We cannot shirk the responsibility. It seems to me, however, that we shall go seriously astray if we yield for popularity's sake alone to such a demand for novelty. In our versions of the Bible, in our Christian literature of all kinds, and in our schools, we should be, I think, Liberal Conservatives and not reckless Radicals; not necessarily "marching with the times," as it is called, but leading and guiding the times if it may be; not necessarily adapting the curriculum of our schools to the Government standards,

but instituting and commending a sounder standard of our own ; even as our hospitals and our medical science, that wonderfuly beneficent and most truly Christian handmaid of Missions, cannot for mere popularity's sake yield to the vagaries of Christian Science.

But in this matter, and in all departments of our work, we must follow here the hint that I noticed above. Our object is not to impart to the Chinese the veneer of our Western civilization and education, but to seek by every means in our power to lead the Chinese to enter upon the great inheritance of truth and Divine doctrine embedded in the ancient Hebrew and Greek literature of the Bible ; and so let the whole force of language and the general apparatus of our Mission tend towards the supreme object of bringing Christ to the Chinese, aud leading China to Christ.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND PRACTICE IN CHINA

NOTE.—In the following pages my object is not so much to give a full account of the three great systems of religion in China as to demonstrate their failure to supply the world's great need. I naturally deal with these in particular, but it will be found, I believe, that they decide the question for other non-Christian religions. If Confucius, Gautama and Laotsze fail, all others must fail to supply that which Christianity alone can give.

IS it possible to overleap in fancy 2,400 years, and to see and hear Confucius as he was and as he spoke? Will the sight and the hearing enable us to define or even to conjecture the causes of his fame and abiding influence?

I was conversing with a Chinese scholar a few days ago on this subject, and I put the question to him thus: "Confucius performed no very striking or awe-inspiring act; no great conquest of men's bodies, or even of their minds; and no great salvation of life. His writings and teachings contain no special revelation or deep discovery of philosophy. He was 'a transmitter, not a creator.' In Dr. Legge's words: 'He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of officers and scholars of his time; he threw no light on any of the questions that have a

world-wide interest; he gave no impulse to religion; he had no sympathy with progress. He died under a cloud of despondency as to the triumph of his principles. How do you account, then, for his fame and his influence?" My friend's answer was simple and brief, yet most significant: "I suppose it arises from the fact that *his mind was set on righteousness.*"

If this be so it speaks well, not only for the Sage, but for his fellow-countrymen during these 2,000 years and more; for Confucius was canonized about 206 B.C., and in A.D. 1 the Emperor P'ing Ti caused a temple to be erected in which sacrifices were to be offered to his *manes*; and since the year A.D. 739 he has been recognized as the chief national object of sacrificial honours; whilst in the year A.D. 1012, and ever since, the title of "Most Perfect Sage" has been applied to him.

Such a life and such a character and such posthumous fame are worthy of far deeper study than I can offer in this brief article.

The difficulty of the task is, perhaps, vivified by the fact of the diametrically opposite verdicts given at different periods of his study, and these verdicts reversed, I believe, more than once, by the late Dr. Legge, perhaps the most devoted and large-hearted of the students and biographers of the Sage. He writes thus in the full flush of the enthusiasm of his translation and publication of the Chinese Classics, with Prolegomena on the Life and Influence of Confucius: "Somehow he is less of a Sage to me, after I have seen him at his table, in his undress, in his bed, and in his carriage. After *long study* of his character and opinions, *I am unable to regard him as a great man.* His influence has been wonderful, but it will henceforth wane." And then, to our astonishment,

Dr. Legge writes, and apparently at a later date (and from this maturer opinion, if I mistake not, he once again wavers): "The more I have studied the character and the opinions of Confucius, the more highly do I regard him. *He was a very great man*, and his influence has been on the whole a great benefit to the Chinese." "Not a great man"; "a very great man!" Which conclusion is correct, and by which shall *we* be influenced?

My own impression is that we must accept *both* conclusions. A *great man Confucius must have been*, for not by apocryphal legends to which I refer below (such as surround Buddha's simple history with a nimbus of romance and superhuman atmosphere which neither he nor his more trustworthy historians ever imagined), but by the simple story of his life and work and teaching, he has won the homage, the affection, and latterly the very adoration, with divine honours, of the Chinese nation. A *great man Confucius certainly was not*, for he failed to touch those springs of higher life which no religious or moral teacher can ever neglect without discord or ominous silence.

Who was he? What has he done? What did he teach?

We look back across the tumults and the calms of this troublesome world; the birth and growth; the darkness, the dawn; the enlightenment of Europe and the West; the dynastic cyclones and long glorious stretches of peace in Chinese history; and we see on a December morning 2,400 years ago, lying in the "mulberry-tree cavern," so the later legends say, a little new-born boy, remarkable, so history says, for nothing save a strange protuberance on his forehead. But legends suspiciously like those

which surround the Buddhist story (those in their turn of very late date, and following what the early Buddhist missionaries probably heard from the early Nestorian missionaries in the fourth or fifth centuries), gather also round Confucius and his mother and the circumstance of his birth. It is interesting to notice how myths have not seldom a basis of historic fact. But in both Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucian legend it is most important to notice that the stories of miraculous birth, or accompanying portents, do not appear till some centuries have elapsed after the hero's death; and not till the religion or philosophical system in full prosperity seems, in the fancy of enthusiastic devotees, to require some embellishment to justify, as it were, the glory.

Not so with the story of the virgin birth and humble coming of Jesus Christ, and the angel welcome of the hymning hosts of heaven. The promulgation of the story was almost coincident with the event. "The things most surely believed amongst us," which St. Luke narrates from "eye-witnesses and ministers of the word," had occurred at the furthest twenty-five or thirty years before he wrote. And both tradition and Scripture were repeated and heard and professed and believed in the very fires and floods of martyrdom and violent opposition.

Confucianism has never been persecuted in China. The burning of the books (202 B.C.) was not an onslaught on the teacher or his writings, his doctrine or his followers; but a desire to obliterate the past, and recommence Chinese history.

I do not propose, however, any comparison or contrast between objects and subjects incapable of such a comparison—Christ and Confucius, save by a warning word as I close. I abstain not only because I refuse indignantly

to compare God with man, the Creator with the creature, and the Divine Saviour with the seeker after truth. I abstain also on account of my deep reverence for Confucius, and of the sure persuasion that such a comparison would have seemed to no one more presumptuous and impossible than to the Sage himself. Not only is the attempted comparison thus unfair to Confucius; but the action also of his followers and disciples and admirers in ancient and modern days is in no sense calculated to preserve his legitimate influence or add to his fame. This is the tone in which Confucius is praised to-day with what it is hard to distinguish from divine honours. And it is worthy of note that the Emperor, who, alone in China, is supposed to have access to Shangti, is also, *ex-officio*, the High Priest of the Confucian *cultus*. "Welcome to the Divinity" is the title of one stanza in a rhythmic hymn, sung at the half-yearly sacrifice to Confucius. "Oh, great K'ung Tsz! Prior in perception! Prior in knowledge! Co-equal with heaven and earth! Sun and moon are sustained by thee. Heaven and earth are kept pure and live." And again: "Thou art what never else was since men were generated."

But this exaggerated language is not more than one hundred years old; and nothing could be more opposed than this to Confucius' own principles, beliefs, and aspirations; even as the divine worship of Buddha is completely antagonistic to what we imagine as his belief. He taught every man to be his own saviour; and he urged the duty and possibility, without adventitious supernatural aid, of ridding oneself from the conscious sensation of existence. Confucius, whilst loving and studying the ancient odes of China, in which are some not unworthy recognitions of God as interested in men and

mundane affairs, yet spoke little about God and spiritual beings; recommending reticence and the avoidance of discussion of such subjects.

Surely the solemn and stately arrangements of a Confucian temple, without image or shrine, but with the recorded names of the Sage and of his immediate disciples; and the display of Chinese characters descriptive of the great virtues; with the public reading also of the practical ethics of the Sacred Edict; and the yearly recognition of the dignity of agriculture and useful arts—these are far more worthy testimonies to his worth, and memorials to his honour, than the dangerously presumptuous innovations of after ages.

This ritual presents also a far fairer suggestion than the extravagance of sacrifice can do, as to the influence exercised by Confucius; and this is my reason for dwelling upon it. It is well, as being within the genius of the Chinese, that this official recognition of the dignity of agriculture should be associated with the Confucian *cultus*; for Confucius is supposed to have spoken in an apologetic and almost deprecating tone of that which required no apology—the humble condition of his family in his early years. "When I was young, my condition was low, and therefore I acquired my ability in many things; *but they were mean things*" (*Analects* ix. 6). His father's family was of noble, even regal descent; but, through no fault of his own, poverty had fallen upon him. Confucius, as a little boy of three years old, deprived by death of his father's care, played at his mother's knee—not making mud-pies for empty amusement, but arranging vessels in due ritual order. And, when he had entered his teens, we see him—surely no ignoble occupation, or one to apologize for—sent to the hillside

to tend goats and cattle ; and there he sits sunning himself, while the beasts lie down at noon, musing on the mystery of human life, the disorder of the land, the possibility of reform, and the surpassing dignity and interest of the ancient annals of China—ancient already in those ancient days.

At the age of fifteen his more earnest student life began. " I had my mind bent on learning," he says (*Analects* ii. 4). His absorbing interest in the story of China's ancient worthies and literature dates also from that age. " I am one who is fond of antiquity, and earnest in seeking knowledge there " (*Analects* vii. 19). " Eager in pursuit of knowledge," so he describes himself, " he forgets his food ; in the joy of its attainment he forgets his sorrows ; and he does not perceive that old age is coming on." A nobly simple description of the nobler elements of his character and life ! We follow the wandering steps of his scarcely eventful but most earnest and interesting career. He married at the age of nineteen ; not happily we fear ; but Dr. Legge discredits the sadder part of the story. At the age of twenty he took office in a subordinate post, and he began public teaching at the age of twenty-two—and this formed the leading occupation of his life—sometimes a resident, sometimes a peripatetic philosopher. His one great theme was the unfolding and expounding and exposing of the precepts and examples of the ancient sages. He was a willing and charitable teacher ; never refusing a pupil because he could not pay full fees ; but not caring to spend toil on unsympathetic and careless learners.

At the age of twenty-nine he studied music ; and this ever-favourite accomplishment of his, often cheering and soothing him in sorrow or in imminent danger, led

him on to the "standing firm" in right principles, which he dates from his thirtieth year. Shortly after this we find him at the city of Lo, where the Court of the Chow Dynasty resided; and his somewhat mythical and not very dignified or instructive interview with Laotse, the founder of Taoism, coincided with this visit to Lo. Laotse ridiculed the apparently affected formality of Confucius, and the pettiness, as he deemed it, of his principles. Confucius confessed himself aghast and unable to follow the dragon in his metaphysical flights. After following the Duke of Chow in his temporary refuge from feudal warfare in the territories of Ts'e, and being despised and neglected there, he returned to Lo, and during some fifteen years of enforced leisure he employed himself in the truly great work of editing and re-arranging the Book of Odes and the Book of History. Then in the year 701 B.C. commenced the one brief period of high office held by Confucius. As Magistrate of Chungtoo, and Minister of Crime there, trusted by the reigning Duke Ting, he is said to have "made crime to cease"; and as the idol of the people, and the subject of their songs of praise, he spent the next six or seven years with some grave mistakes, but on the whole with conspicuous integrity, till the Duke, intoxicated and blinded by flattering luxury and vice supplied by a rival duke, neglected his invaluable Minister; and Confucius left in sorrow. Long wanderings were henceforth his lot; but he was not alone, as his faithful disciples accompanied him; and to these disciples, or rather to the disciples of his disciples, we are indebted for the singularly interesting yet disappointing narrative of his life and sayings and doings, the Lenyü or "Analects." He devoted much time to the study of the Book of Changes; and in his seventieth year (681 B.C.) he composed the

Ch'un Ts'iu "Spring and Autumn" Classic, a narrative, drier than dust, of the history of his native State from the year 722 B.C. downwards. He has staked his reputation on this work; but his country and posterity are kinder and truer to the Sage than he was to himself, and his fame is enshrined within surer covers than those of the *Ch'un Ts'iu*.

In the spring days of 678 B.C. Confucius died.

This brief summary of the events of the life of this great but little, this "small" yet most "superior" man, to use his own words, fails, and a much fuller narrative also will fail, I think, to account for his long influence and living fame. A great scholar, and a great editor and bibliographer, though not a great writer, his commanding influence cannot be explained altogether or mainly by his literary fame. Great writers sway the world by their writings, and not always, or indeed generally, by force of personal character and influence. The fame and sway of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare are literary and intellectual, and universal too where letters hold court. Confucius rules one land alone, or two (for Japan reveres him also), but that means a large fourth of the human race; and he inspires reverence in all hearts, literate and illiterate alike. Whence comes it? Not, I venture to think, from the substance of his teaching and its soul-satisfying character, but from the substantial honesty and integrity of the teacher. Question him. Can you inform us about the Supreme God, great sage and guide? And lo, Confucius names the supreme name of God known to the great Emperors and worthies of the past, Shangti, only once in all his personal teaching; he talks of Heaven; "he sanctions the worship of spirits, and he reduces thus the Supreme and sole God

of the ancients to the position of one amongst the host of heaven" (Douglas, p. 84). "He perceived that the ancients did worship one God," but "he allowed this knowledge to *become sterile*." "Confucius was a complete stranger to the higher motive of pleasing God. The 'superior man' never raises his thoughts to a Father in Heaven" (Foster, *The Ideal Man of Confucianism*). "Unreligious, unspiritual," is Dr. Legge's verdict on the great Sage; and he adds graver charges which I will not here enumerate.

But ask him about a future life, and the great "after death." His answer is explicit, honest, but chilling and disappointing. "While you do not know life, how can you know death?"—the after life. Ask him about that which surely he is fully acquainted with, that which is considered by many the very essence and concentration of Confucianism, the worship of ancestors and departed spirits. He cannot tell us anything certain. "While you cannot serve men, how can you serve their spirits?" And in the "Family Sayings" the great teacher is yet more tantalizing and uncertain in his tone. "Do the dead have knowledge of our worship and services?" Tsze Kung asked his master. "If I say yes," was the answer, "filial sons and grandsons will ruin themselves in such services and offerings. If I say no, the unfilial will leave the dead unburied. There is no urgency on this point. Henceforward you will know for yourself." This may be practical, earthly common-sense, but it is not the teaching to influence and awe the Chinese.

Ask Confucius about family life; and while filial love, "the crown and glory of China," is not forgotten by the great teacher, yet he is almost as silent on the relation of husband and wife as on "the relation of heaven and

earth" (Douglas, p. 125); and a father, we are told should maintain "distinct reserve towards his son." This may again correspond with Chinese "instinct," but whether their instinct is inspired by the Sage, or the Sage panders to their instinct, in either case influence and abiding fame can hardly be traced to this teaching. Ask him finally about something of imminent importance —sin and its forgiveness and cure. And the answer comes in despair, "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray" (*Analects* iii. 13).

But Confucius can rise higher in moral tone than all this implies. He does not quite reach, perhaps, the lofty elevation of Mencius' great sayings: "I love life—and I love righteousness. But if I cannot retain the two, I will let life go, and hold fast to righteousness." "Man is born for uprightness," says Confucius. "If a man lose his uprightness, and yet live, his escape from death is a mere accident" (*Analects* vi. 17).

And how infinitely more noble than the *Nirvâna*, the "not being," or "not doing" as the Chinese render it, of Buddhism, is the *Not I*,—the unselfish duty of not doing to others what this self dislikes, which Confucius in this negative form three times over, and once, I think, in almost a positive form, inculcates.

Dr. Williams describes, what he gives as history (but I have failed to trace it in other lives of the Sage), his last solemn deposit of his "complete literary works" on an altar; dedicating the whole to Heaven for the benefit of his countrymen, and imploring the blessing of Heaven (did he mean the Lord of heaven and earth?) on his labours. A noble close, if this be history, to a life not ignoble and not unfruitful.

I must hasten to the close of my discussion. I give

here two verdicts on the character and influence of Confucius; and then, finally, my own anticipation of the final verdict of the Chinese people.

The writer or the inspirer of the *Letters of John Chinaman* speaks thus: "Confucius has made of the Chinese the one nation in all the history of the world who genuinely abhor violence, and reverence reason and right."

"Confucius," says another anthor, "did much to undermine the realization of the personality of God in the minds of his countrymen. With a keen interest in practical ethics, he had no anxiety to give his ethics any theological basis. The result has been to leave his countrymen without any spiritual atmosphere; and so to vitiate in practice his ethical theories, that it has been said, without injustice, 'The best answer to Confucius is China' Without Confucius China had been without a native religion; but for Confucius, China had been a religious country."

I imagine that unthinking China will, for some time to come, go on repeating the Chinese "Great is Diana," from the sacrificial poem:—

> "Confucius, Confucius, how great is Confucius!
> Before Confucius there never was a Confucius,
> Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius,
> Confucius, Confucius, how great is Confucius!"

"The more part" not knowing why they thus adore and trust and admire, save that the ancients did so, and the nation does so still, and they will accept this belief as a matter of course, like the sun and air and light.

But thoughtful China, continuously expanding her boundary of influence, will exclaim, and with grave justice, "Here is a man, of our own birth and kin who, amid surrounding disorder in the State and in society,

bore himself bravely and consistently A *laudator temporis acti*, he was no mere dreamer. He was a true lover of his country and her people; and, knowing that righteousness in public and private life is the only security for peace and prosperity, he loved righteousness, and set himself to reform the people and the Government by bidding them look at and study the high examples of the past. What if he failed oftentimes! What if his sun set in gloom! That does not lessen our admiration for the man. And all we are learning now of Western philanthropists and reformers cannot make us dethrone our Confucius from his high pedestal, or place him below them in high honour and veneration."

"But," so thoughtful China will proceed, "if any one compares our Confucius with Jesus Christ, Whose history and claims and teaching rest on documentary evidence at least as genuine and authentic as ours, we see that we have met with, not a Western teacher, but a universal Master, Saviour, and Lord; and comparison is, of course, out of the question. It is idle to speak of friends or enemies in such a comparison, as of possible rivals, opponents, or competitors, or companions on equal terms. The sun can hardly be called either friend or foe of glow-worm or candle, certainly not the enemy, as the great source of light. Much less can the Sun of Righteousness, the Lord and lover of all, be thus described as friend or foe of rival lights. The wind does not oppose or fight against or seek the favour of the feeble waving of fan or punkah. It helps the poor machines which, but for the air and wind of God, would be useless. Much more then the Heavenly Divine Spirit which moves the hearts of men." [1]

[1] If the Gospel is a revelation of the eternal through facts of

I am not merely imagining a vain hope. I know that these thoughts are stirring in the minds of thoughtful Chinese when the case is fairly placed before them. I was conversing with one of this class not long ago. He frankly admitted this; and, indeed, he put the case more forcibly than I have done. "Only one thing I beg," he proceeded, "that Confucius may not be reviled." "What do you mean?" I somewhat indignantly rejoined. "When did you ever hear a missionary revile Confucius?" "I am afraid I have heard of such cases," he went on, but he could not give particulars. I could only assure him of my own practice for forty years or more, never to approach to such a grave wrong. "We reverence and admire your great teacher," I assured him, "and, but for one great and overwhelming consideration, we would, with admiration and content, leave your great land alone with Confucius. But we come as God's messengers; and because, as Mencius himself averred, and Confucius does not deny the statement, great teachers have no power to impart spiritual or moral power to their scholars so that they will do what they are taught. Your great sages had great power to denounce wrong and inculcate good, but they are powerless to forgive and take away sin; powerless to reunite man who has broken off from the life of God to that divine life once more. This, at His command, we come to tell you of. This, Confucius, were he here, would most surely recognize and wel-

time, it cannot be treated simply as one religion among others. Given the revelation of God, comparative religion may help to show us how the forces of human nature clothed it with religions of men; but the application of comparative religion to the revelation itself is a fundamental error" (Gwatkin, *Early Church History*, vol. i, pp. 2, 3).

come and trust. We offer it to you in all the love man should bear to human-kind, and all the love 'brethren within the four seas,' should bear to one another. This is the secret of an upright life here, and of a life of highest freedom and noblest work hereafter. This is the great secret, the great guide and principle for China's true reform and prosperity."

THE Buddhist religion owes its origin to Shâkyamuni Gautama Buddha, who was born in an Indian palace, the home of the King of Kapilavastu, about the year B.C. 620. He was kept secluded from the outer world in the gardens and woods of the palace grounds till he was grown up and was married. Then accidentally one day he caught sight of an old, decrepit man, of a young man in the agonies of cholera (?), of a corpse carried out for burial, and of a blind hermit; and, distressed and terrified at the sorrows of human life, he left his home and his prospective throne, and his wife, and infant child, and wandered forth to seek the great pathway of truth—that is, of deliverance from "the miseries of this present world." This he professed to have found—revealed to him as he sat under a tree in profound meditation; and teaching the doctrine of voluntary mendicity, of celibacy, of separation from the world, of abstinence from animal food, of regard for life in insect as well as in man and higher sentient orders, he promised as the great goal, after many transmigrations, Nirvâna. This is the state where you will have to ask: "Is it being, or is it non-existence?" There you will find the cessation of all sensation. You will be not alive and not dead; not in misery, not consciously happy. Nirvâna means "a

blown-out flame." Buddha gathered round him a band of disciples—his wife and child also joining him—and he died at last, an obscure end, with obscure last words :—" In yourselves, my disciples, deliverance must be found. The gods cannot save you. I save not, but exhort. Every man his own saviour.' [1]

A pathetic story is related of Buddha's sympathy and of his hopelessness at the same time. A woman weeping over her dead baby was advised to consult Buddha, and to see if he, so sympathetic, could not help her. " There is a remedy," he said, " for your sorrow. It is to be purchased at the home of the family whose members have never shed a tear or known sorrow." The woman searched diligently for such a home, and, finding it not, she buried her baby (without hope of any tender divine Shepherd to carry her lamb in His arms), and, following Buddha, traversed the " noble eightfold path " to the " no hope " of *nothingness*.

" If any say Nirvâna is to be,
Tell him that he has erred ;
If any say Nirvâna is to die,
Tell him that he has lied."

It is interesting to notice that this abstruse and incomprehensible doctrine of Nirvâna has been superseded in the minds of at least half the Buddhists in the world by a more practical and attractive doctrine of a Western heaven of life and happiness, while the terrors of the Buddhist hell are elaborately portrayed, both in the Buddhist " canonical " scriptures, and in sculptured or printed representations in their temples. It is important to notice, further,

[1] " In answer to the soul's cry, ' What must I do to be saved ? ' Hinduism says, ' Save yourself,' "

that these canonical scriptures were not written and fixed as canonical till between the years A.D. 412 and 432, or till nearly 1,000 years after Buddha's death (543 B.C.).[1] The Buddhists of Ceylon and of Burma and Siam are considered the orthodox sect, maintaining the original teaching of early Buddhism; while the Northern Buddhists, that is those of North India, Kashmir, Nepaul, China, Thibet, Japan, Corea, and Mongolia, hold doctrines and preach adoration of *avâtars* of Buddha or of other objects of worship unknown to the orthodox. The Buddhist Church was violently persecuted by the Brahmans after King Ashôka's death in the third century before Christ. Ashôka, an eminent professor and patron, has been called the *Constantine* of Buddhism. The religion has never recovered its power and influence in most parts of India since this persecution. Amidabha Buddha, the King of the Realm of Light, whose name is from morning to night on the lips of all Chinese priests and devotees, is an unknown stranger in Ceylon; but this doctrine of a real substantial heaven suits the practical Chinese better than Nirvâna. Indeed, if we are asked to account for the wonderful spread and long prevalence of a religion quite atheistic in its principles and doctrines, and therefore not a religion at all, for religion "binds" to God, we

[1] This is the date given by the Buddhists in Ceylon, though a considerably later date is suggested by modern scholars. The Ceylon *complete* canon of Buddhist sacred *writings*—the most ancient of all—did not exist, so say the Singhalese Buddhists, till the date stated above, though a large part was handed down really from much earlier times, and some portions were reduced to writing in the first century B.C., with the first traces of miraculous elements in Buddha's history, but not of the so-called Christian elements to which we refer below. The Chinese copy of the Buddhist canon was not complete till the year A.D. 1410, and a modern version of it between the years A.D. 1573–1619.

suggest that it is always attractive to human nature to be taught that it can *do something* for its own salvation and elevation; and the idea of personal merit is much dearer to man's heart than the noble humility of confession of sin and the obtaining of pardon and peace through Another's merit, and grace wholly from above to do right. Chinese Buddhists, at any rate, by incessant incantations whose meaning they do not understand, by the lavish outlay of money in candles and incense, by long pilgrimages, throwing a *cash* to each one of the army of deformed or sightless or indescribably filthy beggars who line, like an unlovely avenue, the approaches to temples and shrines; and some, again, by long fasts and meritorious vegetarianism, hope to secure "some uplifting at the end of this life"—women to be re-born as men, men to be higher in rank and in wealth in the world to come—and all this to be gained, not by Buddha's strength and grace, but, as it were, *under his auspices*, the worshipper meanwhile supplying the purchase-money of merit.

Let me mention two points more of the greatest significance and interest: (1) as to Buddhism generally, considering the fictitious fashionableness it has acquired amongst so many English experimentators in religion; and (2) as to some points in which Buddhist worship and ritual resemble that of the Roman Catholic Church.

I have known not a few with the Christian name startled and shaken in faith by hearing, first of all, that Buddhism is at least 500 years older than Christianity; and secondly, that almost all our beliefs about the Lord Jesus Christ, such as His coming from heaven, being born of a virgin, being welcomed by angels, astonishing the doctors of His time, tempted in the wilderness, doing wonders, being

transfigured, descending to hell, ascending to heaven, all, in fact, but the Crucifixion, are related about Buddha. Now, Buddha lived and taught long before Christ, and the conclusion is inevitable—Christianity has copied its story from Buddhist stories. It damages this argument, however, to know that these so-called Christian-Buddhist elements and stories are not found in any Buddhist authentic writings earlier than the fifth century of the Christian era, i.e. about 900 years after Buddha's death. They appear, then, shortly after Nestorian Christian missionaries reached Thibet and made the Buddhist priests acquainted with the story of Christ's life, and with some of the ceremonial of the Church. The Buddhists, ever of an open and eclectic mind, incorporated these elements in their writings; and from Thibet they spread to China, so that Buddhism *has* copied Christianity. Christianity in *no sense* has copied Buddhist history or dogma. It is a moot question whether rosaries, the tonsure, holy water, incense, candles, and celibacy have a Buddhist or a degenerate Christian origin.

The worship of Kwanyin, the goddess of mercy, sometimes represented as a god, especially in Thibet, strangely resembles the cult of the Blessed Virgin. She is the "Star of the Sea," the sailors' patron deity, and she is regarded now as the invisible head and ruler of the present Buddhist Church; her worship, if not superseding, yet overshadowing that of Amidabha himself in some connexions. Our Mid-China Mission in its Shanghai and Ningpo stations lies close to the Island of P'oo-too, once called Pôtala. Here Kwanyin, called originally Avatôhiteshvasa, lived for nine years after her father (supposed to have lived as the celebrated Chang-wang, 696 B.C.) had repeatedly tried to destroy his daughter's life because

of her refusal to marry. Here, too, she saved her irate but now penitent father's life by cutting the flesh off her arms and making it into a medicine. In gratitude he ordered at her death a statue to be made of Kwanyin with all her limbs complete. The sculptor, so the vague legend relates, mistaking the word complete (*ts'iuen*) for the word one thousand (*ts'ien*), moulded her image as of the goddess "with 1,000 arms and 1,000 eyes and a merciful heart."

The guesses at truth, and the wild and dangerous pursuit of error when thus guessed, form one of the saddest and most pathetic features of false religions. At the same time their zeal—even missionary zeal—may well shame and stimulate those who know the *truth*, and know it is truth for the *whole world*. About the year A.D. 61, the Emperor Ming-ti, of the Han Dynasty, seeing, some say, an image of gold enter his palace in a dream, or, as another and nobler story has it, seeing, when awake with his people evening after evening, crimson clouds and streaks of glory in the west, as beckoning him thither, *did* send an embassy, a mission of inquiry. But instead of pressing on to the Holy Land, the ambassadors stopped at Ceylon, and, awed and fascinated by the placid, majestic images there, came back with priests and idols. And as long as 1,000 years ago Buddhist missionaries from temples near Ningpo went to Japan and founded a strict sect there, which still survives.

Now one word as to the way in which the religion affects and is professed by the Chinese. I knew a woman once, a Buddhist devotee, who was instant in prayer, a constant attendant at Buddhist festivals, and lavish in candles and incense offerings, spending at least £10 every year on her faith, and when we asked her of her hope,

and the efficacy of the worship, she paused long, hesitated as though stunned by the question, and then, recollecting herself, she said, " My only hope is—is it not ?—perhaps to be born again as a man."

The great hope of Buddhist devotees is by the purchase of " spiritual bank-notes " at certain temples and on special days, to lay up in store for themselves, or provide for their ancestors and friends, much money for the unseen world. Money is the ideal of bliss here; much more *there.* And notes and papers costing one penny or twopence at the temples will, if stamped duly, and endorsed by red circular marks showing the 1,000 or 10,000 times the devotees had prayed with these papers in their hands, be cashed at the spirit banks (conveyed thither by burning) for 1,000 or 10,000 times the original price.

It is hard to see the virtue or benefit as a religion of this religion ; so ancient, so eagerly and devoutly followed by such countless multitudes. The contempt of the system of caste, the equality of men, the love of life, the recognition that in this evil world " all is vanity "—*all this is very well!* But with no word of the dignity and glory of man made in the divine image, and of his heart and nature made for God and restless till it rests in Him. (" Fecisti nos ad Te et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te ") ; of the feeling of sin, and of its pardon and cure ; of life eternal, and the reality of the hope of an immortal life in a sinless home ; with no revelation of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, only of the Trinity of (1) Buddha, (2) Dharma (law), (3) Sangha (the church) ;—what is Buddhism but a religion of no hope and of no practical efficacy ?

And it is passing. Like gross idolatry in Western

Equatorial Africa, it is being shamed by the light of knowledge and true science and by the brighter light of Christian truth. Who thinks that these idols can send rain from heaven and fruitful seasons? Who says we depend on Buddha's image for life and breath and all things? Why, the idols are pitched into the canals now not seldom to make room for schools of Western learning! And actually deputations of Buddhist priests have waited on high mandarins, protesting against the appropriating of their temples for the purposes of the new education. And when told that room must be found by Imperial order, they undertake themselves to provide accommodation for such schools, and to engage and pay competent teachers if they may be left alone. But the religion is discredited. The "false" is being fast abandoned. Alas! unless they accept the true, and not the worse falsehood of atheism, or assertive agnosticism, or degrading Mohammedanism, the last state of China will be worse than the first. Let us then at all times, everywhere, and by all means and agencies, teach and preach Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost.

NOTE.—"Buddhism in the last centuries B.C. was destroying Hinduism, and it seemed as though the cult of Gautama would completely drive out Brahmanism. The old faith finally recovered strength and overcame by accepting the new beliefs and making them its own, completing the conquest by placing Gautama, its deadly foe, on a high position in its pantheon as an incarnation of Vishnu" (from *The Challenge of Hinduism*, article by the Rev. J. E. Padfield, D.D.).

It seems as though some Christian apologists are now bent upon teaching Buddhism in China and Japan this same strategy, however unconsciously, and by revived

legends of the Prince of Parthia, and by manipulation of *The Awakening of the Faith* are suggesting to Buddhism, not that Jesus Christ has superseded Buddha by fulfilling all the higher guesses and longings of mankind, but that Buddha has reappeared in Him, and that the divine attributes and work of the Redeemer may now be applied by fresh revelation to Buddha.

Taoism, the oldest, and in its original form perhaps the highest and noblest of the religions of China, may well claim our attention; for, if I mistake not, this may prove the last survivor of the three already seriously discredited in China.

My reason for this surmise, which I put forward, not dogmatically but only suggestively, is twofold.

1st. In the earlier and more genuine utterances of Laotse there is a contempt for meddling and peddling education, and a protest against incessant prohibitory enactments and interference in public and social matters, which may, if judiciously applied, exercise a salutary effect and a restraining influence on the headlong course of China.

"The wise ruler," says Laotse, "empties his subjects' minds and fills their stomachs."

"Better that men should be ignorant than possess this world's wisdom only"—an extraordinary approach to the higher truth. "Let him be a fool that he may be wise," and an ancient protest against the fatal modern fallacy of the efficiency of mere secular education.

"Let not the people be slaves of rules, but freemen of principle." Once again a noble ideal and a reaching after the truth which the Bible reveals to us—the divinely taught antinomianism of St. Paul—"Of what purpose

is the law; holy, just, and good though it be? It was *added*, because of transgressions." In Laotse's words, many prohibitions afford a proof in themselves of the fall and fault of man. What man needs is not the mere yoke of a prohibitory or enunciated law, but that "time should run back and fetch the age of gold," and that man, getting behind all formulated law, should be moral without effort, constraint, direction, or prohibition; a possessor of the *Beata necessitas boni;* a possibility guessed at in Wordsworth's Ode to Duty:—

> "There are who ask not if thine eye
> Be on them; who in love and truth,
> Where no misgiving is, rely
> Upon the genial sense of youth.
> Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
> Who do thy work, and know it not."

And this truest and highest ideal can be guessed at indeed by philosophy ancient and modern, but realized only by regeneration—the life of God, the image of God, the righteousness of God, the holiness of God, once more restored to man, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. Lightfoot reminds us that "Christianity has substituted a principle of life for a code of rules."

This further feature is discoverable in the higher Taoist teaching that, though the old philosopher could not announce the method and the reality of this salvation, he sets men on the right track. So remarkable are his sayings and those of his chief exponent, Chwangtse, whom I notice further on more fully, that many suppose he must have had some access to the wholly divine truths of the Old Testament Scriptures, or at least that the primitive

truth of man's original nature being in the Divine Image, and of the converse between Heaven and Earth, may have reached him ; perchance through Abraham's descendants, who surely learned something from the patriarch before they left his side.

It is significant that in the legendary account of Laotse's departure from human sight, he is represented as intending to visit, amongst other places, India and Judæa, as I think the characters T'a Ts'in are probably rendered.

These are some of the musings of Taoist thought :—

" Man must rise above his human nature into an ever-enlarging and boundless Perfection, by an esoteric fellowship with the Tao of Heaven. Human nature is entirely opposed to the divine, and must entirely disappear before the divine can be fully manifested."

Sin in its higher and deeper meaning, not offence against propriety and the State as with Confucius, but as alienation of man and opposition of his will to the Tao, is recognized by Chwangtse. But for this sin of the past, the barrier to reconciliation and reunion with Heaven, there is no promise in Taoism of repentance, atonement and pardon, and without this the creed is hopeless and powerless, pathetic though its flutterings Godward are—let man become a little child, guard his life, fix his mind on Heaven, lose the human element, then, helped by Heaven, he becomes a son of Heaven, the spiritual will come and lodge with him, the attributes of Tao will be his beauty, and Tao itself will be his dwelling-place. " Laotse," says a recent translator and commentator (Mears), " disregarding as so much refuse all those things which Confucius thought valuable, and taking from man all that artificial and forced human virtue of which he would boast, left him bare of self-righteousness under the

Infinite Heaven, able to do nothing of himself, yet a vessel to be filled with the Righteousness of the Infinite." Here, as elsewhere throughout Taoist teaching, the faltering, vague expressions as to the Absolute, the Infinite, the Tao, touching and then flying off from the personality of God, vitiate the whole. But these ancient seekers and guessers and reasoners rose high indeed above the ordinary crowd.

Now it seems to me possible that these high principles and philosophies of ancient Taoism, much forgotten and neglected by the Chinese, may revive, and perhaps help, in God's providence, the furtherance of the Gospel by leading the people to search for and find the realization of these ideals, very far higher than those of Buddhism or Confucianism, in Christ alone.

2nd. On the other hand, it is possible that the opposite side of Taoism, its degenerate and grossly superstitious features, may also survive longer than those of the other two systems, because, if I mistake not, they seem to touch the human practical life of the people more closely than either Buddhism or Confucianism manages to do. Eitel points out that the neutrality of Confucius and his followers, their careless agnostic attitude as to belief in one supreme and intelligent Ruler of the universe, a belief yet held by their revered ancient sages, allowed that faith to be quickly supplanted by Taoist speculations amongst the learned, and polytheistic practices amongst the unlearned; and the astrological and mystic speculations thus brought in by Confucianist apathy have left Confucianists also imbued with superstition to the present day.

It is true that Laotse's forward look into the world to come was directed to the hopeless hope of absorption into

nature, a mere euphemism for annihilation; and that does not appeal much to Chinese fancy. But the suggestions of elixirs to ensure longevity and even immortality seemed, in the first degenerate days of Taoism, more to the native purpose.

Chang Tao-Ling, who may be called the first Taoist Pope, and the founder of more modern Taoism, asserted that he had discovered such an elixir. He reached the age of 123, and then, after compounding and swallowing the grand elixir, he ascended, as he assured his followers would be the case, to enjoy immortality. The history of this man is closely connected with the province of Cheh-Kiang. The date of his birth coincides very nearly with the time of the Ascension of our Lord. His birthplace was on the great Heaven-wooded Hill in Cheh-Kiang. The lineal descendant of Chang Tao-Ling, himself supposed to have been an *avâtar* of the spirit of Laotse, visited Ningpo about two years ago and called on officials, native and western, in a very human manner.

Chang Tao-Ling is said to have received from the hands of Laotse, stretched out to him from the spirit world, the mystic treatise on immortality. In imitation of the Tibetan system of metempsychosis, these *avâtars* of Laotse succeed to the doubtful honour by selection, but all in this one family. The present residence of the Pope is in Kiang-Si. Chang Tao-Ling is identified, I believe, with Yuh Hwang-Shangti, the Gemmeous Emperor God, so much so that the great Term question owed its origin partly to this appropriation in Chinese thought and usage of the noble and ancient word Shangti for god to the worship of a man deified only 1,200 years ago. The Taoist phraseology, however, seems to make the term

Shangti generic when all the Gods of the Heavens are spoken of.

Then, coming nearer in to the changes and chances and hopes and fears of this mortal life, how very many of China's charms and superstitions and magical practices and beliefs are Taoist. The God of War, Kwangti, a deified general who lived and fought and died 400 years ago; the God and Goddess of Thunder; the Star Gods which so largely influence divination; the deities presiding over heaven, earth, and water; the God of Wealth in every shop, and the Kitchen God in every house, all are Taoist. So also is the vast system of Fung Shuy, "wind and water," which governs, or till most recent times did govern, Chinese thought and action. The order, the number, the vital breath, the form of nature, must be harmonized if prosperity is to be ensured; if they are at variance calamity follows. Here comes in the Taoist geomancer's business, and in his principles truth and error strangely mingle. Heaven rules earth; heaven and earth influence human beings, and it is in man's power to take advantage of, or to neglect, such influences; and, finally, where Fung Shuy touches China's other and perhaps final refuge of superstition, ancestral worship, the principle is asserted that the fortune of the living depends on the good will and genial influence of the dead.

The Chinese, chiefly under Taoist guidance, make much of the number *five*, as influencing the Reign of Law in nature, for there are five elements, five great planets, five viscera, five colours, five great relationships. But ancient philosophy recognized *six* as a sacred number; and modern Fung Shuy, formulated by Choohe (twelfth century), the materialistic and agnostic interpreter of the classics, proposed to reconcile the two. With a hint at

amalgamation in colloquial, for we speak of " the five, the six colours," " the five, the six viscera," the system of Fung Shuy is more definite. Taking ten, or twice five, as the sacred number of heaven, and twelve, or twice six, as the sacred number for earth, they combine ten heavenly stems with twelve terrestrial branches ; and from their combinations compile the cycle of sixty names which are now used to designate successive years.

A clever Taoist geomancer, with all these semi-official fancies and apparently profound fallacies in his head, imposes with much ease on his credulous customers and binds them hand and foot by mingled hope and fear.

It is probable that railways and education and mental enlightenment may play havoc soon with Fung Shuy, and even with ancestral worship, but my point is that these observances, which touch mortal life and present hopes and fears more closely than Buddhism or even Confucianism does, may perhaps die hardest, and the subject before us cannot but be one of practical interest.

Mr. Oakley, a veteran L.M.S. missionary, writing in *The East and the West*, and discussing Missions and modern Hinduism, reminds us that many missionaries who have been eminently successful in dealing with the Indian mind and in bringing men into the Christian fold, have not owed this influence to any special knowledge of the religious systems of the country ; and it is safe to say that a minute acquaintance with the Taoist system is not necessary for a successful missionary to the Chinese. But such ignorance must be *undesigned*. If we *can* ascertain native religious thought, it may be not only a debt of courtesy to the Chinese to do so, but a debt also to our own equipment.

A curious proof of the tenacious hold which old super-

stitious practices maintain, even on young and enlightened China, came to my knowledge a day or two ago. One of the magistrates of Ningpo, a man educated in modern methods and science, who pretends to talk French and is full of eager thoughts of reform and enlightenment, was in great trouble recently. A notorious robber committed to his charge, after trial, to be conveyed to a distant city, escaped on the way, being rescued by his old associates. The magistrate lost his button for the time being, and in dire distress set every plan in motion to catch the escaped robber: One method was to move a clay image of a tiger in his court from under shelter into the glare of the sun, and into the rain and cold and dust, with the persuasion that this beast would catch the thief. The thief is caught, and now theatricals are being performed in the tiger's presence for its delectation.

I. The history of the birth and life of the founder of Taoism, Laotse, raises the interesting question of the original forms of primitive religions. The author of *The Golden Bough* assures us with much elaboration that *all* early religions are born in an atmosphere of myth, mystery, and legend, from which they gradually emerge into a clearer air of something more orderly, historical, and tangible. And on this proposition the audacious insinuation is founded—not, indeed, by Mr. Frazer himself, but by those who manipulate his researches—that the origin and history of both Old Testament religion and New Testament documentary Christianity must be expected to bear the same family likeness, since the human element mixed so largely, as they suppose, with the composition of our sacred books. My impression is that the proposition itself is a mere hypothesis and certainly can-

not be accepted as an axiom, and most certainly the deduction from it, treating as suspicious but inevitable myth such details as the Creation, the Fall in Eden, the Flood, Abraham's history, and the narratives of the Virgin Birth of our Lord, His miracles, His real death and actual uprising and ascension, is, to say the least, extremely precarious. Take, for instance, the narratives of the founders and foundation of the three religions of China. The story of Buddha in ancient and genuine Buddhist literature, the Tadâka commentaries for example, is not mythical nor miraculous. The myths and miracles and supernatural elements, notably the so-called Christian-like elements in Buddha's life, came in nearly a thousand years later. Buddhism passed downwards from philosophy and the search for the Way into myth and idolatry and superstition and atheism ; not upwards from myth to truth.

Confucius's parents, his birth, his doings by night and by day, are obviously historical, and the mysterious narrative of his miraculous birth, etc., were after-thoughts. He himself never spoke of prodigies, feats, and spirits.

The history of Laotse is somewhat similar, though here, indeed, we catch only a faint glimpse of history. Born in the year 604 B.C., in the province of Ho-Nan, the very house in which he is said to have lived is still pointed out in his native town, K'oo-yang. But singularly few details of his life are handed down to us. As keeper of the archives in the Imperial Court of Chow, Confucius (and here history with certain light shows us the old philosopher) came to see him and to deposit a book in the archives, " Aristotle coming to see Socrates," this interview has been called ; and certainly the sarcasm of Socrates sent the great philosopher now so honoured

(while Laotse is half-forgotten) sorrowing and crestfallen and perplexed away.

Then history describes Laotse as weary of the evil world and degenerate Court, wishing to withdraw into solitude and seclusion, and, crossing the Hankoo Pass in his native province, detained there some time by the keeper of the pass, to whom he gave the remarkable Tao teh Kying, the Memorial on the Way and Virtue, at length disappearing from sight and from history 523 B.C. That treatise is probably genuine and gives a full exposition of Laotse's philosophy. Its genuineness and authenticity, however, cannot for a moment compare with the credentials of the divinely inspired and preserved books of the Bible. Dr. Legge gives 517 B.C. as the date of the Tao teh Kying, while other modern interpreters and translators reject this date and suggest the fifteenth century of the Christian era as the time of the birth of the book.

But now as history closes, myth and legend spring up round the memory of the old sage, and his memory is clouded by stories of his miraculous birth, of his previous incarnation, and of his going through the air to India, Judæa, and Persia. It is clear that in the history of Taoism there has been a rapid decline from high-soaring philosophy to abject superstition and magic, exactly reversing the process which the author of *The Golden Bough* would maintain.

There is another theory far more probable than the one I am controverting, namely, that most religious myths indicate the actual existence of miracle on which they either rest, or for which they express a yearning, that yearning perhaps implanted in the heart of man by divine intuition, and then worked upon by their own

foolish fancies instead of waiting in faith for the divine fulfilment. The idea of God coming to dwell with man, and that this taking human flesh upon Him could not but involve supernatural miraculous accompaniments—this idea, perverted by man's wisdom into myth and often wild frenzy, is clear, sane history in God's Word. Rénan's theory that with the assumption of miracle the glory of the Lord Jesus began to fade, is in curious contradiction to the theory of the author of *The Golden Bough* on the one hand, and to St. John on the other, for with the beginning of miracles He manifested forth His glory. Myths come afterwards; for the most part after the supernatural history, divinely inspired and directed. Parts of the Apocrypha, for instance, never esteemed even by the Jews inspired, possess this legendary element. And the Apocryphal Gospels of St. Joseph, of the Infancy and so on, differing altogether from the canonical Gospels, never really imposed upon the true Church, but were the outburst of misdirected enthusiasm, a foolish attempt to glorify the all-glorious Lord by a multitude of portents, even as enthusiastic Buddhist, Confucianist, Mohammedan, and Taoist writers have done with their heroes, thinking that their histories and characters require such adventitious aid.

II. Let me endeavour now to do justice to this extraordinary sage and to his more immediate followers Lihtse (422 B.C.) and Chwangtse (330 B.C.). They lived before the mad search for the isles of the immortals and for elixirs and philosophers' stones eclipsed the newborn thought of Laotse, for it has been said, perhaps not too enthusiastically, that like Pythagoras, his contemporary, he for China was the first great awakener and suggester of *thought*. This saying is followed up by Professor Doug-

las with the assertion that the Tao teh Kying "stands out alone without history and without antecedent, possessing the only material for its interpretation in its own pages."

This assertion may, perhaps, be qualified by the existence of a treatise, the "Reconcilement of the Decrees of Heaven with the Course of Mundane Affairs," supposed to contain the very root and essence of Taoism, with freedom from all trace of later wild developments. It is probably as old as the twelfth century B.C., or twice as far back as Laotse himself from Christ, and this treatise may have suggested or guided Laotse's own philosophy. But we hope not indeed, for this ancient treatise reconciles thus Heaven and Earth, not as our great "classic" does—"Thou visitest the earth and blessest it"—"Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works"—"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men,"—but thus (a doctrine said to have sprung from the Radical—save the mark!—the Great, the Primordial): "The five elements act, so men say, with a view to benevolence; the sage alone regards them in the light of robbers. The myriad transmutations take place, we suppose, with a view to utility; the sage alone regards them as destructive. All things contribute, so we think, to another's growth or welfare; the sage alone regards them as plunderers." What reconcilement have we here? Simply this: "I," says this ancient author, "recognize good influence in robbery itself; utility in destruction; advantages in the midst of plunder; and gather what is of real consequence out of the midst of abuses. Passionless (with an absence, that is, of all benignity) is Law or the Principle of Nature; Tao. Utter impartiality constitutes superexcellence, while the six evils contain in

themselves the heart and essence of this clue to the unseen." We can only hope that this dismal though clever old treatise is not Taoism. Christians have a more sure word of prophecy that " all things work together for good to those that love God," and further that " God so loved the world."

Let us listen for a moment to Laotse's own voice, if perhaps over the silence of twenty-five centuries we can hear him speak, in the pages of his own work, the Tao teh Kying, written, perhaps, by his own hand, but more probably from memory by his disciples.

The theory of this treatise and of true Taoist philosophy may be thus summed up :—Creation proceeds from a vast, intangible First Principle, self-existent, self-developing, the mother of all things. The operation of this principle is fulfilled in the nature of man, the higher development of which is to be sought in a return, through quietness and non-action, to the mother principle. Get free, then, from all worldly cares and never be perturbed in mind, and you will pass to this Taoist Nirvâna, this the " passionless bride divine tranquillity," of Lucretius, unconscious of pain or pleasure, of existence or non-existence, not dead, not alive ; singularly like the theories of Brahmanism which preceded Buddhism. Hindu thought influencing, it may be, Laotse, he in his turn may have prepared the way for Buddhist thought.

But many students see something much deeper in the Tao teh Kying than this hopeless, inert, ignoble hope for the future. Some of the early Jesuit missionaries, Montucci and Amiot for instance, believed they could see clearly in this treatise a prophetic knowledge of the truths of Christianity. One high-soaring guess at truth I have already noticed, the noblest of all perhaps, the hope of a

state when man shall do good from a will and a nature wholly conformed once more to the high original of men. But Amiot and Rémusat thought they discerned in chapter xiv. a statement of the Holy Trinity enigmatical but sufficiently clear, namely, in the three characters Yi-hyi-vi.

"That which you gaze at but cannot perceive is called Yi, *beyond;*

"That which you hear but cannot understand is called Hyi, *wonderful;*

"That which you reach out to but cannot grasp is called Vi, *minute;*

"These three are one."

And in these three characters these eager and devout speculators fancied the adorable Name to be expressed, however obscurely.

Leaving these speculations, however, we do find in the use of the word which gives the very name to the religion, Tao, a remarkable likeness to St. John's use of the word and to our Lord's own usage. Scholars are not at one as to the interpretation of this character, and possibly Laotse himself adopted it to express an idea which he felt nevertheless to be indefinable. It may be rendered Nature, or the Principle of Nature (Balfour); impersonal, and, as Laotse thought probable, existing before God Himself. Or it may mean Reason, λόγος, as with St. John not seldom; but with him it is a personal divine Reason—with God; God; eternal; before, and the Creator, of all things. Laotse denies, or rather neglects, the Personality, and if so the dismal lucubrations of the Clue to Nature may have seemed reasonable to him. In chapter xxxvii. of the Tao teh Kying we read that "the Tao is ever inactive, yet there is nothing which it does not do." But this word

means also not reason and reasonable doctrine only, but the *Way;* and here note the pathetic probability that we may regard China's three religions doomed soon to evaporation, as the guesses of the nation at the *Way* (Taoism), the *Truth* (Confucianism), and the *Life* (Buddhism, the lover of life). The word Tao may be rendered the method, μέθοδος, as Confucius uses it, and as Laotse says in chapter liii.: "If I am endowed with prudence I shall walk in the great Tao. The great Tao is exceedingly plain, but the people like footpaths." But more, it is the way and the waygoer. It is an eternal road; along it all beings and all things walk, but no being made it; it is Being itself; it is everything and nothing; the cause and effect of all. All things originate with Tao, conform to Tao, and to Tao they at last return. That is Professor Douglas's summary of the idea, and surely it is sufficient to justify my suggestion that Taoism may re-develop her old philosophy and attract once more the attention of thoughtful scholars, and then bow to the Lord Himself, for observe that Laotse, the agnostic teacher of impersonal principle, yet cannot restrain himself from calling the Tao *Being*. And Lihtse speaks of Life which is uncaused—the uncaused alone can produce Life and stand alone. His duration can have no end.

And see the fulfilment of this idea of Tao in Christ Jesus. Not merely a path do we see, and travellers on that path, but "I am the Way," says the Lord. He is the Leader, the Author, the Finisher, and the believer has Him before him, behind him, at his side, all the way. For out of Him (ἐξ), in Him (ἐν), through Him (διά), and to Him (πρός), are all things; in Him the Eternal Word and Son of God, one with the Father and the Eternal Spirit, all things in heaven and earth have originated and

exist; to Him they conform, and shall return and bow. As to the hereafter, death is claimed by Confucius and Laotse in Lihtse's words as "rest for the virtuous, and hiding away for the bad."

But once more take this definition of Laotse's teaching:—

(1) He points to the Absolute, the totality of Being and of Things. And *we* know that in *Him* all things consist.

(2) To the phenomenal world and its order; and we reply that all things serve *Him*. He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.

(3) To the ethical nature of the good man, and the principles of his action. Now it is on this last point that many Chinese writers have assailed Taoism. (It is worth calling to mind the fact that both Buddhism and Taoism have had their periods of persecution and repression from individual emperors.) The old sage, in his sarcastic criticism of the timid, anxious, earnest Confucius, used sometimes words, rash, perhaps, and capable of misconstruction, though capable also of a high and true interpretation. "The Yih King" (one of the five classics), said Confucius to Laotse one day, "treats of humanity and justice. I am studying that book." "Humanity and justice!" Laotse replied; "they only serve as a mask to cruelty, and trouble the hearts of men. Don't beat a drum to bring back a truant sheep. The profession of, and talking about humanity, filial piety, loyalty, and so forth, show that they have lost their original colours; if all men practised these things the very names of vices would be lost. One pure act of internal resignation is worth more than ten thousand exercises of one's own

will." Literalness, hypocrisy, formality, and scholasticism as in his days, he could not away with.

But when he condescended to come down to earth, see how the philosopher spoke. "Recompense injury with kindness" (this is from the older treatise, the Tao teh Kying). And the Kan ying p'ien, the Book of Rewards and Punishments, a work of the fifteenth century but with Taoist morality, says: "Rejoice at the success of others, and sympathize in their sorrows, as though it were your own experience." A glib talker is to Laotse a suspected person. "Empty yourself of passions; keep the inner man with all diligence; cherish gentle compassion, economy, humility" (a noble trio of virtues indeed). "Watch against the small beginnings of evil"; compare this with, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines." "Be chaste, but do not chasten others. Be strictly correct, but do not carve and cut others; and learn not to impute wickedness to the unfortunate." Is he not near here to the charity which "thinketh no evil and hopeth all things"?

Peace was to Laotse his highest aim. And the life of his fellow-creatures was his highest care. The appeal to arms is the very last of his resources. "The victorious general must be the chief mourner at the great funeral."

It is considered by the Chinese a great merit to print and distribute gratis copies of the Book of Rewards and Punishments, containing 212 maxims (from which those quoted above are taken) illustrated by some personal narratives of those who conformed to its precepts, stories reaching to the earlier years of the Ming Dynasty. A translation of this treatise has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. The translators claim that the

editions of this book exceed in number those of the Bible or of any other book in the world. The reviewer, admitting that the book in its present form is, as I notice, of the fifteenth century, yet hazards the opinion that portions of it date back to the sixth century B.C., i.e. to Laotse himself. Sound ethics, and foolish unsound theology abound in it. But this book, which strongly sways the moral thoughts of the people, lacks that which Confucius and Mencius learned to their sorrow was lacking in their own teaching—the dynamics of morality, the power to do the good and refuse the evil.

There are precepts also for these modern times. "Do not despise nor resist your prince and your parents. Be not wanting in respect to your instructors. Do not flatter. Do not cherish resentment. Do not shoot at birds, nor hurt animals recklessly, nor for mere sport disturb the roosting birds. Do not envy glory, riches, or beauty. Do not delight in picking and stealing. Rail not at the wind and rain. Live in harmony with your wife. Wives, respect your husbands." In these precepts the Supreme Lord and Heaven are very rarely mentioned, but are not wholly excluded.

One says of Laotse that he knew nothing of gods and goddesses. Dr. Legge will have it that the existence of God is not denied by Laotse. But the attempt which was certainly his—the attempt of the modern positivist, to be good without God and moral without a religion—must always fail. And so after the advent of Buddhism, with its images, its trinity, and its majestic ritual, the Taoists were compelled to follow suit; and for the Buddhist Tathâgatha they invented the Saen Ts'ing, the Three Pure Ones. Laotse is the central object of worship, and then, as he and the Gemmeous Emperor God as well were

thought to be too far raised above the reach of the people, the smaller and almost ubiquitous gods were provided, for personal adoration and trust in every circumstance of peril or want or hope. There are the God of Literature; a kind of rival of the Buddhist Kwanyin as the goddess of sailors; the Dragon King; the God of Rain; the God of Lawsuits; of Actors; and others.

Then from this first great downward step the religion provided in its priests, an army of fortune-tellers, necromancers, geomancers, doctors (not always a degraded class), prophets, prognosticators, star-gazers; and Douglas sums up the subject in these pessimistic words: "Every trace of philosophy and truth has disappeared from Taoism; and in place of the keen search after the Infinite to which Laotse devoted himself, the highest aim of his priestly followers is to learn how best to impose on their countrymen by the vanities of superstition." He adds as the finishing touch to the dark picture that the morality of the priesthood without celibacy is of the lowest, and that they are held in even lower estimation than the celibate Buddhists.

I give here a brief summary, following a Chinese scholar, of the theory of Laotse, as expounded by his later disciples and commentators and drawn chiefly from the "Southern Glorious Classic" of Chwangtse, 330 B.C.

The main doctrine of Laotse, that repose and inactivity transcend far in value the virtue of action, has led Confucian writers to brand him as a man without father and without prince, and as a teacher vague and confused in thought, sitting on a stool, swallowing elixirs, and waiting for absorption or to become one of the genii. His cosmogony and theory of origins may be thus summed up:—

First, the Great *Original*, existing before all material things and causing them. Then the Great *First*, existing before and producing things which do appear. Then the Great *Beginning*, originating the vital breath which seems to correspond with Life itself. Finally, the Great *Changer*, and the originator of man and of creation.

For man now and every living thing, the best hope is not to die, the best gain not to be born, not to live. There is nothing real; also nothing to be called unreal, "not is." Man knows not the cause of his life or death. Both are subject to mere fate. Life is a dream, and when it ends this is because the time has come. Death comes; and why? Because its time, too, has come. Rejoice not, then, in life and mourn not in death. Now since I am here a man on the red earth, and it is hard to escape from the body, the best thing is to seek for a mountain or riverside of renown, and invoke the pure air of heaven and earth, and the light of the sun and moon, sitting in a straw hovel, and so wait for the change and dissolution of body and heart, the "very cuffs of the sleeves of your thoughts" being unpolluted by earth. If this will not do, then in far travel seek for some secluded valley for repose.

Think again. I am on earth. I am one with all other living things. Things are myself. I am a thing myself, and things are all I myself—and I ought to look upon all with equal mind. For Heaven has given a perfect body to each—surely I must not eat them nor recklessly kill them.

For if all living things will with me discipline themselves, though they are not quite equal to man's nature, yet they too may become genii; and the longer this

discipline goes on the higher the rank they may attain to.

To sum up all. This world of ours is a great confused and chaotic world. The past, the present, are a confused past and present. Look at it. To-day a law is promulgated; to-morrow some measures of government are enacted—knowledge, acuteness, knowingness come, and the original breath (of life) vanishes. As is related in ancient books, the God (Ti) of the Southern Ocean is named Soh, *Quick;* the North Sea God is named Hweh, *Haste;* the God of the Centre is named Weng Deng, *Chaos.* Soh and Hweh proposing on a certain occasion to meet in Weng Deng's realm, were treated so well by him that they—the two first-named—consulted how they might in some way recompense his kindness. They argued thus: "Men all have seven avenues of sense, two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, one palate, and Weng Deng alone is bereft of these. We must indeed help him." So they proceeded to chisel out one orifice a day, and when the seven days were over and the work complete, Weng Deng died. This is the moral: The world without the law is alive. The law comes and the world dies. Let man return to "do nothing," and it will be well with him.

We seem at any rate to have touched in this review the heights and depths of Taoism. Is there any justification for my proposition that this religion may be the last of the three to give way before the Light? I may mention one fact which shows, perhaps, that all professors of Taoist arts are not so utterly despised or ridiculed by the people as Douglas supposes. I have in my possession a whole

library of books of curious arts, which belonged to a man now, thank God, a humble, patient, happy Christian. He lived for nearly twenty years close to the gates of the great Taoist monastery, the Yiu sing Kwun, near the north gate of Ningpo. He was well acquainted with the priests, including the abbot, who was rescued from death by Bishop Russell during the inroad of the T'aipings fifty years ago. The man of whom I am speaking is fairly educated, a good accountant, and an artist. He was struck down with hopeless paralysis at the age of twenty-one, and his legs are shrunk beyond recognition ; he can never rise from his recumbent position. During these twenty years of hopeless weakness he supported himself by writing marriage lines, and making out bills for his neighbours, and especially by divining for them with the aid of his astral books and complicated charms.

He was probably aware that he was deceiving them, but they liked to be deceived, and he *must* live. And most certainly the people loved him and by no means despised or ridiculed this fortune-teller. Then the Light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost shone on his heart. He received the truth in the love of it, and after careful preparation, himself a Bible student, we carried him to church ; he was baptized and is a regular communicant, and the people's respect for him is so great that they gladly help him still, though he has parted with all his implements and magic, and helps them no more in vanity and falsehood. I imagine that many Taoist professors are thus respectable men, and are turned to with awe and honour by the people in their countless troubles, especially, perhaps, with the multiform cares and hopes and plans

of the New Year. And there is, I think, more minute sympathy shown by this religion than by Buddhism, though indeed they often overlap and are found side by side, as for instance at funeral ceremonies. I think I am on safe ground when I suggest that when quoting from Chinese ethical lore or from proverbs in corroboration of our teaching (never as a hint that all religions are alike, but as a proof that the candle of the Lord does search and enlighten all hearts), we may quote with greater effect from Taoist canonical literature than from Confucius or Mencius. The morality is warmer, more sympathetic, less formal, and yet quite as high as those great ancient and humble sages attained to ; and it is native teaching, not foreign like Buddhism.

The builder of the Great Wall, the destroyer of the histories and classics of the Chinese, in his desire to make China great indeed, but a China which should date her birth and life from his reign, fell under the spell of degenerate Taoism and feverishly searched for elixirs and charms and immortal isles. A spasmodic effort is being made now to give artificial energy and life to the faith and ceremonies of Confucianism ; for the new educational edicts and programme, only five years old, are already threatening with neglect and decay its scholarship and polish and style, and ancient scholarly and ceremonial customs, and it seems too late to retrace these bustling, hasty steps. Will Taoism, disturbed and discredited in its sorceries and magic by the new learning, bring forth out of its ancient treasuries old things for the new desire ?

God in His mercy hasten the day when the dreams and guesses of Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, shall be laid aside—when,

in the light of the Light of the World, their followers shall see Light; and through Him Who is in very deed the *Way*, come to the Father and be welcomed home.

GREAT CHINA'S GREATEST NEED[1]

IT is nearly fifty years ago that I first arrived in your illustrious land. But more recently, during nearly eight years I was detained in England by illness.

And now that through the grace of Heaven I find myself fully restored to health, I find myself also gladly and cheerfully back again in China.

Why is this ? I cannot but ask myself again and again ; and I venture to give the answer as the first point in my letter. Then, secondly, since I am here once more, does my coming, and does my mission, concern you, honourable gentlemen, in any way or not ? And thirdly and finally, I ask myself, and perchance you will ask me, with what authority, and for what purpose after all, did I first come, and now once more return, to your central realm ?

My native land cannot indeed compare with your honourable country in soil and productions, but it has many a fair scene to delight the eye and dear to the memory and heart. . . . Moreover the seasons bring to us as to you the five grains, the eight fruits ; and the face of the land is bright with many coloured and scented wild flowers. Friends and relations also were round us.

[1] A translation of a letter respectfully addressed to the scholars of China by Archdeacon A. E. Moule, B.D., Mid-China. This paper suggests to mission workers the way in which to approach thoughtful and scholarly readers and hearers with a clear statement of the Christian faith.

My heart is not made all of stone, and how could I help feeling the parting?

Then the long journey was an anxiety, and the thought of the vast extent of your country's boundaries, and the multitude of the people, and the abundance of productions, and added to these the questioning whether from our Western streams and small forests there was anything we could bring to offer for your notice and acceptance.

Then deep down I found something which comforts my own heart, and I trust your hearts, honourable gentlemen. It is this. Let me assure you that covetousness and curiosity have not brought me here. My reason for returning, if I may venture on the comparison, like the apricot and the stork, is not to be found *outside* duty; is not to be searched for *outside* love.

In all honesty my motive has been to exhibit the loving of others as oneself in the highest form.

The attraction which I have so long felt for your honourable country I owe to my revered and beloved father and mother, who instructed and trained in right paths their eight sons, of whom I am the sixth.

I can remember when we were children one of our chief amusements in holiday time was to look at and try to copy over and over again some excellent coloured pictures of the hills and plains of China, illustrating also the culture of rice, of tea, and of silk. The pictures were something like your own artistic Keng-tsih-du (agricultural and weaving pictures), but drawn by a Western pencil.

Then later, when we began to study history we learnt the vast length of time which has elapsed since the foundation of the Chinese Empire; and something too of the wide extent of the boundaries of the land; the varied scenery of its provinces; and the multitudes of its inhabi-

tants. Then we could not forget the fact that when the great West was still wild and uncivilized, and without well-ordered kingdoms, your honourable country had so early a regulated government, education, and courteous, polished manners.

One of our English poets has thus praised your country :—

Rogers

> "A people numerous as the ocean sands,
> And glorying as the mightiest of mankind ;
> Yet where they are contented to remain ;
> From age to age resolved to cultivate
> Peace and the arts of peace ; turning to gold
> The very ground they tread on, and the leaves
> They gather from their trees year after year."

I venture therefore as one who has loved your country long to speak briefly on three points, begging you not too severely to smile at my want of ability.

First, I propose to describe what your honourable country possesses of classical literature, with your system of education, your theory of government, your wealth of resources, the productions of your soil, and the doctrines and precepts which are known amongst your people. Of necessity I can never describe these points as you gentlemen can do, and it may raise a smile indeed to think of my presumption in attempting such a task. But I am emboldened in the attempt from the hope that I shall convince you in some measure that we in the West are neither wholly ignorant of the past and present of your great land, nor neglectful of the study, nor in any way contemptuous, of your greatness.

Secondly, I shall briefly remind you of what is brought from the Far West for the inspection and use, if you so will, of you honourable gentlemen, such as machinery,

treatises on high astronomy, and on geography, steamers, railroads, telegraphs, electricity, also modern methods of coal and iron and gold mining. Besides this there are our discoveries in medical science, and the many departments of trade, and the clever appliances for modern use. These I am not able to describe one by one, but a brief enumeration may be permitted.

Thirdly, and most important by far, I, your humble servant, with my brethren and friends, crossing mountains and the wide seas to come Eastwards, have a motive and reason for so doing which transcends the other subjects and objects which I have enumerated above as far as Heaven is higher than the earth. For man in this present life is a stranger and pilgrim. And we ask—a question too of the highest importance—whither am I going? Like travellers crossing the sea, who want surely to know, What shall we do, where shall we dwell when we land?

The things I have mentioned above, such as machinery, railways, electric appliances, are but for the pride and boasting, or at least for the brief use of men on a journey. How can they bear comparison with what affects the hereafter, the plan of salvation for the soul? What will happen if you are not at peace with God? Man, alas! is cut off from God; how then can he be reconciled again? Now this doctrine, if not from Heaven, is *not* doctrine; it is of no use at all. And we having with great care inquired into and discovered the infallible proofs which show that this salvation—foretold by holy men of old, three or four thousand years ago—has been all fulfilled and completed in the person of Jesus Christ; we with these sure proofs assure you that it *is* from Heaven. Secondly, we proclaim that it concerns *all mankind*,

Thirdly, we announce the holy will of God, which has commanded us to go into all the world and preach this doctrine of salvation. Fourthly, I venture to point out that obedience to this command, which has brought me here, is the greatest exhibition of loving other men as I love myself.

Bear with me while I try briefly to deal with my three divisions of thought:

I. First, then, as to the resources of China. There is one thing which excites the admiration of us in the West, namely, that within the boundaries of the Empire all the necessities of life can be supplied. The climate of the eighteen provinces differs, of course, widely in different regions, and accordingly there are numerous varieties of grain and fruit. For instance, northwards as far as the Great Wall, and farther, in Mongolia and Manchuria, though the cold is extremely severe in winter, yet amongst fruits we find pears, apples, and fine grapes; and amongst grains, wheat and Indian corn, and millet, and sorghum abound; for the use and enjoyment of man. Then southwards as far as the great Island of Hainan, though the weather is hot all the year round, yet there too fruits and vegetables abound of different kinds: oranges, lemons, and pummaloes. Then in the more central provinces, Fuh-kien, Cheh-kiang, Kiang-su, An-hwe, and inland as far as great Sz-chuen, though the summers are hot, and there are cold days in winter, yet the weather is for the most part equable, and we find different varieties of rice in vast abundance; and of fruits, peaches, plums, pears, and the beautiful arbutus berry; and wheat, barley, beans and peas; also cotton is widely grown, and hemp and tobacco; and the mulberry is grown almost in forests; and the silkworms, "the precious ones," are carefully

tended ; and the tea bushes cover the hills of Fuh-kien and Cheh-kiang, supplying thus every necessary article of food and clothing.

Then we think with astonishment of the vastness of the population ; and though your people number 400 million souls, yet there is abundant supply for all, save only on the occurrence of the calamities of drought or flood.

Then let me add a word as to your artisans. There are, according to your common saying, 360 trades. Every really necessary and useful trade is included in this list, and by your clever and capable carpenters, masons, bricklayers, stonecutters, braziers, potters and porcelain manufacturers, your tailors, and shoemakers, and ironmongers, all the articles required for public and domestic use are produced and repaired. There is one art which excites our special admiration, that is the wood-carving of Ning-po, and the ivory work of Canton. So much for the artificial productions of the land. But the gifts which come from the Heavenly Creator's hand are yet more wonderful. Think of the birds of China, your wild swan, and geese and duck and countless varieties of water fowl, the pheasants and hill magpies, the yellow-eyebrow thrush, so sweet and strong in his song, the large and smaller kingfisher and the ouzels. Then your quadrupeds, though not very numerous, yet how useful they are: horses and oxen and the patient water-buffalo.

And though we have in the West very many fragrant and lovely flowers, cultivated and wild, yet when can I forget or cease to love your narcissus, your olea fragrans, your hills for a thousand miles covered with many coloured azaleas ? No words can describe the charm of the hills of Cheh-kiang in the fair spring season, with the tender foliage spreading over the trees ; the ground covered with

violets ; and the cuckoo's first call heard on the southerly breeze.

Once again the great ocean which washes your Eastern coasts, and the great and smaller rivers and streams in every province, yes ! every pond and pool, seem full of fish in countless varieties.

There is surely some ground for the satisfaction of your honourable country in its own resources, and for the fancy that you neither need nor desire the products of other lands.

Let me mention another point which has especially attracted our interest and admiration. It is the fact of the cohesion of your Empire, lasting from generation to generation ; this, added to its very ancient foundation, and the long centuries of its duration.

In the Tang Dynasty, the provinces south of the Yang-tse, certainly those below the Cheh-kiang–Fuh-kien borders, were considered outlandish, barbarous districts. These too were afterwards included in the register and map of the provinces, and the Empire was complete. Of this I have no need to speak more fully. But it is noteworthy that from the time of Confucius (560 B.C. or so) onwards, though there have been so many changing dynasties and so many conflicts and revolutions, yet it has never come to the " splitting of the bean, and the dividing up of the melon." And though your Imperial Land is 10,000 li from north to south, and more than that distance in width from east to west, yet it still can hold together as one country, and listen to the command of one man. And though the provinces be eighteen in number, and from these an island or two has dropped off, or some distant tributary land has severed its connexion, yet the great realm of your native land is practically unaltered ; still is it as one

great family, one country—not one part is deemed out of hearing or without interest.

We ask for the cause of the phenomenon. The answer is twofold. First, your method of government, in its ideal, accounts for it in part. Secondly, your system of education. Government, I say, for surely the good laws and good customs of China must form a chain of union. Education, and here especially that which prevails in all the eighteen provinces, namely, the system of public competitive examinations; this must of necessity weld the Empire together.

One word, then, about your system of government. We admire your ideal. "Ti," "God" reigns supreme. The Emperor, by the divine command, cares for the multitude of the people, as parents love their sons and daughters. This principle extends to all civil and military mandarins; their duty is to imitate the Emperor's example and be to the people that which they are called, "father and mother."

Just like a dutiful son; whether he be at home, or on travel; alone in the mountains, or on the wide sea; his heart, his thoughts, ever bend homewards, and he never loses the desire to bring credit to his parents' name by his actions.

Alas! that the truth must be told. There are not a few of your country's mandarins who do thus according to right, nobly following the Emperor's personal example, but there are some who go contrary to it, partly influenced by the multitude of hangers-on outside who stifle justice; partly by the total insufficiency of their official salaries; making bribery a far too common feature in the courts.

Whether there may not be some reforms in government, satisfying the doubts of the people, and bringing peace to

the Empire and rest to the multitudes, it is not for me to say with dogmatic insistence.

Then look for a moment at the remarkable phenomenon of your honourable country outliving the empires which rose with China. They at the beginning were more powerful, more prosperous than China. They are now either extinct or mere subject provinces of modern empires. But China abides exalted and independent, with scarcely any diminution of territory. I think we can infallibly trace one reason for this long life of the Empire. It is the result of God's ancient promise : " Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." I refer you to the sacred scriptures, Exodus xx.

Your illustrious country has deemed filial piety a great ruler of wisdom, and therefore your wisdom stands so long.

May I glance also for a moment at the subject of your competitive examinations ? The system has, I think, been in vogue for 1,200 years ; and what we admire again in its ideal is that that patronage of the rich, that contempt of the poor, which have prevailed too much in other lands, is quite foreign to your system. Your schools are open to all ; rich and poor alike, without distinction or favouritism, if they have ability and application, may learn ; and by examination, when according to theory and often in very deed, bribery and outside influence are excluded, the poorest peasant may climb to the highest office under the Emperor. This system prevails throughout all the eighteen provinces, and most surely forms one other great welding influence. It is threatened now by the adoption of educational systems from the West, but it is to be hoped that reform and improvement, rather than destruction and revolution, will be your policy.

Your written language also is of a great age. The Han characters now in use are at least 2,000 years old, and your paper and pencils are nearly of the same age.

I am not forgetting that next to letters you honour agriculture, and this too we Westerns deem a wise and true order. For in the sacred Scriptures (Eccl. v. 9) we read that: "The profit of the earth is to all; the King himself is served by the field." I can surely rightly imagine that your great Yü himself, called from the plough to subdue the great floods, and then called to the throne, would have deemed it no dishonour for the good of others to go back to his plough. It seems to me that such an estimate of the dignity of labour must also bind the Empire together.

I come now to a consideration of the first importance. What is after all the character of your four books, and five classics, and all your ancient and venerated literature? Because we want to be assured not merely that a book is ancient, but also that it is good and true.

Now concerning the sayings of your old times, it is plain that the ancient Chinese believed in a God higher than the high Heaven, who rules all things; as the Odes express it: "God the Great the Magnificent." "The God of Great Heaven." "God reveals Himself, the Bright and Illustrious God comes to you." All these expressions point to this God, who is in Heaven. Alas! the character for God, "Ti," was first changed with that for Heaven "T'ien." Then still lower, earth was added, "Di"; and from these arose the worship of Heaven and earth instead of the worship of the living God. Later was added the worship of the departed ancestral spirits, and then even the worship of objects made of wood or earth; and so the customs and rites went lower and lower, from bad to worse.

The works of Confucius contain much that is deep and admirable, but there are very few sayings of his to inform us as to what is after death. For he asserts of himself that not knowing about life (this life, he means), how can he teach about death and after death? He says further that if you sin against Heaven there is no place for prayer. And if this be true, it is indeed all over with us, for please inform me about the man who has never sinned against Heaven. Confucius himself exclaims in an unequivocal way: "How dare I aspire to be called holy and benevolent?"

Mencius, however, taught that man's nature is not thus originally: "Man inclines to what is good, as water ever flows downwards." It seems rather the truth that all men do not tend towards good, but rather towards evil; and it seems at first as though these two sages are at variance. Yet the ideal and aim are the same. Confucius speaks of the steadfast good man who will never ask for life to the injury of men: "I would rather face death than leave benevolence unfinished."

And Mencius' great saying is like unto this: "Life I desire, and righteousness is also my desire. If I cannot have the two together, then I let life go, and hold fast my righteousness."

Some one asked Confucius what he thought of revenging enmity by goodness. He replied: "How then will you reward goodness? Return plain right and justice for wrong; return goodness for goodness."

Yet Mencius says that "Benevolence will overcome malice, even as water conquers fire."

There is surely some slight discrepancy here between these great sages. But all the while they are absolutely one in attaching the utmost importance to benevolence

and righteousness. Confucius speaks of the knowledge of the truth not being equal to the love of it, and the love not equal to delight (in its performance). And again, " That which you do not like for yourself, on no account do to others." A similar passage occurs in the Doctrine of the Golden Mean. A careful reading of such passages shows that in the master's mind faithful performance of the duties of benevolence and righteousness is of prime importance.

There is a remarkable passage in the Book of Rites, like a foreshadowing of the great truth to come. Speaking of prayer and sacrifice and its meaning, we are told that the sacrifices which are nearest to man's nature and understanding (such as offerings of earth's produce and so on) are not the *greatest sacrifices*. The greatest sacrifice to the supreme powers is called the sacrifice of blood. May I ask here in all earnestness what sacrifice is this, what blood ?

May I compare your sages and philosophers to the light afforded by a bright lantern, or to the wind caused by a moving fan, useful to a certain extent in a dark night, or on a day of oppressive heat ? But He of whom I shall speak presently, He is the sun, He is the very wind of Heaven.

In our sacred books, the prophet Haggai (ii. 7) says that " the Desire of all nations shall come." He means that *all* we need will be supplied by Him.

One word as to the teachings of Laotse (Taoism). Much that he says is admirable, and cannot be condemned as false and unorthodox. Alas ! he failed to trace in its root and origin the Way, the Doctrine, he taught. He speaks of the Tao as being before all things, as though it, the Way, were the God of all.

Men are originally Heaven-born and inclined to good—

something like the sayings of Mencius. Then man's heart daily deteriorated, and many things contrary to right were done ; there was no help for it, we must have law first to repress wrong, and secondly to indicate what is good. So that if mankind could but " hark back " to his original nature, then law can be dispensed with. But, after all, can we ourselves traverse this path, and casting off the old and evil return to our original good ? Could Laotse himself do this ?

The teaching of Buddhism is not far separated from this, for Shakyamuni taught that " Li," right, propriety, is supreme above all. But Buddha was not a Chinese. His doctrine came from Ceylon and India, and his chief tenets are the release from the sea of misery and the deceptions of the passions.

His object doubtless was in a word to exhort people to be good. But, alas ! his teaching is even further from the truth than that of Laotse. He asserts that the non-continuance of all things is to be accounted for by the conflict of man's passions, like the winds and waves contending on the great sea, preventing man from reaching the goal of Nirvâna (the " not being "). And if you ask what these two words *vu we* mean, you are told that those are wrong who say that *vu we* is death, and those, too, are wrong who assert that *vu we* is life !

Chu-futs, agnostic and freethinker, but now termed orthodox commentator on Confucius, circa A.D. 1000, discoursing of the T'a kyih (" Great Extreme "), though he says much that is profound and suggestive, yet he totally fails in the investigation of *origins*, and he merely vaguely remarks that the meaning of the great extreme is the Law of Heaven, and the ultimate of law is its perfection. Heaven in fact is " Li " (law). You will acknowledge

that this is unsatisfactory teaching. He will talk of things created, and law and order and the extreme, but not of the Great Law of all.

To speak of God being one, is true. To speak of everything as God—Pantheism—is false.

To teach again that there is one Living True Supreme God, but that He is in Heaven out of reach, caring not for the earth, and not ordering nature, this too is false. And from this false fountain how much error has taken its rise ; for instance the idea that everything has its own special deity. Wealth has its Mammon, the earth the earth God, the hills have their Gods, the city the God who protects the city ; then there are the God and Goddess of Thunder ; the door, the kitchen, all have their deities. Does not this raise a sad smile on your honourable faces ?

For God we know is Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent, All-good, and He is Lord and Possessor of all. Think for a moment of this idea of one supreme and circumambient Ruler.

Think of time. Yesterday had its yesterday. Next year will have a next year. Trace backwards, there seems no beginning. Gaze forwards, and time seems without end.

Think of space. There is a south beyond south, even to the southern limit ; and north beyond north, even to the northern extremity. But in truth there is no such thing to our senses as such a limit to space. High Heaven has a yet higher, beyond, beyond this lower sky which we call so lofty. Ah ! if there be no God outside and around time and space, would not confusion, ruin, and dissolution overtake all ?

Your ancient sages and modern teachers cannot tell us the full truth about this Supreme God. And yet your

proverbial philosophy is not wholly dumb on the subject of longing for the Heavenly Doctrine. As, for instance, that noble saying, " If a man has done nothing to wound his conscience, he will not start in fear if a knock comes at dead of night." And again, " High Heaven is not high. Man's heart is ever higher." " Man plans, Heaven alone performs." " Heaven has a road, none walk along it. Hell has no door, the people throng it." And others which I cannot enumerate of similar meanings. Let me add one singularly noble saying, which is capable of the highest application: " Better crack the drum (beating hard and untiringly ' the advance ') than let the standard fall."

I must beg you honourable gentlemen to pardon and bear with mistakes and omissions and imperfections in what goes before. I have endeavoured briefly to describe the admiring interest which we in the West take in the antiquities of your great country, in your ideals of good government, in the wealth and production and resources of the land, in the intelligence and skill and diligence of your agriculturists and artisans, in your early researches into what was then known of astronomy, and in the ethical teaching of your sages, and their search after the heavenly truth which affects also the spiritual part of man.

II. I come now to treat more briefly my second point. What have we coming to you from the West, to offer for your use and advantage?

We do not forget that your honourable country (as I noticed above) has manifested not seldom the spirit of research and discovery. And it is quite possible that what we do offer to you, you yourselves sooner or later might have for yourselves discovered.

But, to tell the truth, we live in an age which seems like the running out of the ebb-tide, rushing faster and faster. And this seems to necessitate fresh energy and speed in all that we do. And the objects of the machinery which we import is simply to economize labour and time. For instance, when I first crossed the seas to visit your honourable country I embarked in a sailing vessel of small tonnage. She was a fast vessel, and we had an experienced captain; yet we were nearly four months on the way. Who would care to take that way of travel now? when the journey from England to Shanghai can be accomplished by rail and steam in about one month. And by the railway built through Siberia, the month is now reduced to sixteen or eighteen days.

We see also jinrickshas, carriages drawn by horses, bicycles, motor cars; all with the view to speed and the economy of time. I have often spent the best part of a week in the journey between Hangchow and Shanghai in a wu-sih kw'ai boat, a journey of some 600 li. It is now done with ease and regularity in a night and part of a day by steam launches drawing these heavy boats.

Great interest has been taken lately in some Western lands in the attempt to construct machines which shall not merely like balloons float and rise into the higher air, but be steered in that ocean of the atmosphere, like ships in the great sea.

But our Western invention and discovery are comparatively recent, and chiefly in the past hundred years.

We woke up as from a heavy sleep and dreams. At one time astronomers used to regard the sky above as a ceiling, from which hung like lamps the sun, moon, and stars. Then the firmament seemed to lift and move farther

off; and astronomers are now aware that what we call the sky, whether near or farther off, is what is known as ether; nearer it is more dense; farther off it is rarer in texture. The heavenly bodies, attracted and stayed by the power of attraction, hang and swing and revolve and move in this ether; the whole creation in all probability revolves round one central heart; and that great centre of all, is it not the Throne of God?

Then came the telescope, revealing and bringing nearer to one's sight multitudes of stars which the naked eye could not catch. The larger the lenses, the thicker and brighter the glasses, the more in number are the stars made visible. And by telescopic power 50,000,000 are revealed. But those which no telescope could reach, recently the marvellous revelations of photography have shown us; and now the number is supposed to be about 100,000,000. (Possibly that is *all*, for photography, whatever length of exposure is used, refuses thus far to record any more.)

Within the last few years another most remarkable instrument, the spectroscope, has been invented, by which we are able to tell the different substances which go to form these far-off starry globes.

The principle of this instrument is that which we see in the rainbow. The light from the sun is white, but by passing through drops of falling rain it is broken up into seven colours on the black cloud opposite the sun. These colours show the chief substances in the sun, which are melting and giving forth clouds of vapour, the colour shown by the burning of each metal or element in the sun entering into the light shone forth and thus spread out by reflection and refraction.

We can test these colours on earth by fusing metals, etc. Each gives off in the fumes and vapour from the

furnace its peculiar colour. And the spectroscope, taking the place of the raindrops and the cloud, can tell us the composition of the most distant star.

How great are the wonders in the heavens and on the earth ! If there were no sole and supreme Lord to sustain and guide all, what confusion and what ruin would result. In the works of man, we do not expect furniture or houses to come of themselves. The wisdom and ability and power of man are necessary to use and adapt his materials. But let me ask, where does man himself come from ; and again, whence come his materials ?

Think again of these wonders : sun, moon, and stars, hills and streams, trees and flowers, wild animals and domestic, and creeping things and fowls of the air ; the five grains and the eight fruits ; and then man in the wonder of his frame. Surely as the handiwork is so fine, so wonderful, the Lord and Maker of all must be infinitely greater and more wonderful.

The planets and our earth all follow the sun, and the moon revolves round the earth. But the sun himself round which we revolve is also moving eastward at the rate of 30,000 li every two hours, and 18 li every wink of the eye in time. Must not all be the handiwork of an Almighty, most Wonderful, Divine Hand ? It is believed now that our earth, the centre of the solar system in importance, is the centre also of that system of suns and accompanying planets, that family to which our sun belongs ; and that that family occupies the central point in the Galaxy, the Milky Way, which is probably in perspective the vast larger portion of created orbs flowing together and forming that wonderful stream. This illustrates your saying, " Man is the ' ling,' the spirit, the crown, the glory of creation."

But who am I that I should be able to give you at all an adequate account of this great science of astronomy ?

I may mention here the wonderful advances made in geography. Almost every country and district of the earth has been visited and traversed, even those most desolate and remote, and we have valuable books now describing the mode of government, the inhabitants, and the productions of all lands, illustrated by very carefully drawn and minutely accurate maps. There have been wonderful advances also in medical and surgical science, and in medical literature. Besides the barometer (for weather warnings and measuring heights) and the thermometer (for recording heat and cold), we have now the clinical thermometer for taking the temperature of the body, the stethoscope for sounding the heart and lungs, the microscope, and a contrivance more wonderful still for detecting poisonous matter in the blood and for revealing hidden wounds and foreign substances. Galvanic batteries also are used for quickening paralysed or semi-paralysed limbs.

Then in the West we have invented and offer for your notice machinery for making cloth ; also foreign cloth and calico and manufactured iron and steel in exchange for your productions, your wonderful silk and tea. I may mention also special methods for coal and gold mining and for quicksilver mines. I may notice incidentally here that the elements which your honourable country would reckon as five—metal, wood, water, fire, and earth —are now known to be in the strict sense of the term sixty-seven in number.

There is one matter for profoundest regret in our trade and commerce with China, and that is the trade in Indian opium as a luxury, not as a medicine. The thoughtful and

intelligent of our people deplore the fact that this dangerous drug (dangerous save in the doctor's hands) in very large quantities has for nearly 100 years been brought by us from India to China. It is deplorable also that the people of your honourable land should not only yield to the fascination of this vice, but that the poppy is very largely grown in China itself. We have earnestly watched and prayed for some good plan by which this pernicious trade may come to an end, and our hopes and yours are near realization.

Our methods of government in Western lands during the past 500 years have not in their ideals differed widely from the methods of your honourable country. We venture to think that there may be some features in our systems worthy of the consideration of your Emperor and of great China ; tending to the further peace and prosperity of the land.

Our educational systems also ; our curriculum of instruction—our handbooks on mathematics, astronomy, geography, and the best books of our Western literature, we offer for your consideration. The Christian Literature Society and other similar societies have several scholars of distinction daily engaged in translating such Western works into your classical style of writing.

But notwithstanding the ability and learning of Chinese and Western scholars, let me remind myself and you, honourable gentlemen, of the dying word of perhaps the greatest genius the world has ever seen, Sir Isaac Newton : " All that I have learned and discovered," he said, " is but like a little child on the shore of the deep-sounding sea, gathering up a few shells and pebbles. ' The treasure of the deep ' I have not touched." Well, in very deed what are these treasures of the deep which man's

wisdom by itself cannot fathom and apprehend but the wonderful doctrine of God's salvation.

And so, summing up once more: The things which I have enumerated above, literature, learning, science, commerce, manufactures, concern this life alone. They have a certain value; and will, we believe, benefit your great land. But they cannot last; they vanish away.

Gentlemen, I have left my native land, and have come again and again, and now once more in advanced years, to your honourable land, not for these things.

My hope is that love as a favouring breeze has wafted me hither.

But love has two kinds, genuine and imperfect; greater and less great.

Love men as you love yourselves. That love has a true ring in it. But stay; tell me first how I love myself, and then my love to others has some standard. Well, if I love myself aright, is not my first hope, not to cease to be after death; to escape the condemnation of hell; in the words of your proverb at the end of the world to find some glad restoration and lifting up of the head for me? But when I am aware of my numerous failings and faults, when I hear (in Confucius' words) that "if I sin against Heaven there is no place for prayer," and that "the recompense for sin cannot be avoided," then indeed true love of myself is terribly hard to realize; and how can I hope to love others aright?

Therefore I make bold with gladness to expound in a few words my third point.

III. What then, after all, is my true object and meaning in coming to your honourable country to preach?

Some tell us to be of good cheer. The inhabitants of all lands will gradually improve; the rude and uneducated

will slowly become polished and educated ; the lawless will become amenable to law. Multiply your schools ; introduce improvements in mechanical arts ; by and by wars will cease ; the brotherhood of the nations will be recognized ; arbitration and conciliation will take the place of clan fights and quarrels. Mankind will march on the road to self-development, with the goal of perfection in sight. True ! man is now but in his infancy ; but will quickly pass through youth to strong manhood, and rise on stepping-stones to his noble destiny.

Others argue thus : Give us high wages and prosperous business ; or positions of honour and emolument in the State ; give a succession of good harvests ; give us freedom from sickness, in our own persons and in our families, and then it will be an easy necessity to be good and to do good. I answer this is exactly the reverse of the truth—first be obedient and virtuous and upright ; and good will certainly be poured out to you.

And my general answer to the first speculator is this. It will not do. And why ? Simply from the fact that what all nations and your honourable country with them have most need to be anxious about and to fear is that root of all misery, that origin of all disorder, that most evil and hateful thing—Sin. All that you enumerate of hoped-for improvement and reform and renewal, all this is *fruit*. But while the evil root remains, how can you look for good fruit ? In ancient days Empires of great renown, Greece and Rome, about the era of your Han and Tang dynasties, were passing through their golden age of literatrue ; trade and commerce were in full prosperity, and luxury and comfort abounded, yet exactly at that time manners and morals grew worse and worse. No wonder that those Empires fell.

One fears that the present power and prosperity of the nations give cause for anxiety. How is the power used? Is it not a fact that the growth of knowledge, the spread of education, the improvements in machinery, and so on, find one of their chief outlets and uses in the building of great warships, and the casting of great guns, and the learning of war?

I rejoice to know that your ancient sages and your good men now desire above all things the formation of virtuous character in the people, righteousness and law-abiding conduct. These, compared with riches and honours and power, differ as widely as heaven is high above the earth.

But let me ask, *is* there any certain plan by which you can root out this evil root of sin, and by which we can return to our original Heaven-bestowed good, and serve faithfully the living God; so that not merely the Empire will be at peace, and the people blessed, but also that that word which most people so hate to hear, Death, may be abolished?

For our sacred scriptures tell us that "the wages of sin is death"; and again, "The sting of death is sin" (Rom. vi. 23; 1 Cor. xv. 55). And then beyond death can we entertain the hope of eternal life? And eternal life means, in its reality, eternal bliss, for sin being expelled, righteousness dwells in the land. And is not that a picture of boundless happiness? Now if this be so, may we inquire, where lies after all the deadly poison of sin? I reply, just here. Originally we live and move and have our being in God. As your proverb expresses it, "Heaven produces no man without a blessing for him. Earth produces no plant without a root."

Now the leaves and flowers and fruit of a tree depend

on their union with the parent tree and its root. If cut off from the branch, they may lie a day or two on the ground green and apparently alive, but sooner or later they wither and are cast into the fire.

Take another illustration. A scapegrace of a son leaves his father's home, and actually joins himself to strangers, calling this one father, that one mother. Thus to live is not worthy of the name " life," though for a while he may prosper, make money, and enjoy himself ; sooner or later calamity and ruin will overtake him.

Well, now, when man sins, it does not matter whether the sin be what we call great or small, the act of sin breaks us off from the life of God, as dead, and cast away. We have this very expression in our Holy Scriptures: "alienated from the life of God." If this be so, sin must mean certain destruction ; how can man ever hope for true happiness, and life which is life indeed ? A leaf or branch which has fallen to the earth, cannot lift itself up and reunite itself to the tree it has left. A reprobate son leaving his father, unless that father comes forth in pity, cannot himself dare to see his father's face. So man who has sinned cannot make all things new, and reconcile himself to his offended Heavenly Father.

Ancient sages and modern thinkers cannot devise any plan of self-salvation.

Buddha, as I noticed above, would have us believe that all the troubles of the world come from our feelings, our contending passions ; do away with every feeling and all will be well. This is an error. The cause of all trouble is iniquity, transgression, and sin against the Heavenly Father. So that what we seek for as of the first and infinite importance is a doctrine which shall bring us the pardon and cure of sin. Thanks be to God, it is here.

The Sacred Scriptures tell us that " when we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly " (Rom. v. 6).

This means that just when we were without any plan or hope of salvation, the Lord, one with the Eternal Father and the Eternal Spirit, Himself the Creator of Heaven and earth, came down to earth, incarnate in His own person, to bear away our sins. First He performed for us all righteousness, and kept without flaw every commandment. He conquered the great spiritual enemies of our souls. He proclaimed God's truth. He displayed His Almighty power and His great pity in healing the sick and raising the dead ; in commanding the winds and waves in the storm and they obeyed Him and were still ; and then with immeasurable, unutterable love, for your great land and for all men under Heaven, He bore sin's penalty—Death. We deserved that penalty, those wages. He bore all in our place. We were sentenced to death ; He died for us. We were alienated from God ; He offered Himself a propitiation for our sins. The great Mediator—gave up His own life and died on the cross to redeem us from our sins. He rose again the third day, showing that His atonement was accepted with God. Trusting in Him we are reconciled to God. By the Holy Spirit's grace we are made once more sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. As the scripture says, " Through Him we have access by one Spirit to the Father."

And now life comes back for us in HIM, the Risen and Living Lord. We have spiritual power now to obey God and do good in this life. He will guide and guard all believers. All things will work for good to those who love Him. " Calamity will turn to blessing. We shall go forward like dutiful children, bringing glory to our

Heavenly Father, and with the glad power of really loving others as we love ourselves." And in the world to come we have sure hope of life everlasting.

Gentlemen! remember, I beseech you, that there is here below no continuance. Everything will be changed. The wisdom and pleasures and glory of this world pass away.

It is therefore of the very first importance to care for the great concern of the world to come. We in the far West originally were far farther from the truth, far more ignorant and degraded, than you. The change came not from our own strength or merit. We owe it entirely to God's free gift of the gospel of His Son. I myself have freely received; I desire freely to give to you. Having obtained great grace of God, and knowing that your honourable country had not yet fully heard the good news, thinking of the true words, "Within the four seas all are brethren," I wished to show this, the highest proof of genuine love. And knowing that "there is salvation in none other" than in the Lord Jesus, I have come Eastwards again across the sea to share my happiness with you, honourable gentlemen. That is one point. And once more. *All* true benefits and happiness are included in this supreme blessing. For learning, however deep, is but for a time; felicity, however great, passes away like a summer stream. Undoubtedly learning and every gift of God may be of real use; and one may safely predict and assert that God-fearing and God-obeying countries do prosper more than others; as our scriptures express it: "Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that to come."

Nevertheless, if you set your affection on these things below only, there will probably be no sweet flavour to you

even in this world's pleasure. If we can but do as Mencius suggested—give up life to keep righteousness—then we may keep them both. The Lord Himself says: "He that will save his life, shall lose it. He that for My sake and the gospel's loses his life, shall save it to life eternal. What shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Finally, the Lord Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, gives us all life, all happiness; and that life is eternal, that happiness unending and ever sweet. As we read, "Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God"; and again, "He of God is made to us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."

You may ask why I, a foreigner, and with no pretensions as a scholar, can trouble you thus. I can only answer that from a very sincere motive and very earnest desire I have ventured thus to write to you. The message is from Heaven. Do not, I entreat of you, despise it because of the imperfections of the messenger. "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you through us, we pray you in Christ's stead: be ye reconciled to God. For He has made Him to bear sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in HIM" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21).

II

The Vision of the Hope of the Reunion of Christendom

ETERNAL LIFE

LIFE FROM GOD: TO GOD: WITH GOD

Three Meditations on the One Faith as the True Basis of Reunion

Romans vi. 11, 23; viii. 2.

THESE words so resonant with life—life begun now and to last for ever, through the power and grace of the living God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—I have chosen, and may the Holy Spirit bless them, for our guidance to-day.

The first two verses occur as the closing words of the Epistles for the sixth and seventh Sundays after Trinity, between which Sundays we meet; and the third verse occurs a little further on in the course of St. Paul's great argument and exposition of Christian doctrine.

And they seem to me wonderfully to harmonize with the tone of this week's Collect, upsoaring, uplifting, expanding to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills. God's good things "pass man's understanding." His promises "exceed all that we can desire." And having these in first-fruit now, in full fruition hereafter, should we not rise to something of that Divine height, and "love Him above all things"? You see how the words run, and rise, and soar; "pass," "exceed," "above,"—not passing into vague and hollow uncertainty, and ever

evolving, restless, life and death and change, but on to the eternal God; to His home; to the finality of life there; with Him Who changes not, "yesterday, to-day, for ever the same"; there with untiring activity and profound repose, to serve Him and enjoy His sinless unfading inheritance for ever.

With such "a lively hope, to which we are begotten again by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead," how can we but be alive to God, and dead for ever to sin? His *gift* is eternal life. Then our life here must be drawn in at once to that Life; and from joy and love and thankfulness, life bends not to selfishness and sin any more, but to Him Who died for us and rose again; the Living One, Who dieth no more.

And this Life, observe, is, as my text reminds us, God's free gift; a gift for the world, which He has "so loved as to give His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have *everlasting life*,"—that same blessed, uplifting, expanding word and reality for the world as well as for us! And is this so; and do we believe it? Must not life, then, henceforth be spent to the glory of the living God, by telling the world lying dead in trespasses and sins, of *life*?

> "Men have hopes which race the restless blood,
> That after many changes may succeed
> Life, which is Life indeed."

But "Life indeed" is here alone. "In Jesus Christ our Lord"; how sweet, how solemn is the refrain of the verses in my text. "In Jesus Christ our Lord"—with the glorious Divine Harmony swelling round the words: "God so loved the world"; "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost"—Who knows

that love so well as His own; "The love of Christ constraineth us;" "He died for all." One blessed love; one life of God in us, and our life, then, for Him.

"Far off Thou art, but ever nigh;
I have Thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper circled by Thy voice;
I shall not lose Thee though I die,"

for death is gone now; abolished by the Lord of Life. "He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life."

How repulsive, how hateful the very thought of death must be, with this exhilarating breath of holy life in us! Sin is death. The law of sin is the law of death. I break free from those ties, and rise to life by Divine grace; and, oh! that the world may live too! Is not that a brief summary of a Christian's life, and of Christian living?

I desire for a short time to contemplate this great subject of life to God leading on to eternal life with Him, and leading by the force of faith to unselfish desire to bring life to the world;—by way of humble but earnest warning against what I conceive to be a special danger of these rushing days.

It is very helpful to notice how amidst the darkest hours, and in the darkest ages, God's people have ever had this breath of Life around them. Perhaps there is no more apparently hopeless, and mortal, and pessimistic chapter than Job xiv. "Man fadeth as a flower." He dieth; where is he? "If a man die, shall he live again? . . . He riseth not; he shall not awake . . . until!" But the same saint of God, "pierced through the gloom, and pointed to the skies." "I know that my Redeemer *liveth*." Notice the triumphant word, whatever the primary meaning of the passage may have been—*liveth*;

and I shall live. "In my flesh shall I see God." And the Book seems to me to close with a far off, faint, yet joyful picture of the resurrection, and the glad "restitution of all things." The Book of Psalms also, though sometimes speaking prominently of God's help in this life, and of death as a limit; yet not seldom, as with the sound of the wind of heaven, overleaps and sweeps away the barrier. "The place thereof shall know it no more; but the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him." "Thy loving Spirit shall lead me forth into the land of uprightness." "The land of the living." "Thy loving-kindness is better than the life itself"; because it gives, and brings me to life eternal. "This God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our guide unto death." Aye! and over and beyond death; for "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel; and afterward receive me to glory." "God is my portion for ever." "I shall be satisfied when I wake up with Thy likeness." And in the intensely "practical" Book of Proverbs, there flash out again and again such words as these, pointing to true life here and hereafter: "To the wise the way of life goeth upward: that he may depart from Sheol beneath" (xv. 24).

How buoyant then, how heaven-soaring, how triumphant our life should be for God in Christ Jesus, and by the power of the Spirit of Life, now that Life and immortality are brought out of the twilight of sure hope, into the sunlight of certainty by the Gospel. How this sound of life rings through our services! "Save his soul alive" is almost the first word in the form for Morning and Evening Prayer; and "evermore" is the last word of the closing Benediction. The Baptismal Office is all alive with the sounds of life: "The everlasting

benediction of Thy heavenly washing." "That they may come to the land of everlasting life." And in the Communion Office the Absolution prays God to bring us to everlasting life; and the "comfortable words" contain the great word of God's gift of love by which everlasting life is offered to the perishing world.

And yet is there not grave danger of our missing or dwarfing the true life, and the one great object of our life for God and for men, amidst the revivification of the whole world in scientific discovery, manipulation of the powers of nature, and in the general "running to and fro"; life which may be, unless yielded to God, only the last throes of the world before collapse and destruction? For "the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

I think there is such grave danger; and God grant that our meeting to-day may be one means of meeting and avoiding and removing this peril. The problem, indeed, before us sometimes seems to be this. How, in order that the Church may influence the world, and bring it to God, are we to keep worldliness out of the Church *in its very work for God!*

The danger seems reflected in the outer world. The triumphs of "art and man's device"; and the discoveries and revelations of science, through experiment, and deduction, and reasoning, seem now to be used to deify Nature, now to deify man. I have heard such discoveries as wireless telegraphy, and the various applications of electric power, used even by Christian speakers, almost as an explanation of the miraculous; at any rate as testifying to the possibility of miracles, and pointing to a possible explanation in the speaker's mind of the inexplicable; with the dangerous and false impression left

on the hearer's mind that these miracles of the Bible were not so very wonderful after all, when you think what wonders the laboratory of the chemist or electrician can produce.

And the agnostic goes boldly much further, and asks what man cannot do in the near future by the power of human intellect, and what bounds you need set to human knowledge, and to man's control over the powers of nature.

Yet ever above these reasonings and assumptions, rings out the solemn truth that it is God alone, the Almighty, the All-wise, the All-good, Who has given laws to His creation, which shall not be broken by man manipulating them, or by Nature revealing and developing them. Whilst in His almighty, all-wise hand lies the supreme and ultimate power of introducing new elements and forces as He sees good, or of taking them right away if He pleases, and of eliminating, as He knows best and when He wills, such forces as electricity and gravitation; and of making the wisdom of man who strives to emancipate himself, and to be independent of his Maker's guidance and wisdom and love and power, abject foolishness.

So also in the excitement and warmth of theological debate and controversy; the supreme object of all our thoughts and belief and hopes and fears is so often forgotten or clouded over, through the eager desire for some precise verbal expression of doctrine to be recognized and adopted. A thoughtful man assured me not long ago that Christian dogma is dying out of Christendom and the world; "but I hope," he added, "that morality is not suffering." I could only reply that morality in that case must suffer terribly; but that, thank God, he was entirely mistaken about the position of Christian doctrine

and dogma. It is immortal, eternal; and moreover it is not only living for ever, it is the one only life-giving energy for the soul, through life in that Eternal Life the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Spirit of Life; life thus hid and safe in God. Yet how often the excitement of the discussion of the doctrine of life defrauds us of the full beat of the pulse of Life indeed.

So again, and perhaps specially so, discussions with reference to the time and mode and accessories of the Lord's Supper, or about its profound meaning and efficacy and blessing, bring with them grave danger of losing or lessening the inward spiritual grace. If first and last we could all seek for communion and union with the living and present Saviour through the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit of Life, would not superstition and materialistic error of necessity drop off? And at the same time with deeper reverence we should ever most thankfully avail ourselves of this, and of every sacred means of access to God and renewed life in God.

And in our great enterprise—the Evangelization of the World, the blessed Mission work of the Church of Christ, the establishment of the Everlasting Kingdom,—am I wrong in feeling that sometimes the dust and smoke and stir and sway of discussions as to plans and methods of Mission work, hide the present and eternal realities of that work—life now to God, life with God for evermore?

I remember being greatly struck by one of the papers issued in connexion with the C.M.S. Centenary. Its subject was the *value of souls*, and its design was to point out that our one great object in Mission work is to save the world, and bring it back to the blessed rule of the King of kings, through bringing to the lost and dying world, and to the lost and dying individuals of all lands,

the tidings of life from the dead, through faith in the historical facts of the Incarnation, the Life, the Death, the Rising, the Eternal living of the Son of God, and by the power of the Spirit of Life ;—faith in all that the Cross, the empty grave, the coming of the Holy Ghost imply : life thus in God and to God and with Him hereafter.

But the over-elaboration of new plans, and the over-criticism of old plans ; and the discussion of method and machinery in multiform committees and conferences ; the fascination of argument, the formulating of rules ; yes, even our happy County Unions, unless all are uplifted constantly and consciously to God for His blessing and guidance, may lead to forgetfulness of eternal life as His gift to the world, and of our life being wholly from Him and for Him. " The excellency of the power is of God, not of men." " Our sufficiency is of God." The constant remembrance of this, whilst we most thankfully avail ourselves of suggestion, and invention, and improvement, will modify, and modulate, and sanctify, and soften, and strengthen right criticism ; it will enlarge our view of the noble living acts of the past, and moderate the idea that the present only truly lives.

And will not such a remembrance, more swiftly, more strongly than anything else, quicken and enlarge and sustain the liberality of the contributors to God's Mission work ? Will not this, too, give unfailing comfort, undying energy, unruffled patience, to our brethren and sisters in the high places of the field ; this reality of life in Him and to Him, this hope of life for the dying world, this prospect of life with God for ever ?

I read these words lately from the pen of an old and greatly-loved and reverenced missionary friend in China : " The missionaries are more than religious teachers ;

they are benefactors of the people in every sense of the term. The poor are taught in their schools; the sick are healed in their hospitals; the helpless are helped by them in manifold ways."

True, nobly true! Yet *not* true! Religious teaching, if it be God's truth, and accompanied by Divine power, is *everything*. It is not one of many possible methods. It includes and leads to those others—healing, education, help. But without the Divine truth of life from the death of sin,—pardon, justification, sanctification, life to God now and with Him hereafter,—our mission fails, and death still stares the dying world in the face.

Those others are secondary, subordinate, and ancillary. This—God's living and life-bringing truth—is primary and supreme. We do not, for instance, use the blessed miracle, or gift of healing, merely because men have bodies, as well as souls; but from truest love and deepest pity, we desire ever to bring the patient into touch with and union with the beat, the pulse, of immortal health for the whole being. We do not aim at making the nations *rather* Christian, but alive to God in Jesus Christ our Lord; and that not as the evolved result of work on successive generations, swept away as chips or shavings or dust on the lathe; but now, in this generation, to-day, as the Holy Spirit's work through faith in the ever-living Son of God. Condescending wondrous work on the noblest, and noble work of wonder on the lowest; moulding keen intellect and simple, humble, teachable mind alike; turning cannibal, or devil-dancer, or Confucian moralist, or intellectual Hindu, or Ainu and Eskimo, or forest-haunting African dwarf, or Hausa or Masai—men, women, and children—now into the very servants and

saints of God ; a present work as well as a glorious city of God hereafter.

This was what stirred the great souls of Livingstone and Gordon. " They felt," to quote the words of Livingstone, " the constraining power and claim of the love of Christ," and their life thenceforward was for God, and the good of man in God and Godwards. Beyond the burning glare of the oppression of the slave, and the devastation of the marauder, they saw and reached out to by faith, not a small oasis, if I may so call it, of emancipation for the body, and reclaiming of the desert land, and improvement in physical being ; but the green fields and boundless Pisgah view of that which alone can make freedom free and noble, which alone can preserve the hard-won bliss, and satisfy the immortal soul,—the Gospel's joyful sound ; the nations turning to God through and in His dear Son, and by His Holy Spirit's grace living to Him here in the emancipation from sin ; and living with Him hereafter in His unfading, sinless, eternal home.

With such a hope, " which maketh not ashamed," can we restrain or forget our joy ? Can we do otherwise than live wholly and always and with exultation, not for self, but for the God in Whom we live, and for His people, and for the world which needs Him so instantly and so imperatively ?

Blessed life to live for the Author and Giver of life and of all holiness now ! Blessed Eternal Life, with Him ; the perfecting of perfection ; finality, with ever-new joy in the old which is ever new.

" The joy of keen discovery,
The peace regained of childhood's home."

"Avidi et semper pleni ; quod habent desiderant." [1]

"In Thy presence is the fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord! if Thou Thy presence give
'Tis no longer death to die.
Let me but Thyself possess,
Fullest sum of happiness;
Perfect bliss I then shall know
Heaven above and heaven below.

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[1] From the hymn of Damiani (eleventh centry), "*De gloriâ et gaudiis Paradisi.*"

THE JOY OF GOD

"The Lord shall rejoice in His works. . . . My joy shall be in the Lord"—Ps. civ. 31, 34.

I WISH to draw attention to a subject of boundless wonder, and one which has especial connexion with the Gospel of the Grace of God; with the Redemption of Mankind, the Coming of the Kingdom, the Evangelization of the World, the Church's great work for her Lord; depending on the Divine Spirit's Almighty aid.

My subject is the *Grief* and the *Joy* of God. We speak freely and almost familiarly, of "grieving" or "pleasing" God. Let us face the solemn words and think for a while what they really mean. Dare we utter them but in deepest humility and reverence? What so grievous as to grieve *God*? What so joyous as to give *Him* joy?

It is a thought of profoundest solemnity, and of uplifting wonder, that the great song of all creation, visible and invisible, articulate sometimes, sometimes "without words," is the Joy of God. "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven," is one strain of glad hope in that joy. That song has not been silenced indeed, for that can never be—but it has been assailed in its eternal melody and harmony, by the clash and discord of the mystery of iniquity. And it is our work, as redeemed men and women, our high dignity, our lofty and blissful duty, to help in silencing the discord, and

letting flow in full and eternal streams the harmony of Joy.

> "That we on Earth with undiscording voice
> May rightly answer that melodious noise;
> As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
> Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
> Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
> To their great Lord. . . ." [1]

This is my subject; but I cannot hope to do more than suggest its outlines.

But is not this statement of the subject, some may object, a mere arrogant, human assumption? Can the history of mankind, and of this little earth, affect, in any perceptible degree, God, and the vast universe of God? The nearest measured fixed star, in the Southern Hemisphere, is nearly twenty billions of miles distant from us; and light, flashing through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes four years and four months of incessant progress to reach us from that star. It has been computed that, viewed from some of those distant suns, the orbit of Neptune round our sun, a magnificent sweep and circuit which it takes 165 years to traverse, speeding on three miles a second,—this vast shining orbit dwindles down contracted to a faint single spot of light. What have we then to do with those distant suns, and the thick golden dust of suns and systems beyond? and what have they to do with us? And can we on this insignificant earth touch or affect God, and His limitless creation? Is not the instinct to regard our own world as the centre of the Universe simply human? Yes![2] when man looks at man, and deals with man alone. But no!—and

[1] Milton, "At a Solemn Musick."

[2] Cf. Cave, *Inspiration of the Old Testament*, p. 65.

here, I think, Scripture leads us by the hand—when we contemplate the mystery of human nature, and of man's origin and history and hopes; and when we remember that by the infinitely small, as well as by the infinitely great, God works, and manifests His wisdom, and power, and goodness, in beauty of design, and skill of adjustment, and wonder of adaptation.[1]

Again, I can imagine an objector demurring thus to the statement of my subject, and to the consideration of the grief and joy of God: "Are the words of our First Article an exaggeration then,—'There is one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions'?" Are these words of a modern thinker untrue: "My watch-word, and that of my reason, is, not I, but One Who is more than I, better than I; One Who is entirely different from what I am; I mean God. I neither am, nor care to be, if He is not"?[2] But surely both statements refer to our *human* feelings and passions; fickle, often positively depraved, changeful, imperfect, biassed, limited; and not to *all* feelings or emotions. Grief, we predicate of God, but Divine grief; with a faint reflection and feeble hint in human grief. Joy, we speak of; the Joy of *God*; with but a far-off echo and trembling vibration in human joy.

I do not think that the usual explanation is satisfactory, namely, that these words, grief and joy, are merely anthropomorphic expressions; if that is to say, the explanation implies that in language apprehended by the human mind, passionless sentiments in a supposed passionless atmosphere of Divine life are intended. Surely much more is expressed, namely, *Divine realities*; far above,

[1] Cf. 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.
[2] Jacobi, quoted by Cave, p. 124.

indeed, and beyond human ideals; but hinted at there, and touching us by a real Divine nearness.

God is indeed "quite unlike man." But man was once like God, and shall be so once more. And even here, man can form some imagination of the grief which is God's grief, and of the joy which is His; joy which we hope to share hereafter, when sorrow and sighing have fled away.

And to return for one moment to the first objector. Observe how clearly, though mysteriously, man and man's history are linked with God Himself and His creation. "Without the Son of God, was not any thing made that was made" (St. John i. 1–3). "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the Breath of His mouth" (Ps. xxxiii. 6). And "*all* things are to be reconciled and summed up in Him" (Col. i. 16, 17, 20; Eph. i. 10). Now He took on Him, for this stupendous work, the nature of man. So that the human race, and man's dwelling place, are lifted up, though fallen so low by sin, to be in some true though inconceivable way, a central point of the creation of God, and of *His* grief and joy.

And we follow Scripture, if I mistake not, and not fancy alone, in regarding God's grief and joy in man as mysteriously connected with the whole Universe: "In hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God" (Rom. viii. 21). "Little though our earth may be, it was not too small or too mean for the Kingly Creator Himself to dwell here for more than thirty years; and here to redeem with His life, the life of man."[1]

"Around Him suns and systems move
In harmony and light;

[1] Giberne, *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, p. 120.

Beside Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite in the dust
For mercy turn will He:
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee!" [1]

Notice then the grief and displeasure of God; and His joy and gladness; and our grief in His grief; our "joy in the God of our joy and gladness."

The thought will not elucidate the mystery of sin, or disclose the origin of evil. It will not fully explain the past history and present state of this world of ours. It will not reduce to simple rules and the exactness of a science the glory and the solemnity of free will. It will not brush away as a mere phantom the wrath of God and the wages of sin. It will not enable us to sound as with a human plummet the depths of the thoughts of God, the wonder of election, the freedom of salvation, the omnipresence of God, His omniscience, His omnipotence. These and other mysteries and perplexities in the relation between God and man, my subject does not solve or remove entirely. But, if I mistake not, it wonderfully illumines the whole with Divine light.

"Who is like unto the Lord our God," says the Psalmist, "that hath His seat so high?" (Ps. cxiii. 5). "Stand up and bless the Lord your God from everlasting to everlasting," say the Levites; "blessed be Thy glorious Name, which is *exalted far above all blessing and praise*" (Neh. ix. 5). "For thus saith the high and lofty One" (God Himself speaking by Isaiah) "Who inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place" (Isa. lvii. 15). It is perfectly conceivable, and a thought which

[1] C. Lamb.

dominates not a few of the non-Christian religions of the world, that the Supreme is not only far removed from us, but that He is unapproachable and unconcerned. But how does the inspired Psalmist go on? "He humbleth Himself to behold the things which are in heaven, and in the earth." And how do Jeshua and his companions go on? "Thou sawest the affliction of our fathers in Egypt, and heardest their cry by the Red Sea. Moreover Thou didst give light in the way wherein they should go. Thou camest down upon Mount Sinai, and spakest with them from heaven. Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them" (Neh. ix. 9, 12, 13, 20). And how does God Himself go on in Isaiah? "With him also" I dwell "that is of a contrite and humble spirit" (Isa. lvii. 15). And it is this inexpressibly blessed and vivifying truth that we consider here; namely, that God does so take note of the one plague of the Universe—sin, disobedience to His will, Who is the one fount and originator of all good, that He is grieved, He is "vexed at" sin; and He grieves at the misery brought by sin, however justly the penalty falls. He is so grieved that He will not withhold trouble and judgment to extirpate the plague. And He is glad at the repentance of man, and rejoices in His work of "the restitution of all things" in the Gospel and Kingdom of His dear Son, and by the power of His Holy Spirit. "We worship One Who is no remote Contriver of an Universe, to whose ills He is indifferent. If they suffer, did He not, on their account, suffer also?"[1] Shall we not grieve, then, with Him? Shall we not desire to share His joy?

Notice how early in the Bible narrative we meet with the joy and the grief of God. "God saw everything that

[1] *Foundations of Belief*, A. J. Balfour.

He had made, and, behold, it was *very good*." Did not " the Lord rejoice in His works ; in His great creation, filled with wonders,

" And the greatest of all was man " ?

Then sin crept in, and with hateful siren voice strove to drown that eternal song of joy—God's joy ! And, lo ! Adam and his wife hid themselves from the very sound of joy ; " the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day. "

And the tone changed. We turn over one leaf in Genesis, and, lo ! the Lord God is " *grieved at His heart* " (oh, the grief of grieving God !) at the great wickedness of man (Gen. vi. 6). Another leaf, and the world after the flood, blessed by God, hears once more some strains of joy : " While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease " (Gen. viii. 22).

Grieved, then, with the rebellion and sinfulness of man, the Lord chose Abraham and his seed ; and yet, not casting off the sinful earth, He promised that in Abraham, in his seed, all the families of the earth should be blessed, and brought back to God's joy. But the chosen race, though " God was their Saviour " (Isa. lxiii. 8, 9, 10), and though " in all their affliction He was afflicted," yet " rebelled and *grieved* His Holy Spirit " ; —solemn words, which are echoed in New Testament times : " Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God " (Eph. iv. 30). And again, " How often did they rebel against Him in the wilderness, and *grieve* Him in the desert ! " (Ps. lxxviii. 40). And in later days, under the Kingdom, the Lord speaks thus of His grief at the transgressions and rebellion of Israel and Judah : " Behold, I am pressed under you, as a cart is pressed

that is full of sheaves" (Amos ii. 13), a weary, groaning burden! Still He bears long, He is grieved; and waits till with repentance and faith His people return to Him, and the grief shall pass into joy! And then follows the wondrous truth that the Divine grief is felt not only because of sin, but also because of its just consequences in sorrow, suffering, and death. God does not contemplate these evils, if we dare use the word, with complacency! The Lord rejoices in His *works*; not in their destruction, and blighting, and curse. He rejoices in His just judgment; but yet mercy rejoices against judgment, in the great work of His just mercy and righteous peace. And the thunder of God's glorious voice in judgment passes into the song of the Lord, "mercy and truth kissing one another; righteousness and peace meeting together" in joy (Ps. lxxxv. 10). Yes, and we read the explicit utterance that "He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men" (Lam. iii. 33). Note the blessed word, "not willingly." God's grief over sin does not lead him to *rejoice* in grieving the children of men. "This is all the fruit to take away his sin" (Isa. xxvii. 9). "Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked? saith the Lord God." In other words, it grieves Him "that the wicked die." "Wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye!" (Ezek. xviii. 23, 32; xxxiii. 11).

Beyond the bounds of the human race, too, God's pleasure sounds and shines in His care of animate and inanimate creation. "The Lord is loving to every man; good to all; and His *tender mercies are over all His works*" (Ps. cxlv. 9). "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your father" (St. Matt. x. 29). And there are wonderful hints in nature's processes, of the Creator's averting or diverting the mystery of pain from sentient creatures

involved apparently in the consequences of man's sin. "Neither shall there be any more pain" is one note in heaven's song of joy.

And touching once more the history of mankind, see the mystery of this grief of God over the misery and folly and devastation caused by sin. The Lord wept over Jerusalem: over its sin as the cause of all its woes; and over those woes themselves. And when actually bearing the cross, unjustly condemned, shamefully scourged and spitted on, and nearing now the very place of crucifixion, He so grieves over the woe coming on Jerusalem, that He forgets for the moment His own sorrow, and checks the grief of the lamenting daughters of Jerusalem, urging them rather to lament their own sins, which were bringing ruin on the great city and causing His death; and which the grief of repentance, and the joy of faith in Him, alone could avert.

"The Lord our God . . . is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy, and repenteth Him of the evil" (Joel ii. 13). "The Lord repented concerning this" (speaking of sin's plague and curse in pestilence, blight, and fire): "It shall not be, saith the Lord" (Amos vii. 3, 6). "His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel" (Judges x. 16).[1] So through God's grief sounds the music of His great song of joy, for the whole world; while through the great song also, a strain of the grief is heard. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. xlv. 22). "I will give thee, that thou mayest be My salvation to the ends of the earth" (Isa. xlix. 6); with the great fulfilment, where God's grief and joy are heard together in that solemn music of the Gospel ("that old news, that good news, that new news," as Tennyson called it in one of his letters), "God so loved the world, that He gave His

[1] See also 2 Kings xiii. 4, 5, 23.

only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (St. John iii. 16).

The Grief of God! The Joy of God! Grief because of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, its ingratitude, its folly, its misery; joy in His works; joy in His salvation; joy in the triumph of the Divine holiness and goodness, He Himself being the one source of all good, and the security of the gladness of His creation. "The Lord, the habitation of justice; even the Lord, the hope of their fathers" (Jer. l. 7).

Remember, too, that which we are so prone to overlook or neglect, the wonderful joy of being allowed and enabled in any way to *please* God. How early, after the inbreaking of the discord of sin, this power was given to man! Abel the second from Adam, and Enoch the seventh, "pleased God" (Heb. xi. 5, 6). And if "by faith" those ancient saints pleased Him, we, too, believing, may hope to *give joy to the "Blessed God."*

Thus God speaks of some despised and apparently outcast men, as accepted and blessed by Him, because "they choose those things that please Me; [and take hold of My Covenant" (Isa. lvi. 4). And of His joy in His people turning to Him in repentance, God speaks thus: "Is Ephraim My dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore My bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy on him." "I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear Me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them. Yea, I will *rejoice* over them to do them good" (Jer. xxxi. 20; xxxii. 39, 41).

Yes, He speaks of His Divine joy once, in words which have some faint echo in hours of profound human joy;—

joy too deep for words. "The Lord Thy God is in the midst of thee; a Mighty One Who will save; He will *rejoice* over thee with joy: He will rest, and be silent in His love; *He will joy over thee with singing*" (Zeph. iii. 17). And that "*exceeding joy*" in which the only God our Saviour, through His beloved Son, and by His Holy Spirit's gracious power, "will set us without blemish before the presence of His glory" (Jude 24, 25) is *God's* joy, as well as ours. We hear all through St. Luke xv. the far off yet ever nearer vibrations of Heaven's song of joy in God's joy. "Joy in Heaven." "Joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." "The father glad and making merry over His son dead and alive again, lost and found." "This city shall be to Me for a name of joy, for a praise, and for a glory" (Jer. xxxiii. 9).

And then, as summing up this mystery of God's grief and joy, consider the astonishing words of Isaiah liii. 10: "Yet"—observe the word yet—"though He had done no violence; neither was deceit in His mouth"; though He was "without sin," while "tempted in all points as we are"; the "Beloved Son in Whom the Father was well pleased";—with these sounds of joy in His nature and character and life,—"yet it *pleased* the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him *to grief*."

And why? Was it not that the *grief* of God was entirely shared by the Eternal Son, and by the Eternal Spirit;—grief because of the crime and curse and peril and plague of moral evil; grief, too, that the sinner should destroy himself, and that self-salvation is beyond the sinner's power? While the *joy* of the great Thought of God in salvation, the Dear Son of God rejoiced to think and to fulfil; and the Spirit of God, searching those deep things,

loved it too. And thus " the pleasure of the Lord " ; the Divine Joy of assuaging that Divine Grief by punishing sin ; by vindicating and fulfilling the law ; by pardoning, and justifying, and sanctifying, and saving the sinner—this " pleasure of the Lord prospered in those " pierced " Hands." He has let loose the streams of joy ; and ere long they shall flow for evermore. " For the joy set before Him," the joy of salvation, the joy of His Father's Joy, " He endured the Cross, despising the shame " (Heb. xii. 2). So we have now in the " Kingdom of God, righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost " (Rom. xiv. 17). Three times over the sacred words recur (Acts xiii. 52 ; Rom. xv. 13 ; 1 Thess. i. 5). " Joy in the Holy Ghost "—surely because that Holy Comforter Himself is " *glad* " in our salvation. Thus Father, Son, and Holy Spirit unite to rejoice in their work. Let us adoringly share in that joy. Let our joy be in the Lord, even as hereafter we shall, through His mercy, " enter into His joy,"

> " And every power find sweet employ,
> In that eternal world of joy."

" Let the heavens be glad, and the earth rejoice. The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; and the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about Him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His Throne " (Ps. xcvi. 11 ; xcvii. 1, 2).

Let me now apply this thought to our great missionary work. Can we in all deep humility, as a faint echo of the mysterious grief and joy Divine, which we have been considering, say, " As sorrowful, we are yet alway rejoicing " ? The presence of sin and unbelief, obtrusive or insidious, may make us sad, and at times almost in despair ; but does not the joy of certain victory, and of all the bliss

which that sinless triumph will bring with it, make us very glad? Do not the "unhappy divisions" of Christendom make all true Christians sad; and does not this great Joy of God in Christ sound the keynote of the joy of that Splendid Hope that Reunion must be possible and near?

Put otherwise, my question is this. Do we, as a deep and everpresent motive and stimulus, sufficiently contemplate this grief of ours rather as the Grief *of God*; and this joy as the Joy *of God*? We are accustomed to regard the duty of Christian Missions from different aspects, as resting on many different motives and arguments. The ignorance and degradation of many non-Christian nations and tribes is pleaded: the miseries and confusion and moral failure of false religions; the need of Divine power and change of heart to carry out the high ideals of some intellectual and thoughtful races (power brought through faith in the Lord Jesus and by the Holy Spirit's grace); the great and explicit command of the "Lord of all," that blessed order, one with the "commandment of the everlasting God"; and the commission of the Eternal Spirit, making the Gospel known to all nations "for the obedience of faith" (Rom. xvi. 26), and hastening the coming of the Lord, and the setting up of His blessed Kingdom, which cannot be moved. All these reasons and motives should not, I think, be taken singly and disconnectedly, and at different periods of missionary zeal, but all together, ever present to the heart and conscience of Christians. But have we fully realized *this* great motive —God's pleasure, His joy, in salvation?

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." Does God look down unmoved upon such pictures as this:— "Awaiting the priest's signal" at Kunbakonam, in

South India,[1] a vast but yet distinguishable concourse of human beings, made for immortality, going about to establish their own righteousness in vain outward washing in river or sea; knowing not God, and obeying not the Gospel of His Son? Does the hum and the cry of a great Chinese or Japanese city, or populous country town, or hill village, sound in the presence of God without causing grief? They mind earthly things, though their thoughts and fears sometimes stretch into the unseen future world; and being without God in this world they have no sure hope; sinning, consciously sinning; trusting in vain gods; self-satisfied scholars sauntering along, not submitting to God's righteousness, or laying hold on life eternal: but trusting in the great name of sage or hero, and priding themselves on the possession of moral codes which they do not keep; seeking after a sign, and trusting in human wisdom. Is the Eternal God unmoved when sin's curse brings with it famine and pestilence, war and confusion, deserved indeed, but not willingly inflicted by that Merciful Almighty Hand?

Are the brazen gates and walls of the Mohammedan world no grief to the Eternal Father; the hardness and impenitence of heart; the pride and unbelief which refuse to kiss the Son? Are the sins and the sorrows of great Central Africa, and of the North, and East, and West, and South, unnoticed? Is the check of the brave Hausa Mission unmarked?—the darkness brooding yet along densely-peopled river shores, or in the vast inland regions of that great land? Are the trials and losses and persecutions and deaths of faithful missionaries and converts not "dear in the sight of the Lord"? "Why persecutest thou Me?" Ah! sadder still, is there no grief in Heaven

[1] See *C.M. Gleaner* for July, 1901.

when some Missions "lose their first love," and some "walk no more with us"?

Ah! sadder even yet, when in the central realms of Christendom immorality and intemperance abound, and worldliness and luxury invade the very Church of God; when formality and formalism, and the husk and skin without the reality of religion, are so common; when to join the work of God in high places of the field, for the great conflict at home, and in the ranks of the army gone to the front, still "they do not come."

But, on the other hand, has not the song of the Lord begun its everlasting strain,—when more truly and widely now than ever before, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the Lord's Name is praised," in one glad circle and girdle of worship? Is there not joy with God over Uganda, and Toro and Koki, and the first-fruits of the Great Forest tribes? No joy over Fuh-Kien and T'ai-chow, notwithstanding scattering and sifting and trial? No joy over Christian New Zealand; and the songs of praise from the islands of the Southern Seas; and all the Indians in the Moosonee Diocese brought into the fold of Christ; and the Native Churches in India especially, and in other lands, growing and expanding so strongly as to call for special Christian statesmanship in shaping and guiding their organization and development? Is there no joy in God's dear presence, as in Samaria and Lydda and Joppa of old (Acts viii. 8; ix. 35, 42) over the sick and suffering relieved or discharged cured; with the seeds of eternal life and of immortal health in their hearts, through faith in the Lord Jesus and by the power of the Spirit of our God?

Does it not give joy in Heaven, and eager expectation, that now God's Glad Tidings of salvation and of the

Kingdom are proclaimed in almost every land except in some large sections of Western and Central Asia, still strangely closed? And is not the great end near? And meanwhile, is not the humblest and lowliest act of self-denial—each loving, prayerful offering, and each heart and life that is yielded to God and to His service—seen by the angels in heaven and giving pleasure, aye, *joy* to the eternal God?

And now, with this thought in every heart of the grief of grieving God, and the joy of pleasing Him, in the great conflict between light and darkness and good and evil, can there be any lack of volunteers for the front, for the rear, for the wings, for any posts in the sacred army of the living God? Can parents do otherwise than *rejoice* in their children's joy in being permitted in any way to bring joy to the eternal God, and so far from hindering their going, gladly go with them? Can children chill or check in any way their parents' delight in yielding their dearest—safe, safe for ever in God—to Him, if they may help in banishing the sorrow of the universe, and bringing in the fulness of eternal joy, the Joy of God? Can there be, with such an aim and such a need, a whisper any more of insufficient funds; of crippled or hampered work; of weighing ways and means in this enterprise—God's joy and the happiness of His creation?

Can hands hang down any longer or knees falter in this conflict? or can any danger or trial dismay or dishearten those who grieve above all that they ever grieved God, and that any should do so still; and whose one pleasure it is to do His good pleasure, and to hasten the full outburst of the sinless harmony, the sacred, everlasting song of the victory of the Divine goodness?

In that music of the Universe, the Joy of God, there

will be countless varieties of melody, and modulations of tune and of song; but no hint or whisper of discord with these blessed themes to God's glory and the gladness of all creation: "An end of sin," "everlasting righteousness," "nothing that defileth," "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," "the restitution of all things," "all things subdued unto Himself"; for "the kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." And beyond this world the joy stretches, for "every created thing which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, and all things that are in them, heard I saying, Unto Him that sitteth on the Throne" (with Whom is the eternal sevenfold glory of the one Holy Spirit), unto Him, "and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honour, and the glory, and the dominion for ever" (Rev. v. 13). "The Lord shall rejoice in His works." Now, then, in this lower earth, and hereafter for evermore with Him, let "my joy be in the Lord."

> "Oh, may we soon again renew that Song,
> And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
> To His celestial consort us unite,
> To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!" [1]

The whole mystery of moral evil may be but a brief vanishing phase in the eternity of the All-good, All-glorious God; one mote in the eternal sunshine henceforth and for ever clear and serene. But most surely glory to God shall be the final result; and "we shall come at last to *His eternal joy*." "His anger is but for a moment, in His favour is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Ps. xxx. 5).

[1] Milton.

"For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy Light shall we see light" (Ps. xxxvi. 9). "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; in Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi. 11).

"What pleases God, O pious soul,
Accept with joy, though thunders roll
And tempests lower on every side;
Thou knowest nought can thee betide
But pleases God.

"The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still;
Oh! make it hour by hour thine own,
And with it nought but that alone
Which pleases God.

"He governs all things here below;
In Him lie all our weal and woe;
He bears the world within His hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

"And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

. . .

"True faith will grasp His meaning fast,
And Hope bring patience at the last;
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine—
What pleases God.

"To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a crown in heaven;
And there shall be fulfilled in thee,
And thou shalt taste and hear and see,
What pleases God." [1]

[1] From a hymn by Paul Gerhardt, 1653, translated in *Lyra Germanica*.

ACCESS

δι' αὐτοῦ ἔχομεν τὴν προσαγωγὴν οἱ ἀμφότεροι ἐν ἑνὶ Πνεύματι πρὸς τὸν πατέρα.

"Through Him we both have access by one Spirit to the Father."—Eph. ii. 18.

IN thinking over some of the motives for Christian life and work,—the object of that life, and the sources of spiritual strength and consolation for that work,—the verse which forms the text and ground of this paper has been often before me. I venture to write down something of that which I conceive to be the bearing of these words on all work for God, and especially on Mission work for Him at home or abroad.

"O Thou that hearest the prayer; unto Thee shall all flesh come." Is not this the great object of Christian work—to bring the wandering world back to God; that it may "come to Him"; that it may have access to the Father, through His dear Son, and by His Holy Spirit's grace? And here, too, is the great fountain-head of all strength and grace, "Thou that hearest prayer." And we believing and praying *there*, in His presence, have grace to pray and to work for "all flesh" in the Lord's Name, and by the Spirit of our God.

The work is one: "we both," home workers or foreign labourers, work *His* work, and need and share His grace.

The trials and grave problems and appalling difficulties

often besetting Church workers at home, their self-denial and self-sacrifice, and daily dying and noble devotion, are too often unnoticed and forgotten by men. The happiness, amidst abounding sorrow and difficulty, of the foreign missionary's life; the wonder of the work, the glorious privilege, the overwhelming, and for man alone the absolutely immovable, obstacles in the way; the danger, the utter self-surrender of the work,—are perhaps still less noticed, and even more ignored or despised by the world at large. But the work is *one* in the Lord; one Father; one Lord Jesus Christ; one Eternal Spirit; one faith, one hope, one love. Yet the solitude and isolation, and the privation of Christian communion and privilege, are surely more keenly and more frequently felt abroad than at home. And here, as everywhere, we shall find strength and comfort and full supply in access to God, through His dear Son, and by His Holy Spirit's grace.

The word "access" in this verse from Ephesians ii. occurs in only two other passages of the New Testament. In Romans v. 2 we are told that "through our Lord Jesus Christ we have had our access by faith into this grace wherein we stand"; and it seems to be referred to as a place of constant and abiding grace. In Ephesians iii. 12 it seems reduplicated: "In Christ Jesus our Lord we have boldness and access in confidence" ("our freedom of utterance and introduction") "through our faith in Him." The word seems to mean (1) the act of introduction, of coming into God's presence; and the means for that process (*sc.* through Jesus Christ and by the one Spirit's grace). And (2) it means the reality and the consequences of that introduction; the nearness, the presence itself. It is used in Classical Greek of a "place

for ships to put in," as well as of the coming in full sail of the storm-pressed vessel. And this surely is true to us in the Gospel. We who have been very far off in sin and unbelief, are brought nigh by the blood of Christ, and by the leading and gracious power of the Holy Spirit; and now we are *there*,—

"No more a stranger or a guest,"

seeking Him, and then wandering again;

"But like a child at home."

It is thus that I desire to contemplate the subject.

Some of us were called recently, at a very solemn service of consecration, to "fall to prayer," before the imposition of hands. And as I strove to obey the invitation, it struck me, *Where* are we thus to fall down? Have we first, as wanderers far off, to seek, by repentance and faith, restoration to God's presence? Shall we not rather be, through His grace, *always there* with the Father; not merely "not far from Him," but every day, and all day long, "in the secret of His presence"; so that we may with equal ease, Divinely granted, fall to prayer on solitary hill-top, in darkened sick-room with two or three agreeing, or with the great congregation in glorious minster nave or choir?

In that sudden thunder-clap, the news of the King's illness, which startled the whole Britsh Empire on June 24, 1902, a "call to prayer" was heard with wonderful and blessed quickness of apprehension by vast multitudes of people. Special and most solemn and helpful services of intercession were arranged, and joined in, for cathedral, church, and chapel. But the instinct and glorious reality of prayer led all true praying souls, without delay, without prescribed form, without previous condition of place or

posture, as near to God in His dear Son, and by His Holy Spirit's grace, to pray for the life and health and highest happiness of the King and Queen ; and through them for God's blessing on the Empire.

There is strong emphasis on the word "*both*" in the text. The Jews were "near," "a people near unto Him" (Ps. cxlviii. 14) ; but now they are nearer ; they come *to* Him. They have not privilege merely, but the full accomplishment and exercise and glory of privilege ; they have access to His presence, by His dear Son and by His Holy Spirit. The Greeks, "far off" and "alienated from the life of God," and "enemies in their mind by wicked works," or by pride and self-satisfied wisdom, now "are made nigh by the blood of Christ," and come into the very presence and love of God, with the Jews : just as near, for both come "to the *Father*." The High and Lofty One inhabiting Eternity, filling heaven and earth, so far off apparently in the depths of eternity and of infinite space, dwells yet in humble and contrite Jewish or Gentile heart alike now ; in equally intimate though ever adored and reverenced nearness.

See the approaching steps of those that were near—God's ancient people—as they came to God. "The people stood afar off," and Moses, as if by far-off type pointing to the one Mediator, "drew near." Then Moses and Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, and seventy elders of Israel went up unto the Lord—the people still remaining below. Moses again and his minister Joshua came nigh to the God of Israel. Then comes the promise, "My presence shall go with you" ; and the fulfilment, "The Angel of His presence bare them, and carried them" ; yes, He bare them as on eagle's wings all the days of old, and brought them (in blessed access and presence) to Himself. And

thus the words of Psalm lxxi. 3, "Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort," pass in Psalms xc. and xci. upwards and onwards from the idea of ever leaving that resort even for a time, to the thought and enjoyment of the "dwelling place in all generations (xc. 1), and the "dwelling in the secret place, the abiding under the shadow of the Almighty" (xci. 1); till we reach the "everlasting habitations" of the sunshine of the Almighty in His own Home; access for ever, and going out no more.

And the Gentile, "far off" from God, comes also, and we hear the louder beat of his returning steps. "God is not far from any one of us." "Have they not known? Their sound is gone out into all lands." Pathetically *far* from God are some nations. In Chinese fancy and belief, guided largely by Buddhist teaching, if transmigration in seventy-two million-fold repetition is required for a man to reach Nirvâna,—and Nirvâna, when reached, is not access to God, but the "state of a blown-out flame,"—for a woman there may be no prospect but restless change in perpetuity. The only idea of access is possible companionship hereafter, in some form, with higher forms. "I can never recompense you, Mr. Gough," said a poor Chinese beggar woman once to that kind missionary, "for all your charity to me; but in the spirit world I *may* be able to serve you a little. I have no hope of rising higher than a dog. But as a little watch-dog I will try to keep thieves from your door": there, where, if she had believed and accepted it, for those who have access to God, "no thief ever approacheth" our Father's door.

Such also was the pathetic wail of the Red Indian seeker after God, so movingly repeated in Exeter Hall

two years ago by the now sainted Bishop Whipple : " Oh ! Great Spirit, if Thou *dost* exist, show Thyself to me ! "

So far off, yet longing to be nigh. And now the Father, through His dear Son, in Him, and by His Holy Spirit's leading, " will draw all men unto Him."

Access to the Father. Let us linger a moment on the words. Not an audience merely ; one favoured interview,—in and then out again ; but free, unchallenged, coming and abiding ; the golden sceptre ever stretched out to us, through the Lord Jesus ; and ever touched as we continually need it by the Holy Spirit's power. Is not this worth all the world to secure ? Have we not here " good tidings " which must be sent to every creature ?

Our Lord has procured this access for us ; and by the Holy Spirit's grace we see it, we humbly claim it, we have and hold it. See *how* our Lord has opened the way. " The Son of Man is *come* to seek and to save that which was lost." " I proceeded forth, and came from God." He came by that mysterious absence from heaven of Him Who nevertheless was " in heaven " (St. John iii. 13). By the sublime condescension of the Incarnation, He lifts us up, and brings us back to God. Man is ennobled thus, not by any inherent right or desert of his own, but by the surpassing glory and merit of that coming down. It is sometimes forgotten that man's dignity and privilege of likeness to God, and communion with God, were never an inherited or self-purchased right, but the gift and arrangement of God's grace alone. And these were forfeited, alienated from mankind, by sin : the lost atmosphere hovering still near ; the lost music still echoing not far off ; the lost communion, like some dear memory, gone but present to imagination ; a voice from a near though other world. Yes, they were forfeited by sin ; and it is

the Incarnation of the Son of God which stoops down to lift us up ; it is His life on earth that draws us toward the Father ; and it is His death that finally and supremely wins the access for us. "He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Watch for a moment that death ! "Ye shall leave Me alone." Unable the disciples were to understand or realize for the time the profound meaning of the Lord's sufferings and death. They left Him alone ; and "yet He was not alone, because the Father was with Him." And by His precious blood-shedding, and through the dark eclipse of "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?"—the awful solitude, the apparent distance from God for our sake—He passed through the sunset, to the rising which sets no more, of that near and eternal repose. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

And this nearness, this trust, are *ours* now in Him. "There we are united, indeed ; fused into a wonderful harmony and cohesion in that secret place of blessing. 'Both parties of us' are 'in one Spirit' ; quickened, animated, possessed, surrounded by one 'Holy Spirit of promise.' 'Both' have one Lord to be their ground of acceptance, and their Conductor into the inmost chamber of the spiritual home. 'Both' find one Father there, welcoming and embracing all His people with equal love ; in the Name of His One Beloved. Wonderful unification, deep and living as the heart of man, and as the heart of God ; rooted in the Atonement, and made to live in us, and to grow, and bear the fruits of Paradise by the indwelling Spirit of God." [1]

"For as Thy absence doth excel
All distance known ;

[1] See *Ephesian Studies, in loco*, pp. 90, 91. H. C. G. Moule.

So doth Thy nearness 'bear the bell,'
Making two one." [1]

And how consoling, how strengthening are these words which we are considering, for the awakened seeker after God, and for the diffident desponding believer. Access to *God*! Can I ever hope for that dwelling-place; that *home*; that "sure habitation"? How dare I venture nigh? The answer comes. It is, "Through Him," not through yourself. "Accepted in the Beloved," not in yourself. "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." But "him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Yet how can I take the first and the last and the intermediate steps of that coming to God? How can I keep from falling and wandering? The answer comes again clear and strong. Not by yourself, but "by the one Spirit"; not by resolution and watchfulness and strength independently and apart from God, but by the Eternal, Almighty, all-gracious *Spirit*. Given to those who ask, He draws with mighty love; and He is the seal, the earnest; He keeps us to the end.

The lost sheep found and brought back has access to the fold, and *stays* there. The lost money, now recovered, welcomed and kept in the purse, does not carelessly *roll* out again. The lost son, far off for a time, met half-way, brought near, brought home, has access and *keeps* it. No more far country for him; no more riotous and disastrous living; but the joy and holy peace of home for ever.

Ah! the terror of that solitude which comes from God's absence. Ah! the joy and rest in deepest solitude of God's presence.

[1] George Herbert, "The Search."

> " Far and far away
> He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
> Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up
> Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
> Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
> Spoke with That which being everywhere
> Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone ?—
> Surely the man had died of solitude." [1]

Yes ; but see how the dismal, impersonal " That " passes, in Tennyson's master hand and truest Christian instinct, at once to the Personal " Him " ; even to the Father, with Whom the believer has not merely a vague thought of communion, but the reality of access ; and the sound of the bells of Heaven. An impersonal " power that makes for righteousness " cannot save and comfort in sorrow, and solitude, and danger, and the soul's awakened penitence and longing ; but the Righteous and Almighty God is able to do this for all who come, through His dear Son and by His Holy Spirit.

Let me now endeavour very briefly to apply this great and uplifting thought to Mission life and hope. It will be found—this blessing of access to God—mightily and equally operative in great crises of a public career, and in the uneventful but earnest and useful course of retiring lives, that " keep the noiseless tenour of their way." The great weight of official responsibility in the Church of Christ is to be borne and made light, and the glare of publicity in the exercise of that office is to be absorbed and swallowed up (see St. John i. 5), by the " secret," the near publicity (if I dare say so in all reverence), of access to the Father ; the " practice of the presence of God " ; His light outshining all glare, or scorching blaze of strife or criticism, of doubt or fear, anxiety or temptation.

[1] Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*.

And the humble, unnoticed Christian self-denial of God's servants in the heart of the country, or the depths of London slums, is glorified, illumined, made known and ennobled before all angelic and heavenly sympathizers, by the presence and peace of God with these workers. Special gleams of love and purity and blessing scatter these special clouds of threatening and slander and oppression, and make those days of loving devotion something like the days of heaven on earth. This amazing possibility and reality of access to God is for each individual convert in all lands; in peaceful days, or in the many days of persecution, peril, or sword. For Church and State alike; for Israel and for Aaron (Ps. cxv. 9–13); for ministers and for people; for men, women, and children; for those who fear and love and seek after God, "both small and great."

It is this access to God, this laying hold by touch and grasp and tenacity of faith on eternal life, God's gift through His dear Son, and by His Holy Spirit of life, that constitutes our one great object in the work of Missions. We seek the salvation of souls; and souls can be saved alive only by access to, and continuous and eternal communication with, the Fountain of Life; and "with Thee, O God, is the fountain of life: in Thy Light shall we see light" (Ps. xxxvi. 9).

Now in deep solitude, with sharp privation and without comfort and needful repose, in sleigh or on foot, a missionary traverses the waste of snow, seeking for the sheep of God's pasture; found very many thousands of them now, but wandering still, as to earthly life, in that howling wilderness of the frozen North-West. Discouraged perhaps, and very weary, he lifts his eyes to the glorious arch of the Milky Way, clasped like a broad ring of silver

round the dome of the innumerable stars. It is the pathway of souls, in Indian romance; the heaven-leading stream, in Chinese fancy. Will he soon tread that glittering pathway, and, wafted along that stream of peace, reach with dear Indian souls—his joy and crown—the heavenly home? Far off the hope seems, amidst silence, solitude, sadness; even as those mazes and depths of stars are at inconceivable distances in the depth of ether! Is heaven so far off? Is the High and Lofty One in that high and holy place alone? A moment thus! and then, lo! he has access to the Father, through the dear Son of God—"with you alway"—by the Holy Spirit's grace, "Who shall abide with you for ever." God is *here*. "About" this rough and bleak and dubious "path"; about that "bed" of boughs fenced from the biting blast by piled-up snow; and nearer still—in his heart—"walking up and down in him"; making sunshine at midnight; warmth in the fierce, cutting winds; music in the silent, solitary wilderness.

The scene changes in fancy, and in reality of missionary life for me. I find myself once more translated to the land I know and love. I hear and feel and see the sounds and sights and jostling of a crowded Chinese city or busy country town on a market morning; or, later in the day, in a densely-crowded Mission chapel, in a noisy city street. Or imagination leaps again to Indian bazaar-preaching, and the public testimony for Christ in every land.

Things earthly and human and tangible seem very near, and to have "access" to sensation and thought. There is much confused noise and cross-shouting. Some are standing or sitting drowsily, or in stolid indifference. Some utter captious or frivolous criticisms to excite a laugh. Some are polite, but either preoccupied or quite

self-satisfied. The glorious Gospel of the Blessed God, near in the preacher's mouth, seems yet to shine far off for his hearers ; as if in some higher atmosphere than of this close room or steamy street. Can it penetrate the dense mists of the thoughts, and history, and cares, the folly and the wisdom, of this earthly state of man ? Indifference disheartens the preacher ; opportunity almost startles him by its solemnity. Criticism seems so hard to answer in words apprehended of the people. Thus for a moment ! Then suddenly, through God's grace, in His dear Son's power and the might of the Divine Spirit, the weary missionary, solitary in the crowd, realizes the presence of God ; not only " not far off," but *here*, in this market-place, this bazaar, this chapel, with me, whether many or few are listening. I tell it all to Him ; I come to God, He draws very nigh to me. With the blessed access to Him, I have His fulness filling my being. It overflows ; and the captious caviller is arrested, silently listening or earnestly inquiring ; the indifferent are awake with steadfast gaze of intense interest. The power of God, and the wisdom of God, and the grace and peace of God, through His dear Son and by His Holy Spirit, are very near to me, and work mightily in my hearers. " At my first answer no man stood with me. . . . Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me " (2 Tim. iv. 16, 17).

I quote here two brief passages from the beginning and the close of Henry Martyn's seven years of missionary life and witness for God. They will show that I describe fact and experience possible for us all, not fancy. Going on board at Falmouth on July 31, to start on his nine months' voyage, and, in much solitude and agony of soul, endeavouring to comfort another in sorrow, lo ! " the

blessed Spirit of God applied the blood of Jesus to cleanse away his sin, and restore him to comfort ; and at night he committed himself to rest, so near to God, with such access through the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God, that, though tossed by the roaring surge, he was composed and peaceful with *the Everlasting Arms beneath him.*" Seven years pass, of daily dying and daily victory. He is on his way to England, worn out by fever and fatigue, done nearly to death by " the merciless Hassan " ; and on October 6, just ten days before he entered into rest, he wrote his last words : " No horses to be had, so I enjoyed an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet peace and comfort of my God, *in solitude my Company, my Friend and Comforter.*"

Surely this most blessed hope and precious reality of access to God should lead us, instead of shrinking from that Presence and trembling at the thought of such an abiding-place,—instead of going from His Spirit, and fleeing from His presence (Ps. cxxxix. 7),—to remember that that Divine Hand leads us, holds us (ver. 10), and thus to exult in the privilege, and with humble yet trusting heart to praise God for it. And then the whole soul will long, not with a sigh of unattainable aspiration, but with a thirsting desire which shall be satisfied, to be holy as He is holy, to be like Him to Whom we thus have access.

" We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit." With that blessed access to God, and very specially when in the Holy Communion we assert and claim and enjoy the most near and sacred access to God, " both " of us, Jews and Gentiles, as we pass into that sacred place, must leave outside for ever superstition, materialistic fancy,

dissension, uncharitable suspicion, heresy, error, schism, all that is grieving to the Father and which leads away from the Truth of His Son's Gospel and the mind of the Spirit of Truth. There—having access to God, our one desire will be to please and glorify Him. There—no dream of few or unwilling volunteers for His service will be tolerated. There—the silver and the gold, which are His, will be all poured out at His feet. There—with God, we shall joyfully use our point of vantage, and plead in constant believing prayer, in His dear Son's Name and by the Holy Spirit's teaching, for the world which the Father loved; for sinners whose death He wills not; for His people and Church Universal. That place of access we shall find so private, that we can always be "alone with God." "Jesus only with ourselves" in the mystery of individuality; and yet so wide and high and deep that there is room and welcome for *all* "who come unto God through Him."

Here is realized, in a true meaning, that absorption into nature, the false dream of some religions;—that absorption into the Deity, the nobler but yet most vague and imperfect dream of others. Personal identity abides; not absorbed, but one in eternal union of nature, and everlasting communion with the Holy and Blessed God.

"Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te."—"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

"O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home."

HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS: A STUDY FOR THE EAST AND FOR THE WEST

A YEAR or so ago I had the opportunity of discussing in the pages of the *Churchman* the question of applying, adapting, or altering rules laid down for Christian conduct fifty years ago, in such matters, for example, as recreation, and in the persons of such people as Chinese Christians.

I ask permission now to propound another question—namely, the right way in which to guide and teach, or to leave wholly to themselves, Christian seekers after truth, in such matters as the inspiration of the Bible, its composition and structure, its date and authorship, and, in this article particularly, the alleged contradictions and discrepancies in the Gospel story.

Are we to lead our pupils or our intelligent scholarly friends through those mazes of doubt and controversy which have marked the Church's progress, or which have so retarded that progress? Must we suggest those doubts to our friends which perhaps we can with greater honesty and wisdom assure them have been laid? Shall we present before them difficulties which sober and profound scholars have, we may reasonably believe, removed? Shall we lead them straight into thickets or

labyrinths from which the Church of Christ has emerged, or from which it is on the point of escaping?

Part of my missionary duty consists in assembling and presiding over monthly reunions of Chinese catechists and evangelists within a certain area—all, in fact, who are not too far off in the distant mountains or remote stations to come up to the place of meeting, namely, Ningpo, in the Diocese of Mid-China. Amongst other work, the catechists write for me short essays or sermons on a set subject given the month before. I propose shortly to give them the subject of the fourfold account in the Gospels of the events connected with the Death and Resurrection of our Lord. Do they harmonize, or are there serious discrepancies? And I ask myself (a question which has suggested the writing of this article) whether I am bound to pass on to these men that which I have just read in a book quite recently published in England (the name I purposely withhold, not wishing to disparage the great interest and ability of the book). The author first of all propounds the very interesing and not improbable theory that the first Christian accounts of the circumstances connected with the death of Christ must be presumed to have been *written* in the year when the Lord died and rose; and on these accounts, the author seems to imply, the present Gospels were founded. "But," he proceeds, "the objection will doubtless be made at once, 'If that be so, how can you account for such facts as that Mark says the Crucifixion was completed (*sic*) by the third hour of the day (9 a.m. according to our modern reckoning of time), while John says that the *sentence* only was passed about the sixth hour—i.e., noon?' The reply is obvious. The difference dates from the event itself. Had evidence been collected that night or the next morning, the two

diverse accounts, already hopelessly discrepant and contradictory, would have been observed and recorded." Presumably, if I do not wholly misunderstand the argument, they would have been corrected also.

But we have an instance here, perhaps an extreme one, of the unfairness of prejudging the whole case by this careless use of the word "discrepancy." It most literally begs the question. And the writer calmly explains the "hopeless" confusion thus: One opinion (St. Mark's or his informants') was *careless*, and given by one "unaccustomed to note the lapse of time or define it accurately in thought or speech." The other (St. John's) is supposed to be the opinion of "an exceptional man" who through a certain idiosyncrasy was observant and careful as to the lapse of time (see, e.g., St. John's tenth hour, i. 39; sixth hour, iv. 6; seventh hour, iv. 52).

Now, it is difficult to imagine a more imperfect and inexact statement of the case than in this passage which I have quoted. The fact so probable, and so clearly stated in early ecclesiastical history, of St. John writing his Gospel sixty years later than these supposed earliest records, is not even hinted at. And the probable, and to all scholars the most familiar, suggestion (see especially Westcott's dissertation) that St. John used the Roman and not the Jewish method of computing time is ignored. The very passages where St. John is represented as so accurately noting time are rendered so much easier by this method of reckoning, for now the disciples spend with the Lord a long day (10 a.m. till sunset) instead of only one hour, if the tenth hour was 4 p.m.; and the woman of Samaria draws water at 6 p.m., a more usual hour than at noon; and the fever left the child at 7 p.m., and not at 1 p.m.

Now I ask myself whether this is a fair specimen of criticism. If it be so, I am *not* warranted in transmitting such groundless charges of hopelessly discordant and contradictory narratives.

I am well aware, from long use of his commentaries, that Dean Alford, in his eager repudiation of unworthy doubt, treats with almost rough contempt the "harmonists" and all their works. His argument—one very commonly adopted by Christian apologists—is that in courts of law a general circumstantial agreement of witnesses is held sufficient, and is not considered inconsistent with variations in particulars. This is so because it is recognized that, notably when there is much stir and circumstance and shifting of scene in a plot or tragedy, witnesses may observe from different points and sides, and their avenue of view may be momentarily obscured, or excitement may affect their memories. Yet, if in the main fact they agree, the evidence is accepted and decides the case. So Christ died and rose. All four Gospels testify to this, and all Christendom, on the evidence of this fourfold witness, believes. But at what precise hour, and seen in what order and by whom—on these points the witnesses (so the argument runs) agree to differ, and their main testimony is not shaken thereby.

It has always seemed to me that this contempt for minute harmonizing, and this argument from the practice of common law, should appeal indeed to an unbeliever, or to a candid critic and inquirer, but that for a believer in inspiration and in the truth of God recorded and transmitted by inspired writers, the argument is not wholly satisfactory. Indeed, even the candid critic, if he yields to this argument and accepts the testimony of witnesses evidently honest, though apparently contradictory in

detail, will be brought round as by circular reasoning to the point of departure, and will be forced to believe in harmonizing. For he will argue, as at the present day shrewd and strong Chinese intellects do argue, that if he can accept as true the evidence of witnesses who, though differing in details, yet agree in essentials (" great in oneness, small in differences," as the Chinese idiom has it), then he must believe the Gospel story, with all its narrative of Divine and supernatural events and consequent doctrines, to be essentially true. But the more he believes in the essential truth of the Gospel story, the more likely is he to argue backwards to the point that the Spirit of Truth, who was to bring all things to remembrance and guide into all truth, would not allow the inspired writers to be inaccurate even in the smallest details of events of such significance as the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord. And thus, though persuaded at first by documents which he supposed might (in certain small details) be inharmonious, he is eventually led to consider the possibility of their being harmonized. And am I not right in encouraging my Chinese friends to do this? Hopelessly discrepant and contradictory statements mean, in plain English, inaccuracy and mistake; and that is far too grave a flaw to be thus tolerated and alleged against documents which we accept as our guides and teachers, because they cannot deceive us or disappoint, for they are inspired. Imagined " inaccuracy of detail " will often be found to arise from grave inaccuracy in study. " I do not require, and I do not think the Church wants, an inerrant, infallible book," said a candid young student to me not long ago. " If I did, I should consider the solution you offer of the discrepancies, contradictions, and misstatements, which I seem to find

there, perfectly satisfactory." My friend did not go on to explain the strangely illogical and inconsequential conclusion, that the explanations, satisfactory in themselves, ceased to be worthy of notice, because they were not wanted in his present attitude of mind. It will be a serious thing indeed if the West abandons what may be called, perhaps, the exact science of the Christian faith, and thinks she can live, and grow, and walk without an infallible lamp to her feet and lantern to her path. The East, the once-dreaming East, in her awakening thirst for knowledge, does desire, as an undoubted necessity, a guide and teacher which will make no mistakes.

Shall I be lagging behind these enlightened times, and appear as a mere waster of time, if I write down what, through long years of difficulty and doubt, has helped me, and what I propose to suggest to my Chinese friends?

I. First observe the harmony of the four Gospels as to the hour of the Crucifixion—the point which the author on whom I have animadverted asserts to be a point of discrepancy.

(*a*) The time of the trial before Pilate is thus given:

St. Matthew xxvii. 1: "When morning was come."

St. Mark xv. 1: "Straightway in the morning."

St. Luke xxiii. 1: "The whole company of them rose up and brought Him before Pilate."

St. John xix. 13, 14: "Pilate . . . brought Jesus out. . . . It was about the sixth hour."

This last statement of time is, then, the general point of time, "*about* the sixth hour," given by this accurate and minute observer; and it completely harmonizes with "the morning" of St. Matthew and St. Mark (St. Luke names no time), for St. John's sixth hour was probably 6 a.m.

(*b*) The time of the Crucifixion.

St. Matthew xxvii. 35: "When they had crucified Him" (no hour marked); xxvii. 45: "From the sixth hour [noon] there was darkness . . . until the ninth hour" (3 p.m.), a point of time quite in harmony with the idea that noon was the *middle* of the awful time of Crucifixion.

St. Mark xv. 25: "It was the third hour [9 a.m.], and they crucified Him." This is the only precise time for the act of crucifixion given in the Gospels.

St. Luke xxiii. 44: "It was now about the sixth hour" (noon). This mark of time comes *after* the narrative of events and words since the Crucifixion began, and coincides with the idea that noon was about the middle point in the time occupied by the Crucifixion.

St. John xix. 18: "Where they crucified Him." And this eye-witness and careful loving observer gives no note of time, only he mentions that "from that hour" he led the Blessed Mother away, either just before the darkness or immediately after, and before the Lord's death.

There is, therefore, complete harmony here. St. Mark gives the exact hour of the act of crucifixion. St. Matthew and St. Luke speak of three hours specially out of the six. And St. John in no sense and by no word "hopelessly contradicts" or discredits the others.

II. The Resurrection of the Lord is thus described by note of time and sequence of events:

(*a*) The time.

St. Matthew xxviii. 1: "Late on the Sabbath day, as it began to dawn"—*τῇ ἐπιφωσκούσῃ εἰς μίαν σαββάτων.*

St. Mark xvi. 2: "Very early on the first day of the week, they come to the tomb when the sun was risen" —*λίαν πρωὶ . . . ἀνατείλαντος τοῦ ἡλίου.*

St. Luke xxiv. 1 : " At Early dawn "—*ὄρθρου βαθέως*.

St. John xx. 1 : " Early, while it was yet dark "—*πρωΐ, σκοτίας ἔτι οὔσης*.

Here the differences vanish like the dark before the dawn, if we notice (1) that there were probably two bands of loving women coming to weep over and care for the Dead—one party starting from houses further off than the other. The nearer, then, would start and arrive at early dawn ; those further off would arrive still early, but at sunrise. (2) If Mary Magdalene did go first, alone, then her coming was as St. John says (and he *alone* says this), " when it was yet dark." Notice also that St. Mark, more accurate than our author would admit, alone names the hour of the Lord's rising (*πρωΐ*, xvi. 9).

(*b*) The persons and their attitude.

St. Matthew xxviii. 1, 8 : " Mary Magdalene and the other Mary." " They departed . . . with fear and great joy, and ran to bring His disciples word."

St. Mark xvi. 1, 8 : " Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome." " They went out and fled . . . trembling and astonishment had come upon them . . . they were afraid."

[The " not saying anything to any man " was on the road till they met the Lord, not when they met the Apostles.]

St. Luke xxiv. 5, 10, 11 : " Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women." " As they were affrighted " [The Apostles] " disbelieved them."

St. John xx. 1, 18 : " Mary Magdalene . . . seeth the stone taken away . . . runneth . . . and cometh to Simon Peter . . . was standing without at the tomb

weeping. . . . Rabboni . . . cometh and telleth the disciples."

[The prominent mention of Mary Magdalene in each narrative seems, perhaps, to imply that the Synoptists as well as St. John knew well the peculiar circumstances of her first visit to the tomb, but, as I notice below, purposely deferred the narration.]

(*c*) The near sequel.

St. Matthew (xxviii.), after noting the effect of the Resurrection on the guards and on the chief priests, passes at once to the farewell meeting, and the commission before the Ascension; and the chapter has, for me, the appearance of being fragmentary and unfinished, perhaps through some sudden cause.

St. Mark (xvi. 9, 12) speaks briefly of the great narratives fully given by St. John and St. Luke: "He appeared first to Mary Magdalene . . . He was manifested in another form unto two of them, as they walked, on their way into the country. And they went away and told it unto the rest."

St. Luke (xxiv. 13–34) relates the walk to Emmaus and the return. "The Lord . . . hath appeared to Simon."

St. John xx. 19 (A.V.): "Then the same day at evening . . . came Jesus."

In these four narratives (which are supposed by commentators in many cases, as well as by sceptics, not to admit of harmonizing, without further knowledge of missing links of evidence and event) observe—

1. That no one of the Evangelists contradicts another. St. John does not say that no one but Mary Magdalene was at the sepulchre, or that she went thither only once. It seems probable that she was there *thrice;* first alone, or with the other Mary (she perhaps going on to meet

the other women, and hasten their coming, while Mary Magdalene went to see the tomb alone). The city gate is so near to the sepulchre, "nigh at hand," that there was time, before the other women came and the sun was up, for her hurried run to John's house, perhaps just inside the gate; then back again, following Peter and John; tarrying when they had left; hearing, seeing, adoring the Lord; and then leaving just in time to meet and join the other women, and with them to approach the tomb, talking to them, assuring them of the truth which the angels thereupon confirmed, but which they were too agitated and frightened to believe; till presently, Mary running with them and speaking to them of their unbelief, "in the open way," they meet the Lord, and the "terror and fright" of St. Mark is turned to the "fear and great joy" of St. Matthew.

2. Notice, further, the undesigned coincidences besides those noted above in St. Mark's adumbration of St. Luke and St. John's fuller stories. Undesigned but "innocent" discrepancies too many modern commentators seem to think it right to discover. But the elder generation was wise, and not a whit the less scholarly. Professor Blunt, in his almost forgotten book on this subject, points out the coincidences, which are all the more striking because so undesigned. St. Mark, doubtless from St. Peter's lips, records the individual message of the Resurrection to Peter: "Tell His disciples and Peter." And St. Luke tells us (xxiv. 11) that, though the Apostles treated the message of the women as λῆρος, "idle talk," yet Peter "arose and ran unto the tomb." This verse is placed by Dr. Nestle within double brackets, as considered by a majority of critical editors to be a very early interpolation. Was it possibly part of that earliest draft Gospel of which

our above-named author speaks? The Revisers have, however, retained the verse in the text, and it suggests the most interesting thought that this is not an imperfect sketch of St. John's full narrative, as some would assert—Peter and John together running to the tomb, as St. John describes—but that it rather relates a *second visit of Peter alone*. He had gone first with his beloved friend. He returned still in doubt, though faith, like the dawn, had risen in St. John's soul. He, perhaps, joined now the other Apostles, and was sitting with them when the women entered; and one gave Peter the angel's special message to himself. Could *this* be an idle tale? He at any rate has reason to go and see. He runs again; again he finds nothing but mystery; and he departs wondering. And lo! is it here, and is it now, close to the open tomb as with Mary, that he meets the Lord? "He hath appeared to Simon," says St. Luke further down in his twenty-fourth chapter.

3. St. Mark's sixteenth chapter, which seems a measured denunciation of unbelief and hardness of the disciples' hearts, throws light on more points than one in this discussion. St. Mark seems to draw our attention to the fact of the Resurrection, from this very sombre feature of the disciples' doubt. He brands it as unbelief, not as mere ignorance; and he implies that this unbelief was so stubborn, and their inexpectancy of the rising so complete, that nothing but actual sight and knowledge would have led them to believe the fact. St. Peter's fall, so familiar from the Apostle's own lips, weighed, perhaps, on the Evangelist's mind, and perhaps his own weakness also—for he may have been the young man (xiv. 51) who, roused by the sudden tumult, rushed out with the design of standing by the Lord, and then, terrified by the first

act of violence, fled ignominiously—the same Mark who later, with toil and danger in front and his home behind, "departed from them and went not with them to the work." So St. Mark reminds us that there was unbelief for a while even in that wonderful upper room on Easter evening. "Yes!" the assembled Apostles and others say to the two just in after their swift walk from Emmaus, "Yes! the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon!" But they seem to imply that they cannot believe that He had appeared to the two, seven miles away, to those who had left them all in sadness and unbelief. Then the Lord came, and "they were glad."

So that, take those closing verses of St. Mark as you may—if they be accepted as original (and this Dr. Salmon has, I must think, given us to believe beyond reasonable doubt)—we have St. Mark's striking corroboration of both St. Luke and St. John; or if the passage be regarded as a later addition, this forms a corroboration of the theory (advanced below) as to the designedly deferred mention of Mary Magdalene.

I do not pursue the subject further, or notice at length the narratives of the Ascension—St. Matthew alluding to it, or presupposing it, in his twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth chapters; St. Mark and St. Luke (St. Luke in the Acts as well) narrating it fully; and St. John giving the clearest possible prophecies of it and allusions to it in his Gospel. But I conclude from this examination and survey that neither honest criticism nor sound scholarship forbids our encouraging this fast-awakening East to study the Bible, expecting to find it accurate, and not to entertain the mistaken idea that genius and scholarship and well-developed intelligence are chiefly displayed when engaged in convicting the great Bible of error.

This confidence of faith and this outspoken expectation will not, indeed, ignore the duty of honest and thorough examination of the Sacred Writings. Only the time, surely, has come when we may say confidently to both Western and Eastern students and inquirers : " The word of the Lord has been tried ; it has been weighed in the balances, and it is not found wanting. For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven."

And those earlier suggestions of possible harmony or explanation which our fathers considered may well help us now. For instance, the omission by the Synoptists of St. John's full narrative of Mary Magdalene's unique and supreme joy and privilege—the first to see the risen Lord, and the first missionary of the Resurrection ; the silence, also, of the three Evangelists as to the name of the Malchus whom Peter in his reckless zeal had wished to slay. Both the silence and the full utterance were probably designedly adopted and so timed that the loving woman and the loving " converted " Apostle should have passed for ever beyond these earthly voices of flattery or envy or detraction, before these histories in which they figured were, in all their details, written. This consideration of Mary Magdalene being still alive may possibly account in some measure for St. Paul's omission of her name before that of Cephas in his full and significant list of the eye-witnesses (1 Cor. xv.), though it is true that (if the verses in St. Mark are, as I assume, original) there is still the mention of Mary by St. Mark during her lifetime ; but, perhaps, by her own hand it is added " out of whom He cast seven devils."

What I desire to emphasize in these pages, and also in the hearing of my friends and fellow Bible-students among the Chinese, is (and this principle affects the whole area

of Biblical criticism) that faith in the accuracy—I had almost said the inerrancy—of the sacred books is becoming more and more satisfying to reason and to logic and to scholarship, than the wearying and unsatisfying doubts as to the supreme truth of the Bible. And in the special subject now before me, I contend that it is much more reasonable to believe that the four narratives of the Gospel are really in harmony than that they are hopelessly discrepant; and with this principle to guide us, imagination in filling up *lacunæ* and supplying suggestive links ceases to be vain fancy, and becomes the keen eye of reverent faith.

CHRISTIAN TRUTH FOR THE FAR EAST

IT would seem probable, from the assertions and proposals of some who regard themselves, no doubt honestly, as friends of the great and fast-awakening Far East, that the extreme and destructive views of Biblical and religious critics are to be transplanted from Christendom to the Eastern lands from which and about which I write, and are to be offered for the consideration of thinking men in China and Japan.

Now, if I understand anything of their attitude of mind I do not think that they want such offers. I speak advisedly of the *awakening*, not of the *new-born*, intellect of Eastern thinkers. Laotse is described as, 2,600 years ago, teaching China *to think* ; and China, with some dormant intervals, has been thinking hard ever since. What thinking men in the East want now is some justification for our coming to them with a message claiming to be higher because Divine. They want the certainties of the faith—some well-defined and strongly-attested statement of God's truth. They do not want that truth tentatively restated and reconstructed. They care not for our doubts and disputations ; and these restatements and reconstructions must be carefully and dispassionately, but with the sure persuasion of faith, themselves reconsidered, reconstructed, and restated, both at home and

in the Far East. My paper is offered as some small contribution to this object.

The Bible, then, and the faith learned from the Book, are no more to be reconstructed and restated to meet twentieth-century ideas and prejudices than Nature herself—the great Cosmos which true science loves to explore—can be reconstructed and restated. The Bible as it is, rightly understood, and Nature and her laws as they are, rightly understood, are not (so we believe), and cannot be, antagonistic or mutually contradictory. It is the Bible imperfectly understood, and Science (for which criticism is by some supposed to be a synonym) still with a mere 'prentice hand framing opinions about matters which she has not yet fully explored—it is these alone that come into collision. But writers of the school of which I am speaking would make the Bible in many parts but the work of a tyro, a novice, a " mythical dreamer in the infancy of the race " or the infancy of the religion, and reshape, and prune, and reject this and that, leaving Science, especially in this new century, to plume herself on her achievements as if on a nearly-won omniscience.

I select, then, some of the dogmatic utterances of this school of reconstruction and restatement, and found on each a brief argument for widely different affirmations and conclusions. I have attempted to follow the order of statement in a lecture lying before me.

" Man cannot remain stationary in a state of arrested development amidst the play of forces by which he is surrounded." This may be perfectly true of man's intellectual power in discovery of the forces and materials stored in the world around him, and in a mechanical application of these forces ; though there is strong suspicion that some of the most recent discoveries were antici-

pated and lost again very long ago. It is significant that the discovery and application of the art of printing, which the Chinese enjoyed four centuries before Europe, were apprehended by the Chinese 700 or 800 years yet earlier, and by them lost again or neglected till the eleventh century of our era. And it is very doubtful whether the intellect of man now is keener and stronger than in Crete, for example, 3,000 years ago, at Athens in Plato's time, or in the Augustan age. It is quite possible for dark ages to succeed golden stretches of time, and for men to experience backward as well as forward evolution. Professor Sir William Ramsay argues that the course of religious history has not been one of continuous evolution upward, but includes a story of degenerations. The spiral nebular process of the formation of worlds may as probably (I think I am right in saying) be a sign of a vast dissolution of elements already in process, the spires being thrown *off from* their bright centres in the process of dissolution, not whirling *into* these centres—a process to be complete at the end of all things. At any rate, it is extremely doubtful whether, in the apprehension and discernment of revealed truths (those "metaphysical propositions," as the school I am speaking of would call them), seeing that this discernment may imply the highest developments of intellect—it is doubtful, I say, whether intellect is really advancing, and not rather deteriorating. Yet some modern thinkers appear to arrogate to themselves the power to judge the intellects of long-dead thinkers, and to test and regulate those of their own time, and to forecast the progress of the next age of thought. "Eternal truth never changes, but the perception and apprehension of it does change." It is permissible, perhaps, to ask, What is eternal truth, and where is it to be found save

in this very Book?—which, nevertheless, "the keen perception of modern thought deems partly the myth of an infant race, partly the glowing fancy of infantile disciples." Is it rather that eternal truth *is* eternal, and shines, speaks, and thrills all through this Book of the Revelation, of God, but that modern intellect is deteriorating, and truths which early scholars and early peasants did apprehend are now "unintelligible"?

Is this a grave libel on modern thought? Why cannot men to-day understand and apply truths which arrested St. Augustine's mind and St. Paul's, and also that of Lydia, the seller of purple, and the gaoler, and slaves in thousands, and fishermen, and Cæsar's household, too? It is a startling thought that this self-confident century may be really sliding back, and that evidence, analogy, history, fail to open and inform its intellect, and arouse its faith and love, and arrest its adoring wonder any longer. At best it looks like "arrested development." Are men nowadays condemned to this—

"No time to learn, no leisure to be wise!"

And all this is glossed over, and the serious prospect obscured by the dogmatic assertion that "decay and death are processes inseparable in the order of Nature from the principle of life." I challenge the fact, unless the words be added: "the *present* order of Nature," in which, notwithstanding the solemn truth of the Reign of Law, decay and death are accidents, exceptions, and marks of the infraction of law; in other words, of that very sin which is now so commonly minimized or explained away. "Death came by sin."

But the application of this doubtful dictum is yet less defensible: "No advance in thought is possible without

involving some change, some abandonment of earlier, less advanced thought. In ethics, as in morals, men advance as 'on stepping stones of their dead selves.' In religious thought no progress is possible save by the *renunciation* of some earlier beliefs once held sacred in the childhood of the race." To all which we answer that a series of assertions without proof cannot demonstrate. "I hold it true with one who sings," perhaps to a higher and fuller harp, "that men may rise on stepping stones" of their *living* selves, with their old faith, and old virtue, to other, but not necessarily truer, or holier things. "From glory to glory;" "add to your faith" (not first abandoning it) "virtue"; "add to your virtue" (not first letting it decay and die) "knowledge"; and so rise from life to life. Cannot earlier and less advanced thought be really the parent and source of more advanced thought without severing the connection we presume? Is it not conceivable that those earlier beliefs so sacred in the childhood of the race were true, and therefore sacred, as immediately derived from Him who walked with primal man in Eden? Never to be renounced, for they formed the prophecy, the sign, the assurance, the promise, and the type of what Christ has fulfilled and perfected for ever.

I am further impressed with the unreliable character of this system of "the reverential open mind, the reservation of belief, the deliberate suspense of judgment, the deliverance from partizanship." It makes me pause, not merely by its dogmatic assertion of negatives, but also by its tone of confidence in stating scientific guesses in terms of certainties; in this differing from the sober tone of Darwin, as a modern instance, and the great seekers after the secrets of Nature in earlier days, where

no assertion but well-reasoned suggested probabilities guided their speech.

It is not surely the language of accurate science to assert that we are any nearer now to the explanation of the mystery of *force* by the definition of what are called the principles of energy and the law of thermodynamics ; and any nearer to the basis and fount of life by the discovery of radium and electrons. To tabulate the ways, methods, and energies of force and of life does not bring you face to face with the origin and primal secret of force and of life. " Power and strength are with Him." " With Thee is the fountain of life." " The mystery of life," said Professor G. Darwin, only four years ago, " remains as impenetrable as ever," save when thus (I may add) revealed and explained.

Then from this uncertain ground the theorists proceed to apply assertions of the like kind to religion. We are referred to Frazer's *Golden Bough* for an " immense and clarifying effect upon our study of the ancient religions of the world," and we are assured that the facts of this author remain, whatever we may think of his conclusions. And one thing we are told to accept as abundantly clear, namely, that in every primitive religion of mankind there is an admixture of folklore and myth, interwoven almost inextricably with glimpses of truth. From this, we are further assured, the conviction must be borne in upon the mind that not even the *purest of religions* (i.e., presumably, the religion of the Old Testament as revealed and instituted by God for primitive man, and more fully given to Moses, and the religion of the New, inextricably interwoven with the Old) has " in the historic past escaped from the inevitable consequence of its human environment."

Notice the fallacies both of the premises and of the conclusions. I gather from what follows in the essay which guides the current of my thoughts that, amongst primitive religions, this school of theory would not refuse to include the three great religions of China: Confucianism, and Taoism, indigenous to the soil, and Buddhism, introduced from Ceylon and India. The significant phrase used, but with danger to the argument of the theorists, the "historic past," is applicable to each of these religions. We know a good deal from history about the foundation of the system of Confucius, about his birth, life, death, teaching, and followers. There is singularly little myth or folklore here. What few details there are as to his mysterious birth (551 B.C.), probably the only approach to the mythical in our accounts of this entirely historical personage, owe their origin to a far later date.

As to Buddhism and its founder, the story versified so powerfully in *The Light of Asia* is notoriously myth, and very late myth, too. It does not appear in genuine and authentic Buddhist literature till nearly a thousand years after Buddha's death.

As to Laotse, the founder of Taoism, the same is probably true. The myths as to his mysterious *birth at the age of eighty*, and his mysterious disappearance at last from the world, are phenomena not inextricably bound up with the singularly clear guesses at truth of all three of these great religious or moral leaders. I doubt very much whether any one of the primitive religions of the world emerged through myth into truth, and whether evolution has ever produced a true religion out of a false, a pure one out of an impure original.[1]

[1] Dr. H. U. Weitbrecht, in *The Gospel of Animism* (*C.M.S. Review*, May, 1909), said: "If we are to regard the history of

But now to the point of this doubtful assertion of the complexion of other religions, as an argument for the implication that " the purest of all religions " is defiled and confused by " accretions of human origin and consequences of human environment "—phraseology which thinly hides the implication that there is abundant myth and folklore embedded in the Pentateuch, for example, and inextricably bound up with the Gospel history.

There are proofs positive that myths do abound in the story of Buddha, and in that of Mohammed ; we would hope that *all* is evil myth in the stories of Vishnu. Yet such elements in those quarters were chiefly after-thoughts by non-contemporaries. But no one has the right to assert positively that Adam and Eve are mythical personages without taking upon himself the burden and responsibility of proof. For he brings God's revelation into question—the revelation of events far older than Egypt or Assyria, in documents collected and edited in early times. The same burden of proof rests on the man who denies the historicity of Abraham, of whom Christ spoke as an historical personage. What are " the pious legends woven about the Christ " ? Whence came they, and who is responsible for them ? Are they " unnecessary of belief " ? Would the Blessed Virgin, from whom St. Luke must surely have drawn his narrative of the Incarnation, and the apostles and apostolic men who narrated what they had seen and heard, or had gathered from eyewitnesses and hearers of Christ's wonderful words and deeds—of His death, of the occupied and empty tomb, of His physical rising again, and of His going up to heaven

religion as moving by evolution, that term must be stretched to include processes of degeneration. Animism in Sumatra and elsewhere does not tend to evolve a purer idea of God."

visibly—would they, I ask, find it a consolatory, inspiring, strengthening task, with martyrdom before them and a hostile world all round, to promulgate fancy as history, and rest their faith and hope on conscious myth ?

But the assault now develops itself more openly. We are told that " if all ceremonies and creeds instituted and revealed, not obscurely, in the Book so discredited were wiped out, there would remain the revelation of God to man in the soul, and the revelation of God to man in the face of Jesus Christ." Yet the expounder of these views suspends judgment, reserves belief, is not sure even of his own selected revelation, is neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian, and is unable to say (for no book or teacher shall guide him) who Jesus Christ really is. He knows little, if anything, about God and about Christ outside the Bible, and yet that Bible he deems to be obscured and perverted by human myth and accretions. How does he know that Christ Himself is not a myth, and God but the creation of folklore ? And why, I ask the second time, does he so mercilessly belittle his own intellect, and that of the socialistic writers whom he champions, as to assert that doctrines and dogmas which to the sixteenth century and to the sixth were not unintelligible or non-essential, are beyond the comprehension of the minds of this century ? Am I right, then, that evolution is turning backwards, and development passing from light into darkness ?

Passing from the destruction of Christian beliefs, observances, and evidences, we come to the " reconstruction and restatement " of religion, strangely enough still called the Christian religion. The first point is the assertion that man possesses a religious faculty ; but here again the inveterate dislike of outside evidence

to aid this religious faculty in realizing religion is shown by the assertion that it is the peculiar property of the individual—that the conviction from within is far more cogent than the conviction from without. We are told, moreover, that Christians, Brahmins, Buddhists, Moslems, Jews, are alike impelled toward an ideal of a perfect being, a *Most High*. Does it at all affect this kind of reasoning to be reminded that the essential teaching of orthodox Buddhism is to draw the religious faculty away altogether from the Most High—from God? Atheistic (perhaps impelled by the ungodlike gods and goddesses he knew in India), and not yearning for a Most High, Buddha elevated man, but only to be lost as to conscious existence for ever in nothingness. We are also assured by a competent witness that "the world by wisdom knew not God." So that this religious faculty demands energizing, illuminating, directing, by some force and light outside—by revelation, in fact; by what we shall be told is abnormal, and therefore incredible—the Incarnation of the Son, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. And all the praise of "the sublime Example of human devotion, and the revelation in human form of the Divine," is nothing worth when all the knowledge of this great Life is drawn from records "stratified," we are told, confused also by the insertion throughout of miracles, those "unreliable myths and compilations of doubtful date and authorship"!

Yet, appealing to such records, which surely are external authority, and resting on such, the inner conviction is charitably recognized that here, perhaps (not *certainly*, however, for revelation, we are told, is moving—it cannot stand still—and all this may be superseded by other truth or myth some early day), the religious faculty

may be satisfied, and the satisfaction of the soul attained.

How is it, then, that in the same breath we are told that " no intellectual proofs of Christianity are needed ; none can replace the personal revelation, which is the individual's own ; analogies and evidences are largely wasted on this man ; he needs no miracle-mongering to convince him " ? " He will hold to his faith in Christ in spite of all the miracles that a credulous and non-scientific age heaped up around Him "—in spite, that is, of the belief which this involves that Christ was credulous and unscientific, " affected by his environment," " emptied " of truthfulness and scientific acumen. For miracle *is* the narrative of His birth and life, and death and rising ; there is no other narrative but the miraculous.

I cannot but interpose here two brief observations, partly suggestive and partly interrogatively. Much is said of the " credulous and unscientific age which saw the birth and growth of the Christian religion." A double argument is implied in this description of the early Christian days : First, that had a committee of scientists been present at the gate of Nain, outside Jericho, on the hill-slopes above the lake, at the door of Lazarus's and of Joseph's tombs, a very different complexion indeed might have been given to the abnormal events and scenes related in the Gospels as occurring at these places. To which it may be pertinent to reply that certainly before the grave of Lazarus, and certainly with grounded spears by Joseph's tomb, very keen observers and very hostile critics were present ; and the one party by the blindness of hate and unbelief, the other by the glitter of large money, denied not the miracle, and admitted the empty tomb, but rejected the conclusion inevitable—that the Waker of the dead was God. Surely it required very little

science to see, perceive, and test the fact that Lazarus, who by the Reign of Law was wholly beyond hope of life, lived again in fresh vigour of vitality. Still less was science required to know that the tomb guarded by soldiers, was empty; and where was the body; and who had carried it away? Little scientific acumen, little weighing of evidence, was needed by those five thousand men, women, and children to know that from the five loaves and two fishes, broken before their eyes and before the sunset, they did all eat and were filled. It is argued further, that the loving fancy and fervid imagination of the early disciples framed these miraculous legends in the Gospels. To which it is sufficient to reply that such a literary accomplishment as to invest mere creatures of fancy in the story with life and reality was *not* the feature known in the compositions of that age; that realistic novel-writing is of later date; and, moreover, that the picture of men and women in the face of mortal danger deceiving themselves, one another, and the whole Church by woven fancies of events, the belief in which and profession of which alone exposed them to peril, is an infinitely more abnormal fancy than all the miracles of miracle-mongers. If *reason* is allowed in this age any fair play, it is, I contend, without reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the sacred writers, and wholly reasonable to trust in their veracity. Once more, am I not right in thinking that a rebound from the surrender of conscience to authority in matters of faith may be a mark, if it go too far, not of the strength of private judgment and the play of reason, but of the weakness which Thomas showed, the shirking the toil and pains required to weigh evidence, and to bring reason to play, not on personal feelings and emotions, but on matters of attested or not sufficiently

attested facts, and also on the doctrines and beliefs resting on these facts ?

Once more let me observe the similarly inconsequent and circular method of reasoning adopted by thinkers and philosophers whom I am endeavouring to controvert. Suppose that they could have appointed incredulous and strictly scientific men to report on our Lord's miracles, as seems implied in the words " unscientific age," nineteen centuries ago. Well, their report would be evidence—outside evidence. But who would believe it in this age, which deems evidences, analogies, and so forth wasted breath and wasted paper ? The committee would not be listened to by itself. Even its report would be referred to " the individual soul's consciousness."

Note, then, but more briefly than the great question demands, that these " clearest thinkers " (of whom we are told)—these who are so certain of the Reign of Law as inexorable and unalterable, that they cannot entertain, save on wholly abnormal evidence, the narrative of abnormal events, that is, of miracles—show again here a looseness of reasoning. The use of the word " abnormal," in the sense of being antagonistic to existing law, entirely begs the question. The Reign of Law extends, we believe, to all creation, and to regions beyond our search, but impersonal and yet active law is an " abnormal " and almost inconceivable idea. The Law-giver and Designer is outside and above all ; and who can deny or doubt the possibility of the existence of a law enacting that at God's will other laws, not abnormal, not unlawful, not infractions of law, but supra- and extra-normal to those on ordinary days and of ordinary operation, shall, when the Maker so wills, take the place of those lower laws ? We do not speak of the " abnormal " (so-called)—the supernatural or

supranatural—as " more sacred " than the normal and natural. But such a display is more *noticeable* ; it arrests attention ; it produces the consciousness of the Presence of God, and it is thus a sacred and beneficent operation. We had imagined, and surely not without good ground, that the denial of the probability, possibility, and reality of miracles had died away from the lips at least of the foremost freethinkers of the age into the dictum, " it is no longer a tenable position to deny the miraculous ; it is a mere question of satisfactory evidence, or the reverse."

Now, is the intellect of this last of all the ages fallen so decrepit as really to think and reason thus ? Do these exponents of modern thought think that socialistic writers, or agnostic, or atheistic, or the multitudes of students and seekers after truth in non-Christian lands really yearn for this " reservation of belief, this suspense of judgment," this sitting on the fence between belief and unbelief, God or no God, a Divine Saviour or no Saviour ? Is not this rather their indignant appeal to these leaders of science and thought—" Quousque tandem ? " We are weary of all this scraping and plastering, this " reconstruction and restatement " ; down with it, down with it, this Christian faith, and its attesting Bible, even to the ground ; or else accept it wholly, loyally, and live out its precepts, and accept the strength of its salvation. You think, we may add, for we, too, are men of the twentieth century, that your scientific research and self-satisfying faculties possess the power of a " telescope to show you the spots on the sun " of the Bible and Christian truth. But our eyes have seen these imagined spots on the sun many a time *without* the optic glass ; for the keen research, sound scholarship, and eager study of both friends and foes have turned that light, that eyesight, on these records for

eighteen centuries, and have failed to find real, essential flaw or fault, or "woven fancy." What they have thought they have seen of error was not on the sun's face, but in their own diseased or purblind eye. Eternal truth changes not. Is it contained in Christianity, or not? During the Christian era it is surely safe to assert that while there have been misconceptions, and false interpretations of Nature, and wonderful and gradual revelations of her laws and secrets, she has not added or taken away one law or one element. Much more certain is it of Holy Scripture that since its completion, and its full acceptance in the second century, though myth, pious fraud, and misinterpretation have abounded, these have all been outside Scripture, or opposed to it. The Bible has not added one verse; only conjecturally, not positively, has it lost two or three. And we ask once more why this twentieth century, with its larger territory and wider vision, and assuming a full knowledge of physics, should shrink back as an ignorant child from a higher lesson, and refuse as unintelligible the philosophy of mind higher than that of matter? All this is a symptom of intellectual contraction, not expansion.

Is not the following a reasonable and intelligible theory —namely, that what our new teachers call the "religious faculty" made men anticipate in desire and hope, and embody in early myth and story, some idea of the Incarnation to draw us back to God, and that miracle, as attesting the Maker's nearness and immediate presence, was looked upon by that faculty not as "abnormal," but natural and wholly to be expected; and that the Incarnation, with its consummation in atonement and full salvation, is the fulfilment of all hopes? It is probable, said Aristotle, that many improbable things will happen.

Is it not, after all, the " spiritual discernment " which we need, discernment to receive those things revealed and narrated in the Scripture of Truth, not the things only which our inner consciousness selects ?

THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION: ITS RELATION TO OTHER CHRISTIAN BODIES

BESIDES the missions of the Roman Church in all parts of China and of the Greek Church in Peking, there are outside the Anglican Communion, representatives in China of more than eighty "other Christian bodies." The Anglican Communion with reference to its so-called "parts"—a subject which I have dealt with elsewhere—is represented as to the Mother English Church by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society; the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is also working in China; and the Canadian Church, with her own bishop and clergy, will, it is hoped, be welcomed soon to work in North China and beyond the wall. There are also many Australian Church people at work in China, but at present chiefly under English missionary or diocesan bishops in South and Mid-China.

This is sufficient to show that though I write from the farther East, and from one of the wings of the advanced guard of the Church, *in partibus infidelium*, I am in a position to judge of the possible relationship which the Anglican Communion may hold to other Christian bodies, namely, through God's providence, that of a central and

magnetic influence *upon such bodies* leading to the final *union of the Church*; and, *for itself*, a truer consolidation and harmonizing of all its parts.

Two words may suffice as to *general* principles, which should regulate our relationship to "other Christian bodies," whether Roman, Greek, or non-Anglican Free Churches in any land. (*a*) Recognize all those who believe "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" as brethren; and their Churches, except where there is no church order at all, as Christian Churches, greatly as we deplore their "nonconformity." (*b*) "Peace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Join with them on occasions of special prayer without form; showing the full liberty of Churchmen, so long as the forms and order of public worship in our churches are not interfered with. Even there, too, the usefulness and edification of extempore prayer may perhaps with advantage be more demonstrated than now. Archbishop Tait in my hearing used to dwell strongly on the ample opportunities for extempore prayer in our services before and after sermon. These rules of not mere tolerance, but of recognition, will at the same time *rule out* the recognition as true churches and as true Christians, certainly *pro hâc vice*, if not altogether, all who recognize other mediators with God beside the One; all who practise and teach that Mariolatry which is, in the words of one Bishop, "a deadly evil eating like a very plague into the heart of the churches"—those, too, who materialize the spiritual, and, in the words of another Bishop, "appeal to inability of spiritual thought, to short-sightedness, to indolence of mind by the fully or dimly developed doctrine of Transubstantiation." Those, also, who deny the true Deity and true Humanity of the Lord of all; His

true historic but superhuman Incarnation; His Atonement; His real physical Resurrection; or who doubt and deny the genuineness and authenticity of Holy Scripture, and its sole authority as the Christian's rule of faith; —with such, I say, as such, and *in these particulars*, the Anglican Communion can recognize no Christian *relationship as of one faith, one hope, one family*, in one Lord. Our relationship and attitude must be one of patience, and the expectation of hope that those whom I enumerate in error may be turned from darkness to light. But to the multitudes of true Christians, both in these erring communions ("the Church of Rome hath erred in matters of faith," Art. 19), and in the multitudinous denominations, our attitude must be goodwill, tolerance, patience; no approval of needless differences, but the glad recognition of their loyalty to our common Lord, and earnest invitation and welcome, to far closer union in *one Church*. I have been careful thus to clear the ground for the possible beneficent and *œcumenical* reuniting influence of the Anglican Church by showing what she cannot and dare not recognize as parts of, or auxiliaries in, such a union. I go one step further, and venture to affirm that if, in the words of the Bishop of Gibraltar, whose luminous paper on the Anglican Communion is more or less guiding my thoughts, we have "a message" to the Christian world, our trumpet must give no uncertain sound; if, in the words of De Maistre, "the English Church holds out a hand towards Roman Catholicism on the one side, whilst with the other it touches those whom Roman Catholicism cannot reach"; if with Bishop Creighton as our guide, we admit the correctness of Queen Elizabeth's judgment, "that England [and here she looked at State and Church as one] should become the seat of the Church of the New

Learning, *a Church that did not break with the past,* but received all that had been contributed by human intelligence towards understanding the *errors of the old system* and the means *to be adopted to remove them,*" we shall have little influence with Rome in drawing her back to the faith and practice once delivered to the saints in early Apostolic and primitive times, and preserved intact by the English Church, if we proclaim that we are prepared to reform the Reformation, and return to the errors in faith and practice from which we were purged—in fact, that the gulf which the Bishop in North China so deprecated, as separating Protestant from Roman Catholic organizations, be bridged over with the object only of *coming back to Rome.* If this be the message, then our position of intermediary, of a reconciling rallying-point for all who love the ancient paths of the Church of Christ, will be at once destroyed. We have no message for Rome save of submission to her ; and we shall have, be sure, no message to the Free Churches ; for what they will clamour for in a church which professes to be a peacemaker, and a broad basis for union, is that she shall know her own mind. Positive, dogmatic, Scripture-attested truth, with the affirmation of the Fathers and of the great Councils : this is what the Anglican Communion must offer ; not with the shackles of coercion but with the strength of persuasive assurance ; not with *acts* of uniformity, but with the offer of a *basis* for uniformity. The same certainty is necessary in the trumpet's note, as to the finality of the faith ; as to the veracity and reliability of the Scriptures of truth ; and further, that the Church does not look for any new faith ; any " readiness to vanish away " in the substance or expression of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds ; any " openness of mind," expecting to find

from, e.g., keen Oriental thinkers, that the Church is at all mistaken in her beliefs and doctrines ; and that some " marvellous developments " may lead us, after all, to rethink, restate, rearrange the faith. For, if there be not this certainty, and if we rely only on the so-called " liberty and broad-mindedness " of the Anglican Communion, she will be to other Christian bodies only as the song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument ; her influence for good with the Churches, her beneficent message and mission to the world, will end in *Ἔπεα πτερόεντα.*

But now, assuming the Anglican Church loyal through and through to her Lord, to His Word, to His faith, let me, as concisely as may be, express what I deem to be her relationship to and possible work for *other Christian bodies.*

I notice that the Bishop of Gibraltar insists on the inadvisability and almost the unnaturalness of the attempt to " eliminate differences " ; and he appeals to the endless varieties of nature. Every leaf, for instance (though this is not his particular illustration), on every tree is different, however microscopically so, from every other leaf on that tree ; yet after all,

" So careful of the type "

Yes, surely ; the leaves do not quarrel, nor are they nonconformists in the tree, nor schismatical, falling off violently to join another tree. But, to leave metaphor, is there not a *tertium quid* ? (1) No differences, (2) eliminate differences : are both impossible ? Well, then, why not (3) *assimilate, absorb, use* all differences amongst Christians which are not differences of fundamental truth and faith ? This is my suggestion ; and as I write

I place St. Paul's ideal realization of our Lord's own prayer before me: "that they all may be one," "that ye all speak the same thing," and "that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

In order to attain to this high, and surely possible, ideal, it seems that some one existing Christian Church and organization must be accepted and recognized as the basis, the centre, the rallying point, the home, for the reconciling of our unhappy divisions, the reweaving of the once seamless robe, the reunion of Christendom. The pathetic wail, almost, after unity at the recent most memorable Centenary Conference of Protestant Missions in China, preceded by the small Conference of the Anglican Church in China, and their resolutions on unity and suggested form of universal prayer for unity, seemed to me to lack the reality of definite hope and practical plan. The resolve of each great division of Christians to draw nearer together, Baptists with Baptists, Anglicans with Anglicans, Presbyterians with Presbyterians, and the resolve to organize a "representative national council" of missions and churches (the hope expressed in earlier drafts of this resolution, of the final goal of *one Church for China*, being, I think, for the time dropped), did not *seem of necessity* to promote the union of *all in one*. Bishop Scott, in his sermon on unity, and Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, when preaching later on the same great theme, repudiated the idea of a "rigid uniformity." Not *rigid*, indeed! but is *elastic*, comprehensive, inclusive uniformity, as well as the sacred unity of the Spirit, quite impossible of manifestation in one great Church on earth? If this is impossible, undesirable, chimerical, *cadit quaestio*. But if it is possible and desirable, surely

all that has been urged above, as to the character and position of the English Church, points to her as a possible, and *the only possible rallying-point* of all who profess and call themselves Christians. I am disposed, therefore, to urge that both the rulers and the authorities of the Anglican Church, and the heads and rulers of all orthodox Christian bodies, and all whole-hearted Christians everywhere, be invited to see how the English Church, in a humbler sense, it is true, but yet *like* the Christian faith itself, is *intolerant* of error; exclusive with all rigidity towards all that is not of the truth; and *tolerant* to the utmost bounds of charity, and inclusive with all the warmth and love of God's own comprehension, towards all who may exaggerate this point or too much minimize that, who may differ in expression and vary in apprehension of the truth, but who hold to the essentials and realities of the faith. I say, without fear of serious contradiction, that the Anglican Church, true to her constitution, her Apostolic order and ceremony, her Prayer Book, and her rule of faith, is not only *Catholic* in the broadest sense, she is also *Baptist* in all the affirmations, not the negations, of that creed; she practises and enjoins immersion, whilst not forgetting or condemning the sprinkling and the pouring of the type and the promise, from *on high*, in the fulness of grace. She does what the Baptists do, with increasing care, I believe. She brings her infants and dedicates them to the Friend of little children; she does this in faith as the Baptists do; only her faith is stronger. They bring them to the door of the Kingdom; we see them in the Lord's arms through the gate which He has opened; born of water and of the Spirit; and the Baptists must not condemn this act of faith. We are Baptists, too, in the recognition

of conversion, the pre-requisite, as they suppose of "believer's baptism." "Great on conversion" was the characteristic of the saintly Bishop Smythies; and the Church resolves for the Lord's sake, and for unity's sake, that Baptism shall not be a form but a reality; and Confirmation not a rite alone, but the solemn profession of that conversion which is the grace of Baptism blossoming for fruit. We are *Presbyterian* also, not only at the Ordination of priests (and should not the laying on of hands for the Diaconate be nearer to the higher rite?), but also in the expanding power both for counsel and legislation of the laity. We will welcome back, and never more neglect or despise the "Church armies" lost to the Church by the *Wesleyan* departure a hundred years or more ago, and that through the Church's own rigidity and folly. We are increasingly *Congregational*, in the loyalty of the churches for their pastors, and by separate corporate action; but with the wise addition of the importance of which the Independents, I fancy, are increasingly cognizant of central guidance and control. So, without destroying or lowering our preserving and protecting and warning walls—"Salvation"—in definite truth and dogmatic faith and Catholic order; our gates—"Praise"—will be open night and day, and we go out far to meet and welcome and bring in and share our blessings with all who will tolerate us, and join us for the Lord's sake and the unity of His Church. The same eloquent prelate whom I quote above thinks that "we *dream* if we think we have perfection in the Anglican Communion." Perhaps this is so, as she is now

> "By schisms rent asunder,
> By heresies distressed";

but is she not in her truer, nobler self something near perfection, and if not quite so, will not the infusion of the faithful, zealous, learned sons and daughters, ministers and people from " other Christian bodies," through God's grace perfect that which is lacking in us ?
1908.

The following paragraphs were written three years later than the paper printed above, and are added here chiefly to show that the practical difficulties which will beset such a process of reunion as the one sketched in my Congress paper, have not escaped my notice, and that it is possible to suggest, though not yet (perhaps) quite time to urge, the adoption of such a solution of these difficulties.

Bishop Montgomery, in his article on China in *The East and the West* for July, 1911, utters the oracular warning and exhortation, " The day has come, not for union in any organic sense ; let us not attempt it ; but the hour has come for the fuller mutual appreciation of those who differ and strongly differ ; so strongly indeed as to make communion in the outward sense impossible while these differences exist." This utterance will seem to render my argument and contention and suggestion in what precedes premature, and perhaps useless. I venture to think that it rather emphasizes the need for something like righteous precipitation in the attempt at union. For if not possible now, it will be less and less possible with the absolute crystallization of our differences in the keen and relentless air as the pace quickens and the Church and the world near their final goal. If our Lord requires such union, and prays for it, let us at all hazards attempt it, I would say.

Dr. Eugene Stock, in the same magazine, contributes

an illuminating article on the subject of the Future of the Native Churches, and he imagines in such a country as China, for instance, the near possibility of the establishment of a Chinese native independent Church. He recognizes that at present it is inevitable that the Chinese who join the differing Christian bodies, should perpetuate in their native Churches these differences. But he hopes for better things, namely a united and self-constituted Chinese Church, formed by the amalgamation of these different bodies, and he fears that the Anglican Church may be in a very small minority, and possibly be left outside as a small nonconforming sect. An alarming prospect, indeed! Is there not a fear that something more alarming still may possibly occur, namely that the Chinese in forming their native or national new Church may decide, not so much to combine all these different Christian bodies as all true, but rather to reject them all as they differ so much, and cannot unite, and may possibly be all wrong; and then to create for herself a new creed, a new body, and call that the Church of Christ. Does not all this emphasize the urgency for the adoption of some such method for immediate union among all the Christian bodies as that which I have been sketching, not by the Anglican Church, the most ancient and Catholic of them all, abjuring her principles and order and discipline, but by her offering and extending a basis on which, in the unity of the faith of Christ, and with apostolic and primitive methods, all non-Roman Christian bodies may unite, because they find all their differences included and harmonized here? This once affected, the native Chinese Church may safely perpetuate not any longer the differences and idiosyncrasies of the Western churches to which they owe their life under God, but the unity

of those churches, and be thus preserved from the peril of new errors, new schisms, new doctrines, when shaping a new Christian religion of their own for China.

Now all these considerations I brush aside for the time by the further consideration that surely it was some visible palpable union of Christians for which our Lord prayed, and that no further time is to be lost in seeking how best to realize that divine desire. To return to the subject of Church union nearer home; matters of detail which would have to be dealt with in the event of such a one Church being constituted, matters affecting finance, Church property, and endowments of the once differing bodies, will be found (probably) less difficult of adjustment than at first sight seems possible. If only the main principle be granted, and the great step of actual coalition be taken, details will most certainly yield to the magic power of the fact of union. What then, in fine, is the principle for which I am venturing to contend? It is not the principle of mere compromise, of elaborate taking and elaborate giving as the basis for reunion. It is something far higher and nobler than this. The English Church does not command conformity to her order and discipline, her doctrine and ritual, as of master to slave, or of sovereign to once rebellious subjects. She offers it as mother to children long missed and who have long missed their home. She offers it as a privilege and a happiness, as satisfaction and not disappointment, and as harmony and not discord, in the manifold tones of the harp of human thought and religious aspiration. She offers it as a treasure-house where the free, (and free hitherto not to conform,) will, with the freedom of combined service, find, not isolated and carelessly set jewels

of doctrine and faith and form, but all they have prized so long in harmonious union.

The Anglican Church will not indeed conform to the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist one by one in rotation and turn, but she will agree with them by welcoming them all to her privileges and services and doctrine and sacraments, harmonizing and not annihilating, exhibiting in this beauty of union, and not ignoring or quashing all they count so dear.

Moreover, to ease the process, which many will shrink from as too drastic, and a surrender of principle, and of long usage, the Church will recognize in the past, and for the time being, the orders of those Churches which are duly organized, recognizing their own conscientious belief that ordination has been performed by Scriptural methods and with divine sanction. Conformity, on the other side, will consist in acceptance for the immediate future of episcopal ordination, for one order in that great function must be recognized if the Church is to be in corporate union. This will be asked for, not as though it were absolutely the *esse* of the true Church, but the *bene esse*, both as following the very earliest order of the Apostolic Church, the germs of that order appearing almost at once amongst the Presbyterian primal element. The *bene esse* also, because the episcopal office, and the exercise of that office, are recognized by a large preponderance of Christians, and as now known in the Anglican Church the office and its exercise includes so many of the features of non-episcopal ordination.

For public worship, again, and with the hope of all speaking the same thing, to quote St. Paul's words, the Liturgy of the English Church will be gladly accepted and used, as the rule in the united Church in England,

and the model for the united Church throughout the world, alterable (I quote here from the Preface to the English Prayer Book) according to times and places and circumstances, but not so as to affect doctrine; as procuring reverence, also, and exciting piety and devotion in the public worship of God, and as containing nothing contrary to the Word of God or to sound doctrine, or which a godly man may not with good conscience use and submit unto. At the same time, there will be ever expanding freedom in evangelistic services and missions, for the exercise of the power of praying in the Spirit, and as the Spirit guides at the time. The Creeds of the Church also will express the full faith of united Christendom, and the analysis and compendium of truth in the Articles of Religion will guide her faith and teaching, with a careful remembrance of the historic setting of those articles, and how the removal since they were written of the pressure and loud assertion of false doctrine, Antinomian on one side and Supralapsarian or vindictiveness against lapsers on the other, allow or necessitate wider and bolder teaching on the Christian privilege of emancipation from the power as well as the guilt of sin.

It may well follow, as in the case of John Knox and Richard Baxter, in former tentative efforts at union, that divines of the once free churches, eminent for scholarship, piety, charity, and spiritual power, shall be raised to the episcopate, not over their former separatist flocks or groups of congregations (for that would but perpetuate division), but with equal diocesan or urban powers or authority.

This union and communion with the Church in her doctrine, order, and ritual, may lead to the satisfaction of the claim which has been urged, surely on very precarious

grounds, to the effect that the various nonconforming bodies have been co-heirs with the Established Church of the earlier Church, and that they are accordingly entitled to some share in those gifts, which the devotion of our Christian forefathers bestowed on the Church. But the present Church of England is identical with that earlier Church in her constitution and orders and doctrine, abjuring only all error and superstition which had invaded that earlier Church, and to which the present nonconforming bodies would have been the first to refuse conformity. Why then have they broken off from this Protestant, Reformed, Catholic, Primitive and Apostolic Church, abandoning *ipso facto* their heirship, heirs indeed in some of the isolated and individualized doctrines and forms which unitedly constitute the structure of the ancient and modern Church of the land, but scarcely legal heirs if they desert the family for independent heirship? Now, however, coming back and finding all they profess and hold dear secured for them in the freedom and yet the conformity of this great family, they will share those gifts of the pious of past ages, while they bring into the common fund of the Church's revenues the endowments and gifts from the pious of their hitherto separated bodies, for adjustment and interchange and mutual share.

I do not enter here into the details of arrangement when the Continental and trans-Atlantic Churches, or those in the colonies, or *in partibus infidelium* conform to the Church of England. The process would of course be more complicated, and at the same time freer from detail, than in the United Kingdom, and I write here chiefly about the more restricted home area, and also with a special glance at the great foreign field with which I have been so long connected, and rather to show the possibility

of adjustment than to present an *ultimatum*. I may add that if there were reasonable hope of genuine reform and the abandonment of all error on the part of the Church of Rome, while claiming at least equal antiquity for the ancient British Church, and equal apostolic origin, yet from her ancient, and at one time (we may say) unsullied prestige, Christendom might regard Rome once more as her rallying-point and centre. But Rome changes not; *semper eadem* in the worst sense; and it is individuals in ever-growing multitudes from Rome, rather than Rome herself, that we hope to welcome to the Catholic and Apostolic, the Reformed and Protestant Church of England.

Now if it be thought, by churchmen and dissenters alike, immaterial that our Lord's prayer shall remain unfulfilled, and St. Paul's dream and aspiration after absolute union, shall still remain a dream; immaterial, too, that the world should continue to disbelieve in the Mission of the Son of God, because Christians are obviously not one, then my arguments and suggestions become worse than useless. But if union, corporate, visible, practical union is both a high duty and loyalty to the King of kings, then it is worth any sacrifice to secure it. I cannot conceive that the ideal of Church unity, suggested in Dr. Lindsay's carefully chosen words, satisfies the ideal of our Lord and of His Word.

"The idea that the visible Church Catholic exists, one and indivisible, in the many forms in which men combine to listen to the word and to manifest their faith" (*History of the Reformation*, vol. ii, p. 504). They do not combine, even so. They separate to manifest not so much their faith, as (it would seem) their freedom; and what our Lord prayed for, and what the Church and the world

need, is the manifestation of oneness, not of scattered forms.[1]

And finally, as I began, if the English Church will abide faithful and true to her reformed settlement of faith and order, by which, sweeping away every mediaeval error and superstition, which had almost separated the Church in those dark ages from her original and sacred Source,

[1] If "religion proper," to quote the recent noteworthy Wesleyan pastoral, is consistent with the decline of "institutional religion," and with neglect of any attempt to express religion in corporate worship or united action, then, surely, the approvers of such "religion proper" or the complacent observers of such a religion, must regard our Lord's prayer for corporate visible union amongst His people as a prayer behind the times.

"One day we shall be one," writes the Rev. T. Guy Rogers, B.D., "but it will be effected by a higher union than is in sight at present, when our deepest needs are met and satisfied, not whittled away." Now, such a scheme of union it has been my endeavour to bring into sight and into the range of practical politics. Two significant utterances of Nonconformists point, surely, to the nearness of this prospect. Mr. George Sherwood Eddy, formerly national secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in India, who describes himself as a lifelong Congregationalist and an Independent of Independents, yet believes that Congregationalism is not best adapted to the condition of India, and not the fittest to survive in the East. He advocates a combination of congregational liberty with its development of the laity, and use of each member of the body, with Presbyterian representation, in local, provincial, and national councils, together with the unifying powers of a limited episcopate. These, he thinks, were the features which characterized the early Church. Dr. Wyckoff, also, Moderator of the General Assembly of the South India United Church, advocates a moderate use of liturgy and vestments, and of such forms of worship as will tend to give dignity and solemnity to the service; and further, if in the development of the Indian Church, it seems best that a modified episcopate be adopted as part of its government, then, Presbyterian as he is and as his ancestors have been, he would not lift a finger to prevent it. These significant words are not far removed from the suggestions which I make above.

she presents herself identical now with the primitive and apostolic original, with the added efflorescence and the fruit of those early institutions, she does truly form the one only and most hopeful and blessed trysting-place and home of union for all who profess and call themselves Christians.

III

The Vision of the Splendour of a Great Hope, and Service in the Ages to Come

A VISION OF SERVICE

THE following significant words occur at the close of the Encyclical Letter from the Archbishops and Bishops, issued after the Lambeth Conference, August, 1908: "The brightness of Christ's light is in the scene before us, as we think of the Church thus showing forth in the world, with ever-increasing clearness, the glory and happiness of service. But the vision is not bounded by the horizon of the world; its true meaning is not known until we raise our eyes above the scenes of time."

Further back, in the preamble, the Bishops speak of "The clear shining of this great hope of service," and of the field of service, "wide and various as the world." The preamble then glories in the blessedness and dignity of service in the world; the peroration lifts and stretches our gaze "beyond the horizon of the world and above the scenes of time."

It is of these narrower, and wider, and almost boundless fields of service that I write.

I can imagine an objection *in limine* to the consideration of this subject, to the effect that all we certainly know of God's purposes in redemption, and reconciliation, and restitution is connected with the Incarnation and Atoning Death of the Son of God, taking on Him human and not superhuman or extra-human, nature; a redemption in its potency and accessibility now, and in its final

and eternal effects hereafter, embracing the whole human race. Anything beyond this is, by many serious thinkers and students, brushed aside, as beyond practical Christian politics, and as resting on fancy and imagination alone.

Now, my contention is, that we have in the revelation of the Word of God far more both of hint and direct foretelling on the subject of this wider sphere and vision of service than is often supposed. Living, as I have done, during the greater part of my life in the forefront of the mission-work of the Church below, this subject of the wider service has for some years past arrested my attention. And I make bold to suggest it as a subject for study, and adoring and exulting hope and expectation.

We need no new revelation to make the prospect conceivable, but only more careful notice of what the Bible has taught or adumbrated all along. If I mistake not, we too often forget the constant collocation, and not so much the contrast, of the heavens and the earth in the references of Holy Scripture to God's creative power, and to His kingdom and His salvation. We either interpret the heavens loosely and partially as "heaven," the immediate home of God and His people, or we represent the word as "the expanse" only above, and, too seldom, as an expanse and space *peopled* and connected with the earth. "The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine" (Ps. lxxxix. 11); and is there not in these great heavens sentient recognition of their ownership and of God's rule? "Christ is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation: for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things have been created through Him and under Him: and He is before all things,

and in Him all things consist " (Col. i. 15-17). " When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained ; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him ? " (Ps. viii. 3, 4). The Psalmist seems to apply a threefold argument here. First, of the solidarity of creation. The earth, the habitation of man, is part of the heavenly host, and yet, in size and weight minute and insignificant. Secondly, though the earth be insignificant in size, yet it is the cynosure of all creation, for God's special care and love and invitation are bestowed on the earth. And, thirdly, there bursts forth the vision of service, to which my meditations lead. God's care and love, concentrated at first on the little earth, and His dear Son, who made all, living and dying on this minute sphere in creation, will extend that love and care and salvation to all the shaken and disintegrated and trembling depths of His vaster works.

" The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language "—none audible yet on the lower air—" their voices cannot be heard." But for ever as they shine, by that glory, they praise their Maker ; and then, in the planet train of each of these countless flaming suns, are not their voices heard ? Meanwhile, the heavens, dislocated and disturbed, as it would seem, by the presence of sin, are represented by Jeremiah as " astonied and horribly afraid at Israel's transgression," so intimate is the connexion, so fine are the interstellar sensations.

And turning back to the more ancient Psalms again, we read of the heavens as assessors in a sense at the judg-

ment day : " He shall call to the heavens above, and the heavens shall declare His righteousness " (Ps. l. 4, 6) ; and of God's mercy which in Christ Jesus rejoices against judgment we are told that " it is great unto the heavens," that " His lovingkindness is *in the heavens* ; His faithfulness, His truth reaching to the skies."

The word may sound like mere hyperbole, yet we read (and it suggests the idea of a work and mission of reconciliation to be done there too) that " the heavens are not clean in God's sight " (Job xv. 15). We are arrested also by the often-repeated assertions of God's ownership over the heavens, as over the earth, and of His residence and presence there. " It is He that buildeth His chambers in the heavens, and has founded His vault upon the earth " (Amos ix. 6. See also Neh. ix. 6). " Behold, unto the Lord thy God belongeth the heaven, even the heaven of heavens, the earth, and all that therein is."

Of the earth it is said that " God created it not in vain ; He created it to be inhabited." Are not, then, the vast, and to us now silent, heavens instinct with life and sound ? Alas ! is there not *war* in heaven also, and alas ! for the thought of a hostile prince of the power of the air and some mysterious, disturbing, and alienating effect from the advent of moral evil, which requires reconciling ! " The heavenly things are cleansed by the better sacrifices " (Heb. ix. 23). Alas ! for the principalities, the powers, the world-rulers of this darkness, the spiritual heads of wickedness in the heavenly places !

I quote here two significant paragraphs from Liddon's Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of our Lord, one in the text, one in a footnote, pp. 338 and 241 : " In the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians the Church is considered as a vast spiritual society, which, besides

embracing as its heritage all races of the world, pierces the veil of the unseen, and includes the families of heaven in its majestic compass" (see Eph. iii. 16); and again (quoting Martensen in his dissertation on the word κόσμος): "The cosmical principle having been emancipated by the Fall from its due subjection to the spirit, and invested with a false independence . . . the advance of the kingdom of God is retarded and hindered by the universe of creation; and the created universe, having in a relative sense 'life in itself,' including, as it does, a system of powers, ideas, and aims, possessing a relative value—this relative independence, which ought to be subservient to the kingdom of God, has become a fallen 'world autonomy.'"

I am not unaware of the measurements and calculations on a nearly measureless scale which seem to forbid the imagination of intercourse between earth and the heavens; and calculations of time and space also which seem to outsoar all bounds and views even of possible service of earth for the heavens. Looking, comparatively speaking, quite near to us, notice how distance in the stretches of space affects apparent difference of size and bulk, and suggests almost impassable gulfs of separation. The full moon, whose face, measured carefully by the sun's full face, is slightly broader to our eye, yet is truly in cubical capacity so much smaller, that 64,000,000 solid moons rolled together will only just suffice to make one sun. Look farther afield through the depth of space. Mark in a clear sky, as Orion rises above the hills and the thicker atmosphere of earth, a small wisp of haze clinging to his sword-belt. That nebula is so vast (both in its contents of stellar and nebular components, each sun also having its planet train) that a million orbs, each one

with a circumference equal to the earth's orbit round the sun—each one, i.e., 552,000,000 miles in girth—would scarcely suffice to fill that enormous depth of space. And the heavens contain that nebula as "a very little thing."

The star 61 Cygni, one of the few stars whose parallax has been approximately measured, and one of the nearer ones to us, is yet shining and revolving at a distance 600,000 times the 92,870,000 miles which separate the earth from the sun.

The star *a* Centauri is so near, and yet so remote, that, taking the measurement of a year's journey for light at 186,300 miles a second, four years and a third of such journeyings are required before the light can reach us; and the telescopically perceived light, or the yet further radiances revealed by photography, must have taken some hundreds—some, perhaps, thousands—of years for the journey to this insignificant orb, the earth. Is it, then, imaginable, outside dreamland, that this earth, though changed into one Church, and shining for ever as the brightest jewel in God's universe, can yet touch by sound or subtle influence—by anything which can be called mission influence—the heavens of God?

Now, without attempting reference at all in detail to the general trend of scientific research and revelation, which stills more and more the exclamation of impossibility and inconceivableness in the annihilation or vast reduction of the measurements of distance, and the time required to cover distance; noticing the possibility also of sound, vibrating so slowly now (travelling only one mile in two seconds, and so easily lost to hearing), being quickened some day to the lightning-winged vibrations of light; remembering again that, though the rarity of the earth's

atmosphere renders respiration and life impossible for man, as he is now, if he penetrates but five or six miles into the 500 miles of the atmospheric depth and height, yet that this atmosphere and the fathomless expanse of ether beyond, whatever science may surmise as to its nature, are not too rare for angelic life and "passage to and fro" very quickly; not too rare nor too sluggish for our Lord's majestic passage "as He went up," and will not, we may surely believe, be impossible for the glorious life and bodies of the eternal state; and remembering finally that the door, in fact, is opening for free and almost unlimited belief in the possible powers of those who, one in the nature and holiness of God, will have at their hand, if I may say so, the omnipotence and omnipresence of God;—turn, rather, for a moment, and notice that the dream is scarcely a dream; the "vision of service" is "a vision that hasteth toward the end, and shall not lie" (Hab. ii. 3).

The following lines from Mr. Thomas Hardy's recently published dramatic poem, *The Dynasts*, describing and narrating with extraordinary but sometimes uneven power the history of England and of Europe during the days of Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington, seem at first in startling contrast to the theory I am discussing. The supervision of the world is for the time being imagined as taken from the hands of the One Personal God, and placed in the hands of the spirits of the air, with different characteristics and tendencies. And thus two of them are conversing as they watch the gorgeous and ceremonial rites accompanying Napoleon's coronation as King of Italy in Milan Cathedral. The "Spirit of the Pities" asks first:

"What is the creed which these rich rites disclose?"

The "Spirit of the Years" replies:

> "A local thing called Christianity,
> Which the wild dramas of this wheeling sphere
> Include, with divers other such, in dim,
> Pathetical and brief parentheses;
> Beyond whose reach, uninfluenced, unconcerned,
> The systems of the suns go sweeping on,
> With all their many-mortaled planet train,
> In mathematic roll unceasingly."

The "Spirit of Pities" rejoins:

> "I did not recognize it here, forsooth,
> Though in its early, loving-kindly days
> Of gracious purpose it was much to me."

Now, this "astrology," if I may use the word, may be true indeed about the degenerate Christianity unrecognizable as such amidst its display of gorgeous and superstitious rites and its darker cloud of error in doctrine. But the true Christianity, this "loving-kindly" "thing," with its "gracious purpose," lives on for ever; and the prophets and St. Paul, and our Lord Himself and His Word, claim for it a better "astrology"—an influence and a gracious purpose touching, moulding, blessing all creation. "All power," He said in the last words audible to His Church on this lower air, "all authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and in earth," and these words of power in heaven as well as in earth are followed by the consequent command to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"; and does not the preaching echo on unto the heavens which He controls as well as unto the utmost parts of the earth?

"Having, then, a great High Priest who hath passed through the heavens, let us hold fast our profession." Was that ten days' mysterious interval between the Ascension and Whit-Sunday occupied by the Lord's

" beginning to proclaim " to the inhabitants of His vast heavens that which it will be His Church's high duty and glory to complete in the ages to come, and which, perchance, His Church, " which has crossed the flood," is proclaiming now ?

We pass from conjecture and question to the very verge of certainty, and see that the wondrous double light seems destined to shine on all the heavens. For by " the working of the strength of His might which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead and made Him to sit at His right hand in the heavenly places ; far above all rule and authority and power and dominion, and when He put all things in subjection under His feet "—the light downshining and forth-flashing from His ascended and reigning glory, and the light of His redeeming work in the Church shining and flashing from the lower earth—one glory, one testimony, above, below, will illumine the heavens.

And now more clear and certain words follow in the revelation of God : " It was the good pleasure of the Father that in Him should all the fulness dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His Cross ; through Him, I say, whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens " (Col. i. 19, 20). Then the Cross will for ever and everywhere exercise its immortal power, peace-speaking, reconciling, bringing glory to God, and death and extermination to sin—on *earth*, bending every knee and loosing every tongue in adoration ; in the *heavens*, summing up all in Christ the Head of all principality and power. Hear the voice of the Lord once more, a glorious voice : " To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be known through the Church

the manifold—the much variegated—wisdom of God." And this last great promise and prophecy of the Church's mission follows immediately on the magnifying of the grace of the ministry which " preaches unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I add three corollaries to this which I think is a demonstrable, if not a demonstrated, proposition—the Church's high-soaring service from this little earth. First, notice that the truth of the family connexion between the far-sundered members of God's great household, His creation, may account in the thoughts of superstitious and godless philosophers for the principles and teaching of astrology. That false science lives on in almanacs still popular in England; and it is one of the main branches of the teaching of the Taoist religion in China, while the worship of star-gods is mentioned in the Bible. Now, the proposition we are considering supplies the true astrology; teaching not so much that the orbs of heaven influence the earth (though they may sympathize with it, perchance), as that the earth is to influence them. This tiny orb is too insignificant in some men's estimation for God to visit and dwell in, if He ever condescended to visit any special part of the universe, which He is said " to fill." Yet by that very choice, and love, and care, God made the earth the centre of the solar system—that system which we are told by some astronomers to regard as the centre of a cluster of vast systems; and those clusters and galaxies of glory, again, near the heart of the Milky Way, while the centre of gravity of the vast revolving multitude is believed to be in the Pleiades, in bright Alcyone close to that heart, and the Milky Way with its outrider orbs gleams across infinite space, a vision of the Creation of God in the perspective of a band and girdle of glory. Now, from this tiny centre,

the earth, all things in the heavens will be brought back reconciled, remade, restored, and for ever in harmony with God.

Secondly, the magnificence of this conception, and the grandeur of this service, in no sense eclipses or minimizes the dignity and honour of the present mission-work of the Church militant here on earth.

Nay, though the work hereafter will be vaster and more spacious in its extent and energy and unvarying success, nothing in heaven and earth can transcend the glory and blessedness of service now. The very weakness of the workers, our low estate, our bodies of humiliation, are, when yielded to Him for His service and energized by His Spirit, more for His glory than the untiring or mighty energies of the skies. The luxury of self-denial, the privilege of suffering for the Lord's sake, this unique privilege, never to be repeated (for in the world to come work never will bring weariness, and no self need be denied when all is one with His will), this present mission-work of the Church, is, then, of surpassing glory, the noblest, in whatever rank or sphere we work, in this world or the next.

But the quickening of our faithfulness and self-denying energy now may have a double influence, besides the earlier setting up of Christ's kingdom on earth. First, it will hasten the universal reconciling; secondly, it may confer on the faithful workers now special posts of honour and blessing in the service to come. "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, be thou ruler over many things."

The view before us is one of transcending magnificence. There in the new heavens and new earth, "balmier and fresher for their bath of fire," what a blissful occupation for unending years to restore to harmony, without a jar, and to loyal service, never to falter; and then to maintain

in that sublime reconciliation, the whole Creation of God, still and for ever by the blood of the Cross, by the Divine attraction and welding power of redemption, and by the Almighty grace of the Eternal Spirit.

Is not this the

> "Far-off Divine event
> To which the whole Creation moves"?

Is not this "the splendour of that great hope of service beyond the horizon of the world, and beyond the scenes of Time"? "They shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run" exulting through the long vistas of their eternal home, "and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

A VISION OF HEAVEN

THE POWERS OF THE WORLD TO COME
SONGS OF EARTH WITH AN ANSWERING VOICE FROM HEAVEN

Prelude

THE dawn in stillness mounts the eastern skies
Which overarch the realms of endless life.
So calm, so still the rising of that sun
Which shall go no more down; calm as the air
Of Easter morning on its Maker's face.
There needs no haste with that which has no end,
The measures of the hours come not to mind;
'Tis early still in everlasting days,
And ever morning draws not near its close.
Yet for a moment of that timeless life
The vision of the endless awes the soul:
Till the cloud passing lets the sunshine through,
The pledge of blissful liberty from change,
From change through death and slumber of earth's graves.
Here now the changes of the shifting roll
Of seasons in fair harmony abide.
So pass the eternal hours, yet pass not on;
All earth's first glow of dawn, and perfect noon,
Live on in gathering light, and cloudless sheen.
Noon gently touches dawn, dawn kisses noon,

And afternoon goes and returns in light,
Passing above heaven's summer night to dawn.

SONG

Here by earth's hedge-sides blowing
Hid by dead grasses brown,
With loving eyes bend down,
White violets' scent will guide;
Here on the sunny side,
While on the northern face 'tis snowing.
So sweet! yet warm suns glowing
Wither the heavenly flowers
Too tender for earth's hours;
And stronger blooms unfold;
Spring goes, and summer bold
Is gone, and life to death is going.

THE VOICE

The song comes sighing from the vanished earth.
Come hither, violets fair, and strike your roots!
Here on these deathless slopes of living green,
Death and decay and withering come not nigh
Even to thought and mind; here open full
Your tenderest blossoms to the loving air;
This is your Maker's home, and here His love
Is over all His works, and none can die.

SONG

Whither has passed in gloom away
That transient sunshine of the day
Which touched the westward leaning slope
As in sad sleep;—not in the hope

Of dawn; but chill with coming night,
With the moaning, south-west gale,
And the near sea's warning wail;—
Why die those sunbeams and the day's delight?

THE VOICE

Day dies not here; the wonder of the dawn
And the yet deeper mystery of the west,
Blushing as if in presence of the King,
Himself beyond the splendour of the sky,
Or just outside the purple line of hills
Which lifts the sunset for the world to see;
These outgoings of the morn and eventide,
The freshness and the stillness of the hours,
Mysterious, spiritual, which pass to noon
Or die in evening's later gloaming deep,
Pass not and fade not in the eternal skies,
But glow and blush and burn in glorious light;
For what they once concealed, foretold, and lost,
The unseen heavens and earth in new array,
Are here for ever in their perfect bloom.

SONG

Sing, sing, sweet mavis, and narrate thy song
In many-metred notes articulate!
Now sound thy flute, sweet merle, clear, loud, and strong,
Melodious numbers early heard, and late!
The air is moved by spring's faint breath
As through a lattice; winter's death
Turns in deep sleep: Sing, sing, and fill
The air and the hours of spring, and thrill
All hearts with joy! But soon to silence long

Why pass ye, tuneful masters of wood-song,
And leave the fading trees to autumn sad and still ?

THE VOICE

The very silence of heaven's distant hills
Is resonant with voices gentler drawn ;
And though the horizon stretches without verge
Yet all the mystery and the silent sleep
Of undiscovered hills and landscape far,
With the unknown beyond and yet beyond,
Draw near through heavenly sight and hearing keen.

SONG

Oh ! shuddering cry, Sin's voice, the blight
Which mars God's mirrored glory bright ;
Parent of sorrow, sighing's breath,
Partner and panderer to death.
Hark ! how the whirring pines repeat
The moaning of the ancient waves ;
List ! how the sad winds through the street
Hurry dead leaves to hide the graves.
Where sorrows sweep,
Where mourners weep,
Sadness and sighing
Rising, dying,
Hover where sad eyes wake or sleep.

THE VOICE

But here all joy and gladness men shall know,
Sorrow and sighs for ever flee away ;
The trees of the celestial forests deep
Stir to the breath of everlasting years ;—

That sea-song of the days which lap the verge,
Those waves for the sad sea which is no more,
The everflowing tide of endless years,
Rippling with many twinkling smile of life—
Shipwreck and sundering breadths, and whelming roar
Unknown; only young time's melodious laugh
Sounds on the sea of glass which living glows.
No sighing for the past, no shuddering fear,
For days that are to come; the past returns
With gladness laden, and the future lies
So near and yet so measureless in peace:—
That song is ever praise and hope and joy;
For Sin for ever and for evermore
Comes not, cries not, breathes not, and is unknown.

SONG

We have not seen Thy beauty yet,
King of far distances in light;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
And dim with night.

Yet from the Brown Clee soaring high
Sometimes far Cader Idris glows,
Clear marked against the sunset sky
In gold or snows.

As if Heaven smiled through fancy's eyes,
And fields and hedgerows listening bend
Where Wrekin and fair Malvern rise,
To some far end.

THE VOICE

Here, here the King in all His beauty reigns,
Beauty of holiness, joy's brightest robe;

Here, everywhere, for He is Lord of all,
Sin's cry has ceased and cannot sound again.

Song

See now from swelling Dorset downs,
As if they beckoned in their dreams,
Through Autumn mist the dark wood frowns.
The Channel gleams.

Then with near night, the vision dies,
But silent voices overhead,
Sound where the soul's bright pathway lies,
With star dust spread.

Yet through all distances for Thee,
Maker, Redeemer, still we wait.
When shall we all Thy glory see
Within the gate?

The Voice

Here,—since the fancy and the stir of sin
Is by the vision of the Lamb once slain,
Impossible for thought or word or deed;
Through all the unexplored yet bounded coasts
Of fathomless creation;—the air of life
That all things living draw for evermore,
Is the sweet circumambient breeze of heaven,
The eternal Spirit's fragrance-bearing breath:
Thou hearest the sound thereof in songs of praise;
Thou drinkest in its draughts of living air;
Its kiss of peace is on each radiant brow;
Its stir and whisper through the trees of Heaven,
Its visible wings of soaring flight divine,

And peace profound with folded wings at rest.
This very atmosphere of the eternal home
Is holiness, and sin is dead and gone;
Then die and pass away all trembling fears!
The God of glory thundereth, and the roar
And rolling echoes of that glorious voice,
And His bright arrows sent abroad, fright not,
Nor smite and blast the clapping trees of Heaven:
The thunders of acclaim like waters' noise
Sound but as lark at morn, or mounted thrush
Singing in rapture to the evening skies.

Song

Farewell! O gentlest, saddest word;
Last lessening note of roaming bird,
That comes not back with early spring,
Far into silence travelling.
So pass the loves of earth's sad days;
We meet and part, and parting stays.
Yet hear we like some distant bell—
Farewell, rejoice; rejoice, farewell.

The Voice

Not here! sad singer, here no chill of night
Knows the last faltering note as summer dies,
And silent woods to-morrow; night is clear
As day, there's no night here; and jubilant song
Unwearied, ever new and blithe and pure
Comes, now with the soft sweetness of first notes,
Heard through the mists before earth's winter reign,
And in the first slow-lengthening twilight calm
Of earliest spring; and now it sweeps and flows,

Like the full tide of warbling songsters borne
On April winds, with primrose gleam below;
And, singing still melodious pauses, waits
To hear (unheard so oft by careless ears),
The tiniest wood-bird's note, the softest trill.
Here in the bright celestial home once gained
Where they go no more out, those double words
Are one, as in the finer speech of earth;
No *ave, vale, vale, ave* now,
But χαῖρε ever and for evermore.
'Tis joy rings out when farewell is unknown;
There we shall be for ever with the Lord,
And there with Him close by His blissful side,
Beyond and through and through all space and time,
Personal, intimate, like dearest friend,
Yet bending every knee in homage high,
And loosing every tongue for endless praise!
His touch of present power almighty draws
The whole creation reconciled back,
Like comets after race through rolling years,
Lost in the mist of furthest silent space,
Now streaming back to kiss and hail the sun.
And we with Him for ever in that life
And omnipresence, with the Church of God
Glorious in holiness and cloudless light,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, at peace
With God for ever through the atoning blood,
Shall make His many-lustred wisdom known,
And bring from sundered life and shattered ties,
By withering blight of moral evil cursed,
All things in Heaven and earth in order fair,
Free but love-clasped, around the throne of God.

Hark, the low whistling of the cool moist wind
Which tossed afar the sevenfold-heated flames
Where rose unhurt and talked and smiled and sang
Shadrach, and Meshach and Abednego,
With that dear Friend almighty flown from Heaven;—
That wind comes sighing round the heavens and earth:
And as the burning fierce licks up the dust,
Decay, and ruin where foul sin has been,
No smell of fire has stifled the true life,
Nor singeing blight has touched the rebuilt earth
And heavens uprising from this fiery trial.
The soft wind brings the clouds of tears divine
Which fell once over doomed Jerusalem.
But now the sun is up, the fires are spent,
Like lightning dying into cloudless morn.

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23 for there is no distinction; for all have sinned, and fall
24 short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his

---

xi. 22; Acts iii. 16; Gal. ii. 16, 20; Eph. iii. 12; Phil. iii. 9.

no distinction] *i.e.* in that all fall short, ver. 23. There *are* differences in the *degrees* of falling short; but one inch short of reaching the other side of a chasm is as fatal as two yards. We must be careful to explain this. Harm is often done by statements which seem to imply that God cares not whether men are great or little sinners. God does regard those who seek to live uprightly, and He meets and rewards them by showing them His salvation; as, *e.g.*, to Cornelius, Acts x. 1, etc. See Ps. l. 23; Isa. lxiv. 5; Rom. ii. 7, 10, 11. But God's object is to begin by humbling men. So long as we think we can justify ourselves, we have a wrong principle within us of independence of God; and our motive is *selfish*, not that of gratitude and love. See Gal. v. 6; 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, ix. 7; John xiv. 15, 23, 24; and study Christ's dealings with inquirers, Luke x. 29, 30, etc.; Matt. xix. 21.

23. **all have sinned]** This *may* refer, according to the stricter use of the Greek tense here employed, to the fact that in Adam *all fell*; see chap. v. 14, etc. But more probably, as the English text runs, it is vague and refers to the fact that all are actual sinners.

fall short] See note on ver. 22. The same word in Greek occurs in Matt. xix. 20; Mark x. 21; Luke xv. 14, xxii. 35; 1 Cor. i. 7; 2 Cor. xii. 11; Heb. iv. 1, xii. 15, etc.

of the glory of God] This may mean (*a*) the inherent glory of God, to see and know which is man's highest good. See vi. 4; 2 Cor. iv. 4, 6; Eph. i. 12, 14; 1 Tim. i. 11. Or (*b*) the glory which God intends to give His servants. See viii. 18; 1 Cor. ii. 7; 2 Cor. iii. 18, iv. 17. The two are closely connected. Cf. Ps. xxxvi. 9; Isa. lx. 20; John i. 14.

24. **being, etc.]** This verse contains many essential points of justification, viz.—

(*a*) *The first cause* or source—*God*—"his grace." See 1 Cor. i 30; 2 Cor. v. 18.

(*b*) *The condition*—in one sense, none; for it is "freely," by "grace," *i.e.* gratuitously, of free favour; in another sense, *faith*, which may thus be called the *instrumental cause*. See note on ver. 22.

(*c*) *The final cause*, or object, is the justification of believers.

(*d*) *The meritorious cause—Christ's redemption.* Here is meant redemption in its ordinary widest sense, as also in Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14; Heb. ix. 15. The primary idea is that of a *ransom paid for* some one. See words from the same root in Matt. xx. 28; Mark x. 45; 1 Tim. ii. 6; Luke i. 68, ii. 38, xxiv. 21; Tit. ii. 14; Heb. ix. 12; 1 Pet. i. 18. There are some passages where the kind of deliverance is not defined, Luke xxi. 28; Heb. xi. 35; Acts vii. 35. And in some the word is specially applied to the final stage of salvation, Rom. viii. 23; 1 Cor. i. 30; Eph. i. 14. But when used of Christ's death or blood, it clearly means that His sacrifice was an objective ransom for sinners. Various views have been taken—

(i) For about a thousand years after Christ, so far as any explanation was attempted, it was generally held that the ransom was paid to Satan.

(ii) Then for some centuries the

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